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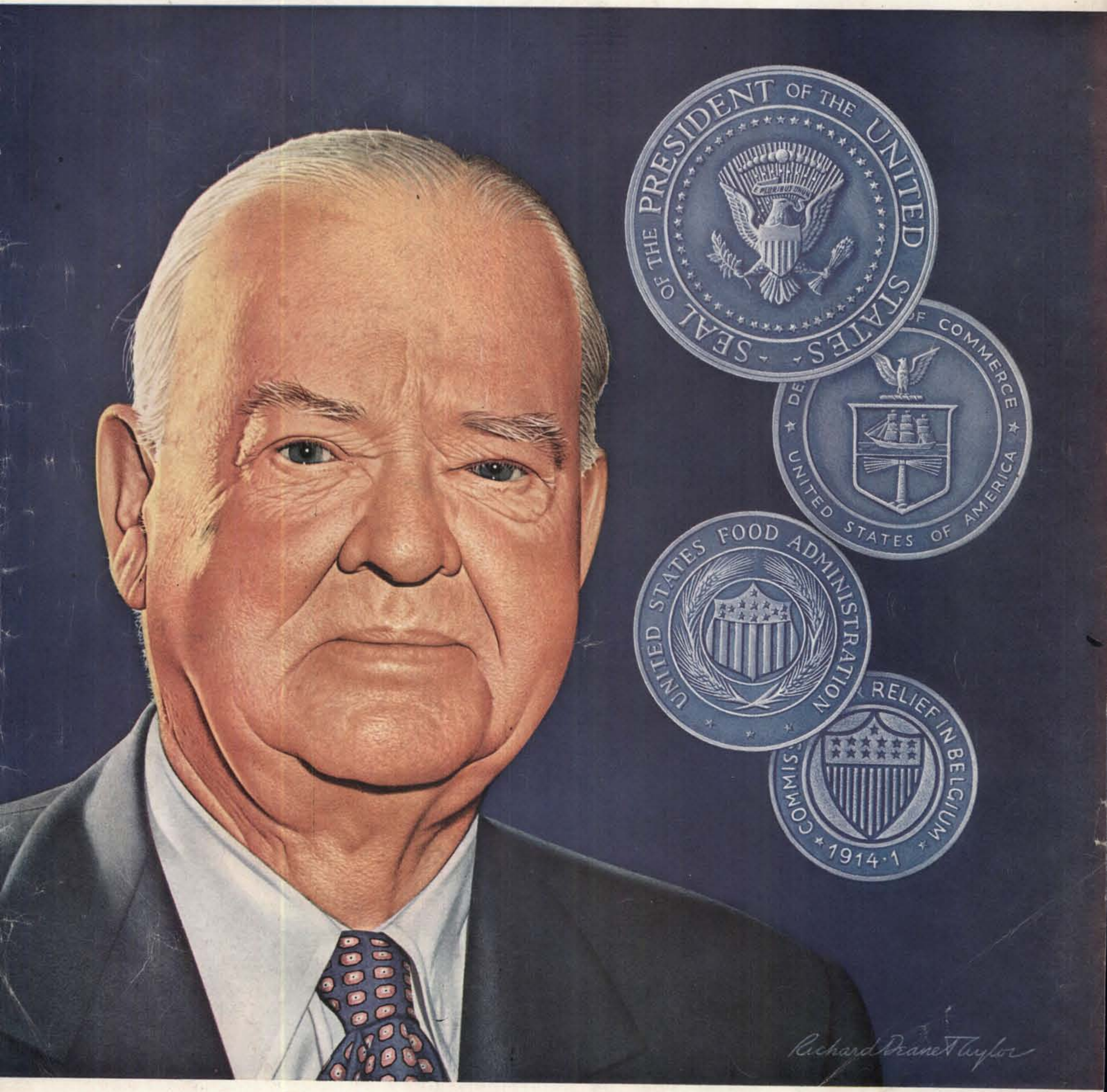
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August 11, 1951

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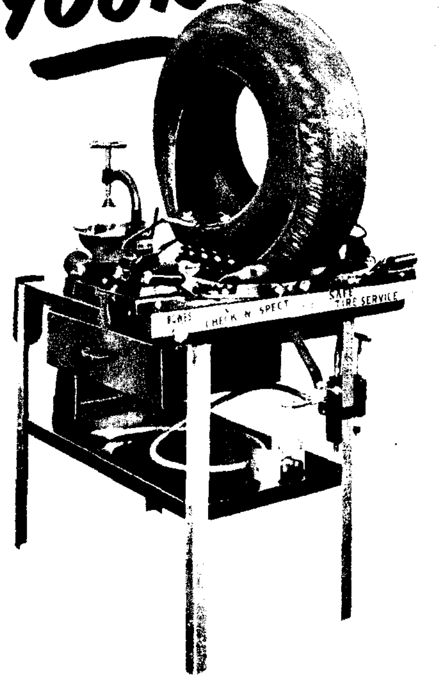

A blowout at high speed . . . and those Pearly Gates loom mighty close. It won't happen to you IF you have your tires inspected at regular intervals. Not only outside—that's like trying to judge an egg by its shell. It's INSIDE that the breaks show up which cause blowouts. Small inside casing breaks that grow until you're in real trouble . . . too late to do anything but pray.

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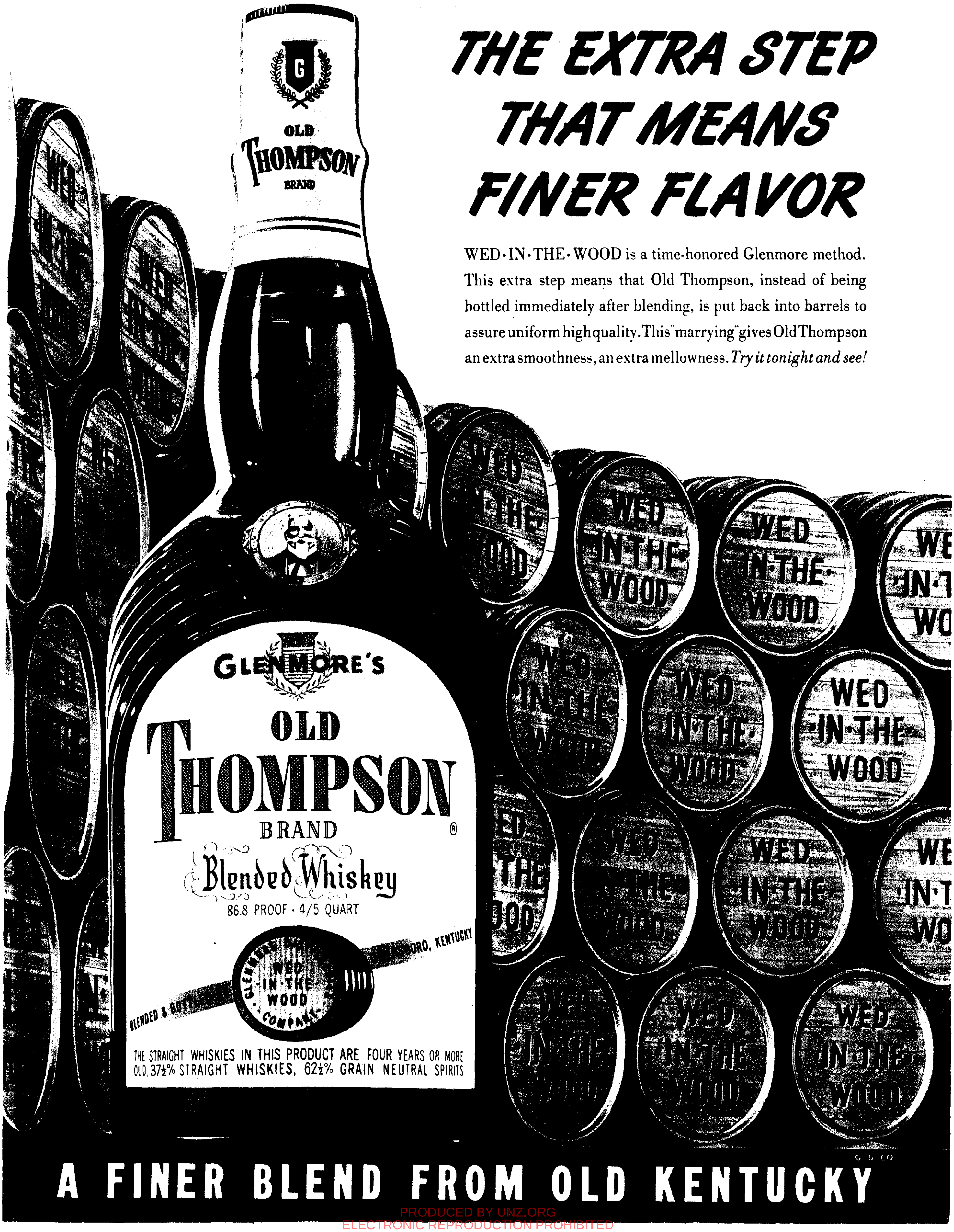

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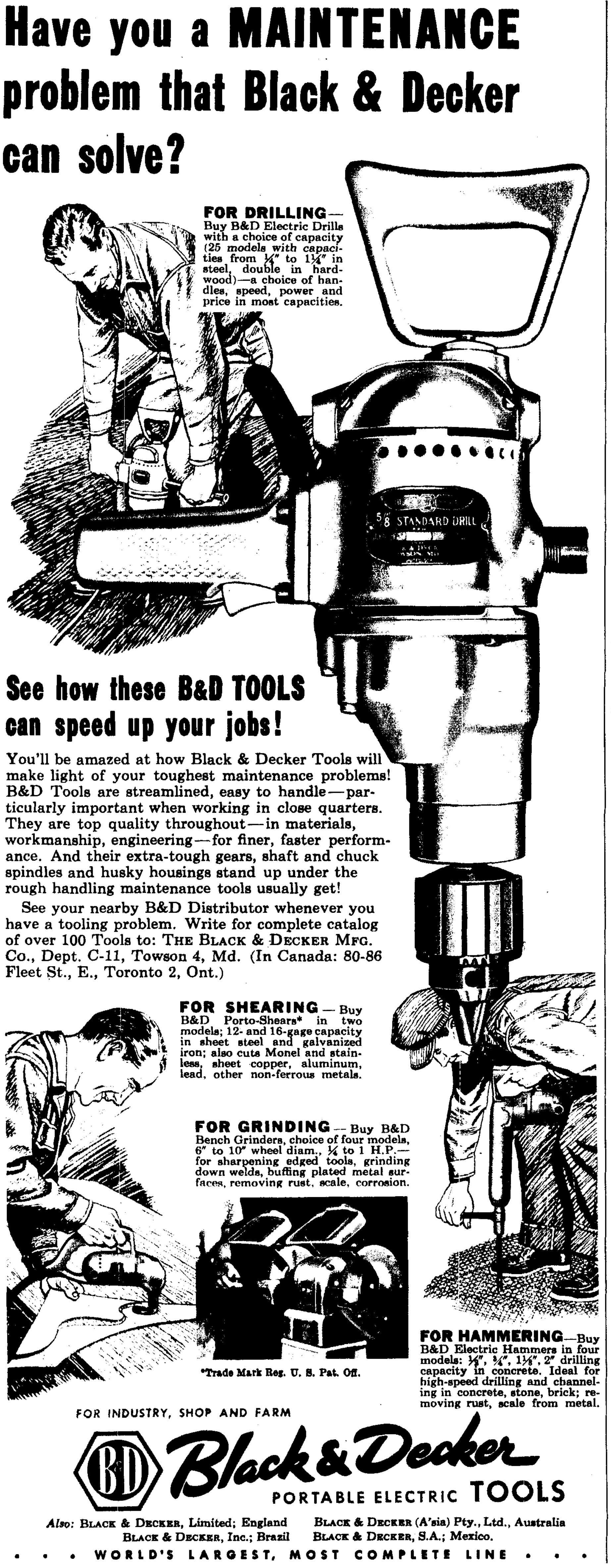

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The Cover

This spectacular painting of Herbert Hoover, by Richard Deane Taylor, includes four seals of major offices he has held—that of President (1929-'33), Secretary of Commerce (1921-'28), U.S. Food Administrator (1917-'19) and head of the Commission for Relief in Belgium during World War I. To sharp-eyed readers who may question the vague date at the bottom of the last design: it was created when the life span of the agency could not be predicted, and its dissolution in 1919 as an organization for relief was never officially recorded on the emblem.

Week's Mail

Speaking of the Weather

EDITOR: While I did enjoy and appreciate the article Weather and You (June 23d), I question the importance of the finding of Dr. Clarence A. Mills that "on such days more packages are left in busses and trolleys, and more gloves and umbrellas forgotten in movie houses."

I would think that the number of umbrellas out on a day when "approaching storms" had been forecast would have a great deal to do with it. Also, it is possible that the number of people riding public conveyances would be higher in bad weather. Also, with umbrellas and packaged raincoats to carry, one would, to start with, be at a disadvantage toward keeping all of his bundles in place.

As for the dog pounds, possibly the dogs merely have enough sense to "get out of the (approaching) rain."

However, the article was very enjoyable, and if I weren't so bright (I was born in March), I wouldn't notice the above possible fallacies.

SAM W. WARREN, Birmingham, Ala.

. . . As a native of southern California I read Weather and You with considerable interest. Wow! No wonder I started to wilt (including my disposition) when summer suddenly arrived here in Minneapolis.

To think I'm reacting 17 times more strongly to the weather change than the local natives!

ROSEMARY ROOT,
Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . Very interesting article, Weather and You, but it leaves an unanswered question in my mind. I have little knowledge of the weather, but I have lived in the even climate of Florida, the violent changing elements from northern Illinois to Minnesota, the desert in lower California, and was born on the North Atlantic seaboard. I find from personal observation that there is one part of the calendar year during which, from all outward appearances, people seem generally happy, healthy, invigorated and expectant, regardless of the weather.

Is it possible, then, that the psychological attitude of people may be controlled by some factor a little stronger than the weather? I speak, of course, of the Holiday Season, starting a week or so before Christmas and going through to the New Year.

PATRICK ADAMS, Chicago, Ill.

Old Tunney Fan

EDITOR: It has been a great pleasure to me, in the decline of my useless years, to read G. B. Shaw's Letters to Gene Tunney (June 23d).

At my age I should have learned not to stick my neck out. However, in order to keep the record straight, I wish to call to your mind the fact that Samuel Wesley was not the founder of the Methodist Church, as stated in Shaw's letter declining the honor of working a preface to Gene's book. John Wesley was the founder.

You may tell Gene that, as a follower of the ring since the heyday of the "Boston Strong Boy," I consider him the greatest of the heavyweight boxers. A match between him and "Gentleman Jim" Corbett, when both were in their prime, would have been a sight to see. My money would have been on Tunney.

W. M. ARTHUR, Huntington, N. Y.

Professional Praise

EDITOR: On the floor beside me is a copy of your March 24th issue. And on page 82 is the editorial On Your Own Front Lawn, written partially by Lieutenant Robert T. Fallon.

I am searching my mind to determine if there has ever been written a more thorough, more completely authoritative story of a man fighting in Korea. I thank you for permitting Lieutenant Fallon to beacon his heart and soul to those who might not understand. His letter-story was a convincingly warm appraisal of a soldier's infinitely indescribable discomfort to fight and survive. I have written scores of stories trying to point out these vivid facts of this war, but the collective value of my efforts can't possibly equal the words drawn from Fallon's heart.

LORENZO D. MURPHY, JR., Army Combat Correspondent, West Central Korean Front

Nehru & India

EDITOR: In David E. Lilienthal's article Are We Losing India? (June 23d), Prime Minister Nehru is quoted as saying: "My own conviction is this: that there can be no real improvement except through the individual, through a further development of the individual. With this must go economic improvement as well. But economic improvement is not the end purpose. The end purpose is a better man."

If everything else in your article were eliminated, the foregoing quoted statement furnishes adequate basis for the nations of the world to build upon. If, and when, our country becomes conscious of the potential possibilities of our latent human resources and we strive as hard to develop them as we do to develop our industrial production,

(Continued on page 59)

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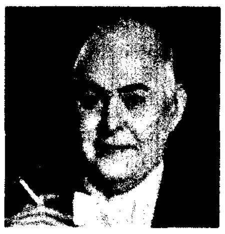

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!
Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

"DAN has his eye right on the target, but he'll never score with me until he learns how to check Dry Scalp. His hair looks too dull and mussy for words. Oh-oh, loose dandruff, too! But when I tell my friend about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, Dan Cupid will be the archer!"

IMPROVE *YOUR* LOOKS! To keep your hair and scalp in the right condition, use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day. Makes your hair look wonderful . . . checks loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's double care for scalp and hair. It's economical, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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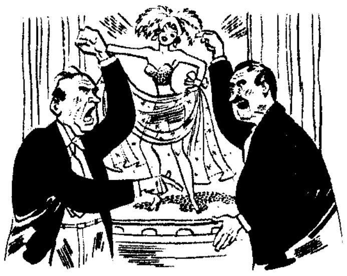
48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Once again it is our privilege, in behalf of the editors of Collier's, to sound off proudly because Mr. Herbert Hoover's memoirs are appearing in the pages of this magazine. Last February, we tipped you to the fact that we were publishing his personal memoirs and urged you not to miss the six fascinating installments we ultimately carried. The flood of complimentary letters we received from you confirmed our judgment. Well, on page 13 of this issue, Collier's begins a second series by our distinguished ex-President, covering the momentous years of his public stewardship from 1914 to 1929. And we guarantee you'll find Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life even more revealing, exciting and invaluable as a contribution to history and to a real understanding of one of the outstanding men of our times. Here's a preview peek at some of the rich material: You'll read about . . . the time British naval authorities charged Mr. Hoover with being a German agent . . . Mr. Hoover's discovery of the original "forgotten man"—years before the New Deal claimed him as its own . . . the "deeply felt gratitude" which the Russians officially expressed to Mr. Hoover for his contributions to relief of famine in the Soviet Union—and how they proceeded to show it . . . the dressing down which Mr. Hoover gave certain magnates for their labor relations and which branded him in their book as a "wild-eyed radical" . . . the sizzling telegram which Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, received from evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson . . . what Mr. Hoover thought about the religious bigotry of the 1928 Presidential campaign . . . and much, much more. We promise you, it's wonderful reading.

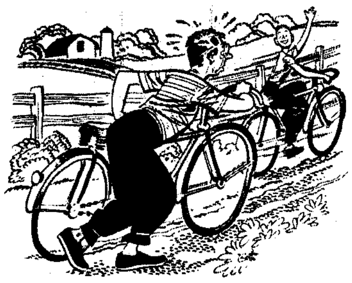
★ ★ ★

Maybe it's just the effects of the summer silly season. Or maybe dog days. Our mail and telephone bring us intelligences that call for a psychiatrist, not a columnist. Here are 2,000 well-chosen English words from an Austrian DP in Omaha telling us how he has mastered 100 English words in his first six weeks in America. Also, the case of a fellow in Salt Lake City who insisted so vigorously on pleading guilty to stealing a car that the unconvinced district attorney tried to pacify him by charging him gently with "depriving an owner of possession of his automobile." Nope, doesn't make sense. But that's not our fault. Dallas authorities struggling hopelessly with definitions: What's the difference between a strip tease and an exotic dance, for example? Public yawning. Thirteen indignant citizens of Searchlight, Nevada, protested against the presence of "cocktail waitresses"—whatever they may be. Seventy-six citizens protested the protest. Outraged waitresses left Searchlight in a body. So what? Desk littered with stuff like that.



★ ★ ★

To keep young, we're advised by Mr. Phil Jessup, of Chicago (who insists we be sure to mention that he never worked for the State Department), one should associate with younger people.



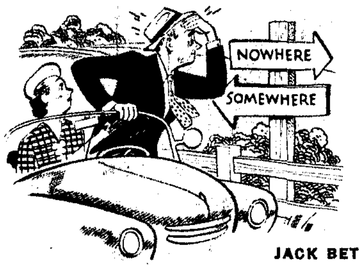
We have written Mr. Jessup indicating our disagreement: to feel older all you need do is follow his advice for a week.

★ ★ ★

The Honorable Andy (Cap) Moursond has quit his job of district engineer for the Texas Highway Department. Retiring after many years of faithful and intelligent service, Mr. Moursond says he remembers when there were only 25 miles of paved highway in his entire west Texas district. On one of his early inspection tours, says he, he came to a dip in the road with a sign reading: "If you don't see this sign, don't drive any further. Water's too deep."

★ ★ ★

Almost forgot to tell you, while we were on the subject of highways, that one of the finest roads in this country is in Richardson County, Nebraska. For more than 10 years, the state highway department has pridefully and expensively maintained it. The only defect it has is that it's only a mile and a half long and doesn't go anywhere. It starts at random some miles west of Falls City and winds up nowhere in particular on the bank of the Nemaha River. Nobody uses it except the highway department and then only to inspect it for repairs which it doesn't need, inasmuch as nobody else uses it because the mud's too deep at the east end and there's no bridge at the river end. There is a plan to connect this double dead-end boulevard with somewhere—as soon as possible after somebody finds somewhere.



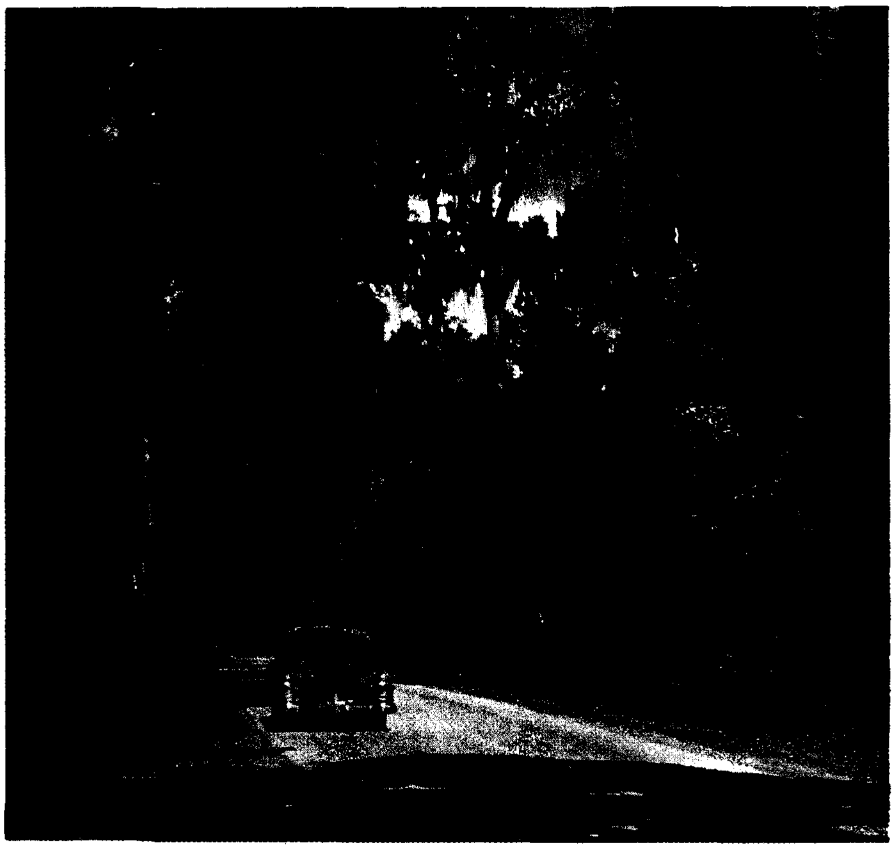
JACK BETTS

★ ★ ★

The only contribution we can make to Moscow this week comes out of

(Continued on page 59)

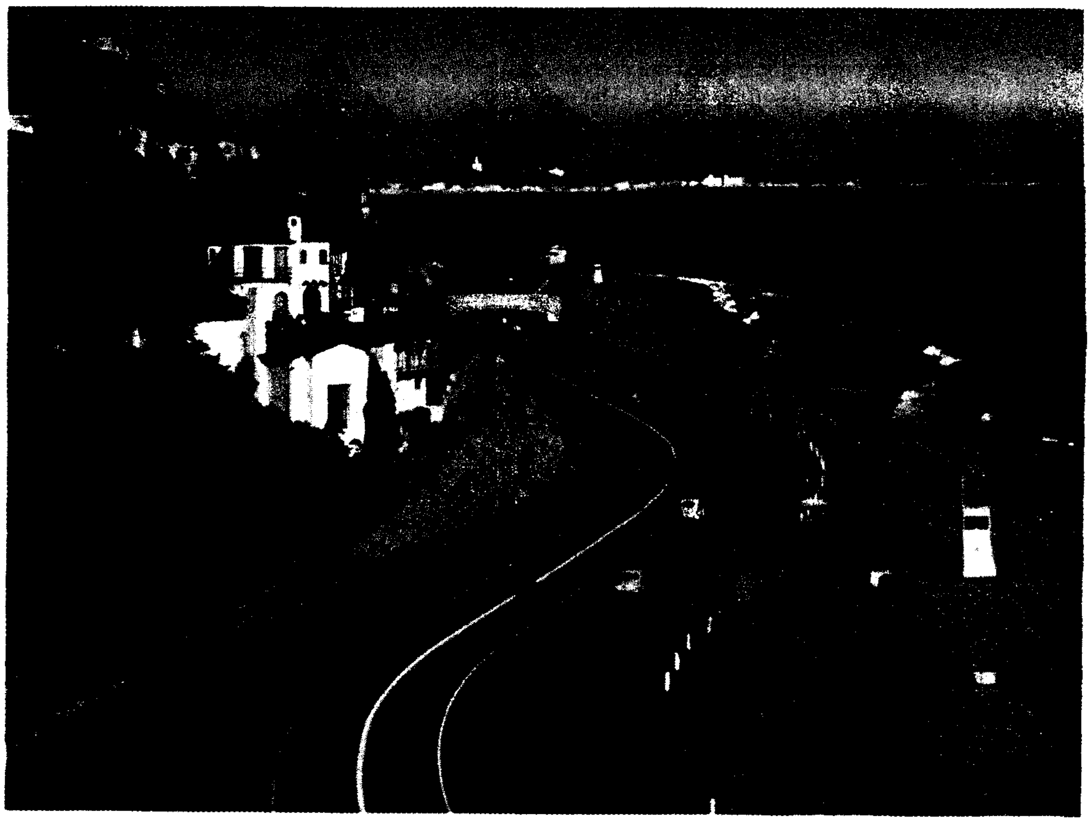
To get there...MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



Head your car in any direction you like—toward the Wind River Range in Wyoming (left), Charleston Gardens, S. C. (right), or Santa Monica, California (below) . . . *wherever* you go, you'll find more cars equipped with Goodyear tires than with any other kind. *And, it's to your advantage to know why.*

Car makers, who really *know* tires, use more Goodyear Super-Cushions than any other tire. *Year after year*, they depend upon Goodyear for the design, materials and manufacturing skill that make a *difference* in tire performance.

And, motorists of America *buy* more Goodyear Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire. From their experience in driving *billions* of miles each year, they find that for a soft, comfortable ride, for long mileage, and true safety, the Goodyear Super-Cushion just can't be equalled! Doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the tire for you to buy?



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Super-Cushion, T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

This Is My Last Resort!
TO THE INN

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LINDA, SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT— ABOUT BAD BREATH! THEN SEE WHAT HAPPENS, HONEY!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BRINGS OUT THE NATURAL SPARKLE OF YOUR TEETH, TOO! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
COLGATE'S FIXED UP MY VACATION SO NOW I'M SOLD ON THIS LOCATION!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

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Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

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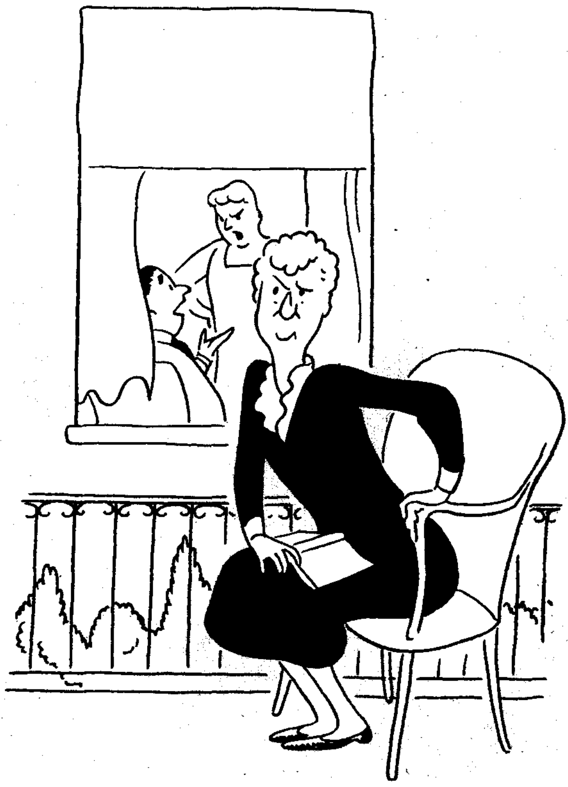
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the *one and only* toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

Rhyme Without Reason


LARRY REYNOLDS

Eavesdropping is her favorite pastime but she can't enjoy it

By MILFORD CONN

I AM much disturbed by a news item I recently read stating that a deceased gentleman who had named his heirs in a last will and testament written in verse had been adjudged insane by the courts.

The story did not quote from the rhymed will, so it is impossible to tell whether the idea of a versified will or the quality of the poetry precipitated the decision that the testator was off his rocker. The main point is that the lyrical will was considered rhyme without reason.

Confidentially, this gives me quite a problem. I always thought it would be fun to leave a versified will. In fact, I got the idea only a year ago and spent several evenings composing a series of poems that disposed of my possessions.

Now that an unfortunate precedent has been established in the courts I may have to do the whole thing over again.

Let me illustrate by describing the predicament in which three typical heirs of mine would find themselves.

There is, for instance, Cousin Will, who has been mooching liquor from me for years. Mooching is habit-forming. After you've done it for a long time you are incurable.

When I have gone to my reward, Cousin Will will go right on mooching liquor, unless something is done to forestall it. He's even capable of breaking into a liquor shop and disgracing the family. So I made provision for him as follows:

To William my cousin I leave all my whisky,
Although it's too good to be his'n.
I provide for the future of one who's a moocher
To keep him from going to prison.

Would this get by? I'm not sure. Uncle Ben, a wily character, would probably wind up with my choicest spirits by having me adjudged demented when I made my will; and I like Uncle Ben even less than Cousin Will.

I have a nephew—Jack by name—who is known for two things—a quick temper and a weakness for trying to impress people with odds and ends of information gathered hither and yon. I dealt with him as follows:

My battered old World Almanac
I leave with love to Nephew Jack.
It has so many missing pages
It's sure to send him into rages.

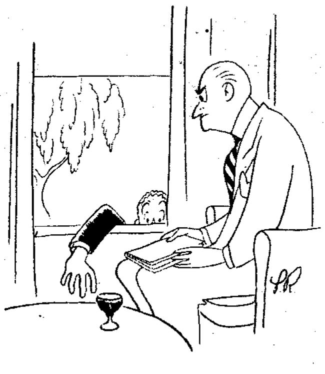
Will some foolish enemy of the rhymed will try to set aside that bequest and deprive me of the pleasure (as I sit on a Valhalla cloud bank) of thinking how I must be driving a hot-tempered youth to distraction?

Then there is the gift—a hearing aid—that I willed to Mrs. Ollersby, our neighbor, who is a bit on the deaf side. Eavesdropping is her favorite pastime and she can't enjoy it to the fullest because of her disability. Mrs. Ollersby's chief frustration is her inability to hear much that is said when our windows are open. So my benefaction was to go to her with a little poem that concluded as follows:

This little gadget, dear
Is meant to help you hear
From your own portico
All that you'd like to know.

Now that rhymed wills have been discredited, will Mrs. Ollersby get her hearing aid or will I have to switch to prose?

I hate to do it. It's so prosaic. THE END



I'd like to cure my Cousin Will of his mooching habit

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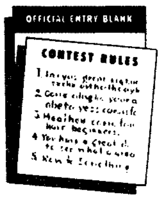
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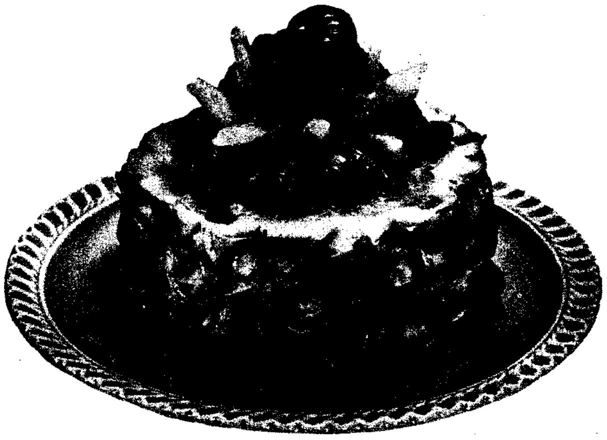

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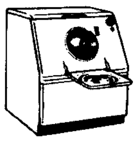
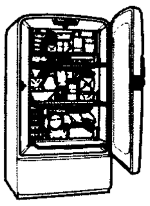
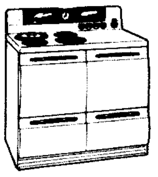


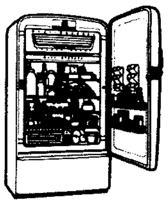
2 Westinghouse Laundromats (Model L-5)



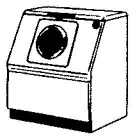
2 Westinghouse Home Freezers (Model UC-6)



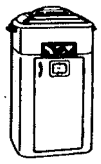
2 Westinghouse Electric Ranges (Model EBA-74)



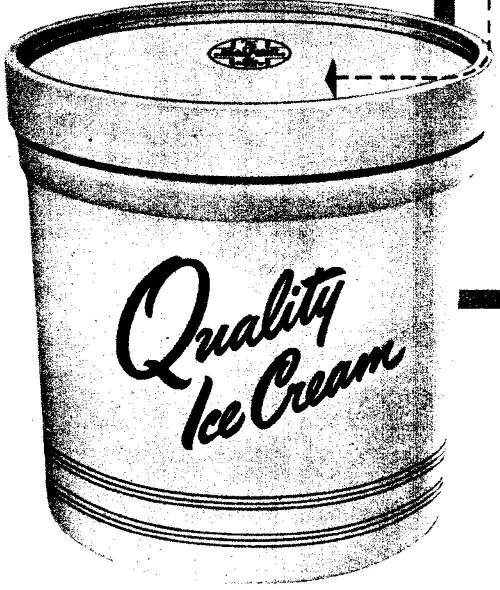
2 Westinghouse Refrigerators (Model DC-7)



2 Westinghouse Clothes Dryers (Model D-3A)



20 Westinghouse Roasters, with Cabinet and Timer (Model RO-91)



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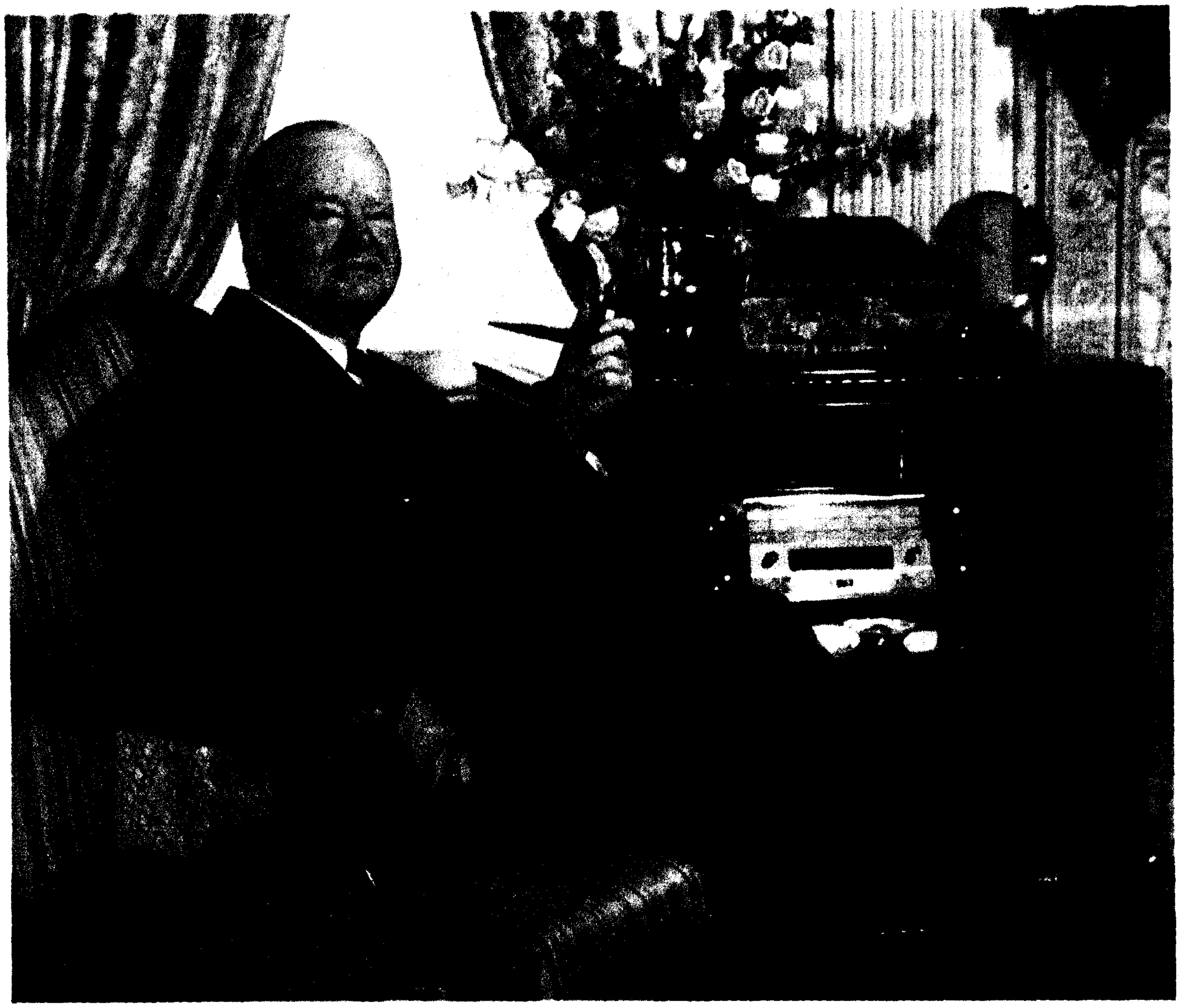
THE GENERAL TIRE

Bathing Ensemble by Carolyn Schnurer

Collier's, August 11, 1951



HERBERT HOOVER'S

Memoirs of Public Life

With the outbreak of World War I, the future President gave up his engineering career—forever. First came the rescue of 120,000 stranded abroad. He was off on a "rocky road"

The contribution of autobiography to history is one man's record of his acts, purposes and views of the times in which he lived and worked. The human race may not be particularly given to profiting by experience in larger affairs, but at least such experience should be recorded.

The portion of this account relating to the outbreak of World War I and Belgian relief was partly written in 1920; those sections on the U.S. Food Administration and European postwar relief and reconstruction were set down at odd times, from 1922 to 1929, during my tenure as Secretary of Commerce. They have been but little revised.

There is one omission from this text that I infinitely regret: the lists of the thousands of individuals—with adequate tribute to each—who served with me in this period. I had prepared such a presentation, but it involved hundreds of pages. There never was a public official who received such devoted and deep and lasting friendships as have come to me—and it is to them that I dedicate this memoir.

—HERBERT HOOVER

I

I DID not realize it at the time, but on the afternoon of Monday, August 3, 1914, my engineering career was over forever. I was on the rocky road of public life.

That day—the day Germany declared war on France—Mrs. Hoover, our two small sons and I were in London. The world-wide scope of my work had brought us often to the British capital. But we would not have been there at this particular time had not my fellow townsmen in San Francisco asked me, in March, to make a special trip to Europe to persuade various governments to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, planned to take place on the shores of the Golden Gate in 1915.

Although my professional travels had made me

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

more than ordinarily familiar with eastern European national movements, I was not one of those subsequently know-it-all citizens who had seen war coming. There was not one in a million whose optimism about the future was so low as to believe it possible.

The previous 25 years had been the happiest period in the Western World for 10 centuries. Human slavery had long since disappeared. Freedom of speech and worship, and the right to choose one's own calling were gradually spreading over wider areas. Men were able to move across frontiers practically without restriction. Of all nations, Russia and Turkey alone required passports. Above all, fear had disappeared from the hearts of men. It was the era of the released human spirit.

True, there was squalor, privilege, slums, slum minds, greed, corruption and bad taste. But the transcendent fact was that these evils were recognized everywhere, and were being lessened year by year.

There was a steady rise in the average standard of living and in the wealth of nations. Taxes were inconsequential. People were busy building railways and communications, roads and power plants, discovering new mines, erecting magnificent buildings, beautifying their cities.

Scientific research was daily opening new frontiers of human progress. A thousand gadgets and laborsaving devices had taken the sweat off the backs of men and the drudgery from the work of women. The automobile had brought widened vision. The airplane was lifting man from the drag of the earth. Recreation and sport filled an increasing part of life. Public education was spreading. Art and music were becoming accessible to everyone.

In that happy pre-World War I era, my own children were only little boys. When they were put to bed, the end of their day meant nothing more serious than a cheerful argument, a demand for stories and a final reluctant drop into sleep. For their parents, day's end certainly brought no dread as to what the future might bring. So it was with children and parents everywhere.

Then the world stumbled into the Great War, and the period of the Great Fear settled on the human race like a fog—to last, perhaps, for generations.

This is not the place to analyze the causes of that war. They sprang from impulses far subtler, stronger and more important than the mouthings of the Czar, the German and Austrian emperors and their minions. The world made the sad discovery that deeper in European nations than the arts of peace and progress were age-old hates, rivalries and imperialisms. The combative nature of man, the forces of aggressive nationalism and the human yearning for the adventure and glory of war had merely been slumbering.

No Uneasiness over Sarajevo

On June 28, 1914, when news came of the assassination at Sarajevo, the world took it as just another of those habitual Balkan lapses into barbarism—and we went about our accustomed business. It was not until July 23d, when Austria delivered her brutal ultimatum to Serbia, that we began to take interest.

It is a curious commentary on a civilization in process of being blown up that so well-informed a newspaper as the New York Times from July 1st to July 22d carried no alarming European news on the front page. In most newspapers Austria got only a minor mention from time to time on the fourth page inside. But when the diplomatic lightning began flashing from capital to capital, the world began to fear. The symptoms showed first in the economic pulse. People everywhere hurried to sell something. The markets of Europe began to slump.

All the last week of July we sat about my London offices engaged in sporadic bursts of conversation and odd silences. We tried to appraise what it all meant in terms of human life and misery. What would be the effect on America? What would happen to our business and all the people we employed? There had been no great war in Western civilization in our lifetimes. We argued that big nations were too civilized for anything more than bluffs and face-saving apologies. We vibrated from small hope to great fear.

Despite all this confusion the necessary routines dominated our activities. At the time my engineering colleagues and I had our principal offices in San Francisco, New York, London, Paris, Melbourne, Rangoon and St. Petersburg. We were a management engineering group directing many mining and metallurgical enterprises with railway and shipping adjuncts; our forte was the doctoring of backward enterprises by the use of American technological and administrative methods.

At one time or another we had been so engaged in 18 countries, including the United States, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, China, Burma, India, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Egypt, the Balkan States, Germany, Italy, France, England and Russia. I had traveled and periodically lived in all these places.

The enterprises with which we were connected at the outbreak of the war employed, directly or indirectly, upward of 175,000 men. In some operations, we produced finished materials; in the case of others, only partly finished materials which had to be transported to European and American plants for final processing.

The market for our partially perfected materials had collapsed. I found myself cabling over the world to slacken production since we could not sell the products. We telegraphed our ideas for taking care of our unemployed men if distress developed among them.

On Friday afternoon, July 31st, one of our banks telephoned that we had better send over and get some ready cash to pay our office staff, for there might be a moratorium. Still we hoped. Again we said that the world was surely too sane to go to war. Had not Norman Angell and other intellectuals long since proved that at the threat of a great war the world's economic structure would so break down as to make war impossible? Late that evening the British government announced that the banks would be closed Saturday and Monday.

Some weeks before, it had been arranged that Mrs. Hoover, the boys and I should spend this week end with our close friends, Edgar Rickard and his wife, at Westgate, to the southeast of London, where they had taken a summer cottage. The world outlook had become terrifying. But not being able to do anything about it, and not wanting to disappoint the children, we motored to Westgate on Saturday afternoon.

That evening we received word that Germany had declared war on Russia, and that the French were mobilizing. Sunday morning we heard that the British bank moratorium would be extended three days more. We also heard that Germany had sent an ultimatum to Belgium, demanding passage for her army.

We all went to the village inn for lunch. Everybody was strained, and apprehensive of some impending disaster. We decided to go home at once, motoring back by way of Southampton and Portsmouth. The British fleet was mobilized off Cowes. With its fresh war paint, it was dark and sinister-looking.

On Monday morning, August 3d, I went to the office to see what cables might have arrived. I was telephoned the news that Germany had declared war on France. The blows were surely coming swiftly. We paced up and down, wondering what would happen next, and periodically gazed out the windows at the troops passing in the street. We could see the enclosure of a remnant of the old Roman Wall of London a block away. John Agnew, one of my colleagues, asked: "How often do you suppose the men of Britain have marched out

Mr. Hoover, **about the time he left private life to begin a great career as a humanitarian**

HARRIS & EWING

NTERNATIONAL

Trapped by war, **in 1914 Americans waited on the quay in Le Havre, France, to cross the Channel to England, where Mr. Hoover and associates set up an organization to get them home**

to defend their island since the Romans built that wall?"

The managers of our industries were cabling for directions, and would we please arrange bank credits from London for them to meet the payrolls, as all banks in Australia, Burma and South Africa were also closed. We had many cargoes of zinc, lead and copper concentrates on the way from Burma and Australia, consigned to French, German, Belgian and American smelters. The British government had ordered the ships into the nearest ports. We had to try to get word to them of new destinations.

All that day we were to receive more shocks. It was like an earthquake. The substance and bottom seemed to go out of everything.

Some weeks before, Mrs. Hoover and I had booked passage home on the Lusitania. I telephoned to ask if the ship would be sailing as scheduled. The girl at the other end said: "Sure, she will be sailing to Germany. Don't you know there's a war on?"

I was not quite clear as to what degree of insult or impatience she had reached, but I concluded that she meant the Lusitania would not sail.

Phone Call Changes Career

It was late that Monday afternoon, while I ruminated over the impossible nature of things, that I received a telephone call which was to end my engineering career and launch me on more than three decades of national and international public life.

The caller was American Consul General Robert Skinner, whose friendship I had enjoyed for many years. He told me that there was a mob of a thousand American tourists milling around inside the consulate and on the street, all of them penniless because they could raise no English money on their American traveler's checks or other credit documents. In the panic even American currency was being refused by London hotels. Could I think of anything to do?

The consulate was only a block away from our offices. I walked over to see Mr. Skinner. He was in a mess. Americans were pounding the counter and demanding to know if their government was going to protect its citizens. Why did the United States allow their dollars to be refused? It was a disgrace. Why did we not have courageous officials who did their duty toward these foreigners? The consul general ought at once to tell the British what was what.

But there was one group among these tourists that would have melted a stone—the American schoolteachers who had pinched and planned for this one trip to Europe all their lives. They had come to make themselves better teachers; now they were worried and confused by it all. They were the hardest hit. I could see in them the teachers of my own childhood. They were anxious but not imperious. They were also polite.

I listened for a few moments to the commercial traveler from Oregon and elsewhere, surveyed Mr. Skinner's distraction and borrowed his telephone.

My office had drawn that cash reserve of a few hundred pounds the previous Friday in case we should need to pay staff salaries. I asked two of our engineers to come over with all the gold and currency in the office. I proposed to Mr. Skinner that we exchange British money for dollars at the usual rate, or loan the stranded ones 10 shillings each to tide them over the night if they had no American currency. Skinner asked the crowd to calm itself and line up in an orderly manner, telling them what we would do. A faint cheer broke out, although some did not think our plan a direct enough reprimand to Europe for bringing a war on them while they were peaceably traveling abroad.

We divided the crowd of something over a thousand into five lines and sat down behind tables with paper, pen, ink, money and inquiring minds. Did Miss Jones have no American currency at all? On her word of honor? All right, Miss Jones, sign this IOU for 10 shillings with your name and address, and here is English money, come back tomorrow. In three or four hours Mr. and Mrs. and Miss American Citizen departed, announcing that they certainly would be back tomorrow to see what "our government was going to do about it."

When the last had gone Mr. Skinner called up the American Ambassador, Walter Hines Page, and told him of his experience and its temporary solution. Mr. Page promptly replied that he had a mob of his own and no money. He asked me to come up to the West End to see him at once. I had known him from dining at the embassy on a few formal occasions.

No Ships to Take Americans Home

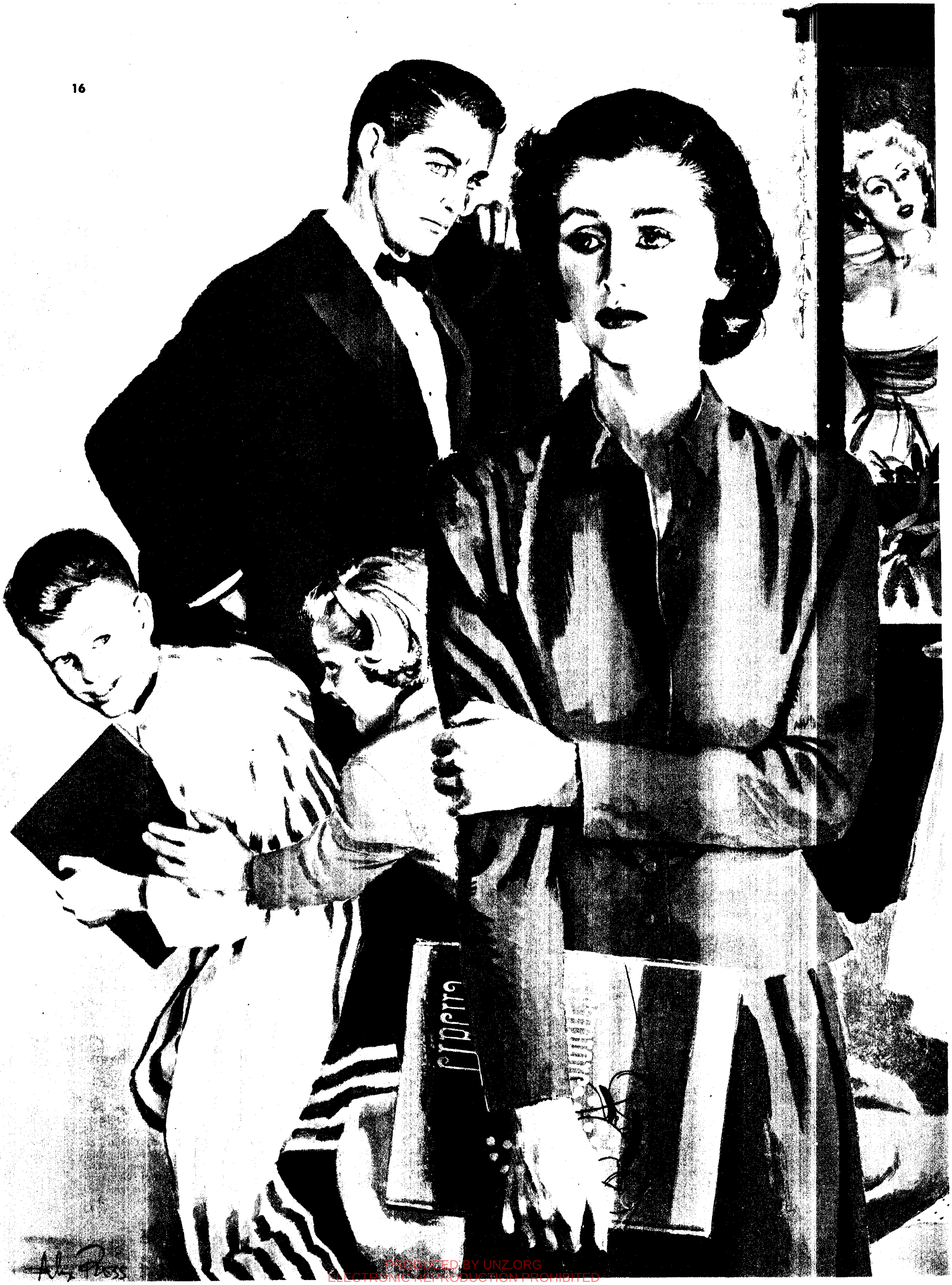
Now I learned that the ambassador was in even greater trouble than the consul general. Tens of thousands of Americans were pouring in from the Continent. All British sailings to America had been suspended. German passenger ships had scurried into the nearest ports. Some of the more collected American travelers—among them Oscar Straus, Theodore Hetzler and William Breed—had called a mass meeting at the Savoy Hotel for that evening to see what they could all do about getting home.

Mr. Page asked if I would attend. He estimated that there were probably 100,000 to 200,000 Americans in Europe, most of them in a panic to get away from the war.

At the Savoy between one and two thousand Americans milled around and finally elected a committee. This group consisted mostly of people of means, whose prime need was not financial help but ship accommodations. I listened to a long, profitless discussion and finally suggested to the committee that as most of them would be going home shortly, I would set up an organization among the more permanent American residents in London and try to bring some order into the chaos. The Straus Committee agreed and a few days later disbanded, but not before collecting some thousands of dollars from fellow travelers which they handed over to us for charitable uses.

I summoned American engineers Edgar Rickard, John White, Colonel Millard Hunsiker, Alfred Martin and others, including Robert Collins, to meet me at the Savoy Hotel the following morning. Mrs. Hoover invited a group of American ladies. I had in the meantime obtained some of the reception rooms at the Savoy

(Continued on page 48)



On the surface, things had never been so pleasant. His home seemed like one with a wife in it when Rose was there, and Honey was the pretty young sitter

THE SITTER

By HAMLEN HUNT

He accepted the reality of his love for Rose. He had to. But love had come to him too late, and now he must struggle against his own disloyalty

FRASER DUNNING, who was a consulting engineer, got home later than usual and walked through the streets of Elmville, which was changing from village to suburb. The Dunnings lived in a handsome, run-down old house on the village's country outskirts, where they could have acres for the children. As he approached home, Fraser walked more slowly, and his movements became careful, almost guarded.

The gate was open, and one rusty hinge had come off. The house was dark, and Fraser's footsteps echoed sharply as he crossed the porch and let himself in. For a minute he stood listening, and then he went into the living room and found Honey curled up on the sofa, in the dark. He sat down beside her and turned on the nearby lamp. He smiled when he spoke, because he had learned that you had to be careful how you began things, with Honey. The wrong question, a tone of criticism, and she simply withdrew for the rest of the evening, leaving him alone: even when they were in bed together, yielding as she was, he had no way of knowing if she had forgiven him or not.

"You've had a nice sleep," Fraser said. "You're all warm. It's so quiet—is the baby asleep, too? She's usually going full tilt about now."

"I don't know," Honey said, smiling and bright-eyed. She could wear her sweaters and skirts any old way and still they gave off an air of neatness.

The house was cold and dark as a cave. "I'll turn on the lights," Fraser said gently, "and I'll take a look at the furnace. It's cold. I wonder where Lucy and Alan are."

He tried to keep the concern out of his voice. He didn't want to suggest to Honey that she ought to know where the children were after dark. All he tried to do now was to salvage one evening at a time. The seas were dark and rough, and a small raft of one evening, with all of them clinging to it somehow, was still better than icy separation.

"Maybe at the Wilsons'," Honey said, yawning and putting her warm young hands on either side of his cold face. "I think the Wilson kids were here. In the middle of all the racket, I fell asleep."

That's what the baby had done, too. She was sprawled out on the floor of the play pen in the kitchen, a gnawed zwieback in one hand. Fraser dropped a blanket over her in passing. He revived the fire in the furnace, stuck some potatoes into the oven to bake, and set out to find the children. Honey came into the hall as he was leaving and said, "Let's go to the movies later, shall we? I've got a new sitter coming. A farm woman, from the place where I sometimes get eggs."

"Fine," Fraser said irritably, thinking of that desolate farm, with two old people on it, and a yardful of rusted farm machinery. There had been a lot of children, coming and going, and he supposed one of them had come back. Still, it didn't much matter what she was like, as long as he and Honey could get out. Honey needed to be gay, to be with people, and not every sitter was willing to come to a big, lonesome house and deal with three children. "I'll get back as soon as I can," he said.

"Oh, please," Honey said. "It's been a long day."

Out in the deserted streets again, he thought tiredly about Honey. He had not been deceived. When he married her, during the war, he had known he was getting a child bride, and the thought had touched and amused him. Fraser was twelve years older than Honey—a big, tall, competent-looking man with the stamp of hardship and success on his rather long, lined face. Honey was an only child, and she had grown up surrounded by polished old furniture and chintzes. She was very sweet, very young. All she wanted was to be loved and cherished.

FRASER used to feel sure he could take care of her, and he wanted nothing more than to be able to; but sometimes now he woke up sweating, with the idea that things could go badly, and what would happen then? What would become of the children, whom Honey had so easily, and loved so briefly and casually while they were at the breast but afterward found so difficult to keep up with? He got the feeling the whole thing depended on him. He was prepared for authority, used to it, but not on such intimate, personal levels. Sometimes Honey felt as heavy as a world he had not got quite in balance on his shoulders.

He remembered a queer, cold feeling he had had at the time of the sudden death of Honey's parents in an automobile accident in Florida. He had thought the news of their death would shatter her, but her grief didn't last long and she was annoyed when she discovered that they had not been well off, after all. The house and furniture she remembered had gone to pay off their debts—they had lived beyond their income, for Honey's sake. The insurance had paid their funeral expenses, and they had left only trinkets for their cherished Honey. When he was alive, her father used to give her a hundred-dollar bill and say, "Run out and buy yourself something pretty, Honey. Fraser's a good provider, but you're just a child, and you need a little fun." But when he was suddenly dead, Honey said, "How could they be so extravagant? They ought never to have gone to Florida, and maybe this wouldn't have happened."

Honey seemed, indeed, to have no very deep feelings of any kind. She drew love, and men clustered around her, and sometimes at parties she disappeared with one of them briefly. But, balancing that world of Honey on his shoulders, Fraser felt more and more alone, and knew that if he ever lost his precarious footing, and dropped Honey, she wouldn't fare very well. There would certainly be other men, but he was pretty sure no one would cherish her as he did: no one would be willing to, for so little return.

I've got the habit of Honey, he thought. . . .

"Hi, Fraser," George Bell said, at his third stop. "Come on in and have a drink. Your kids are here. They're just putting their things on."

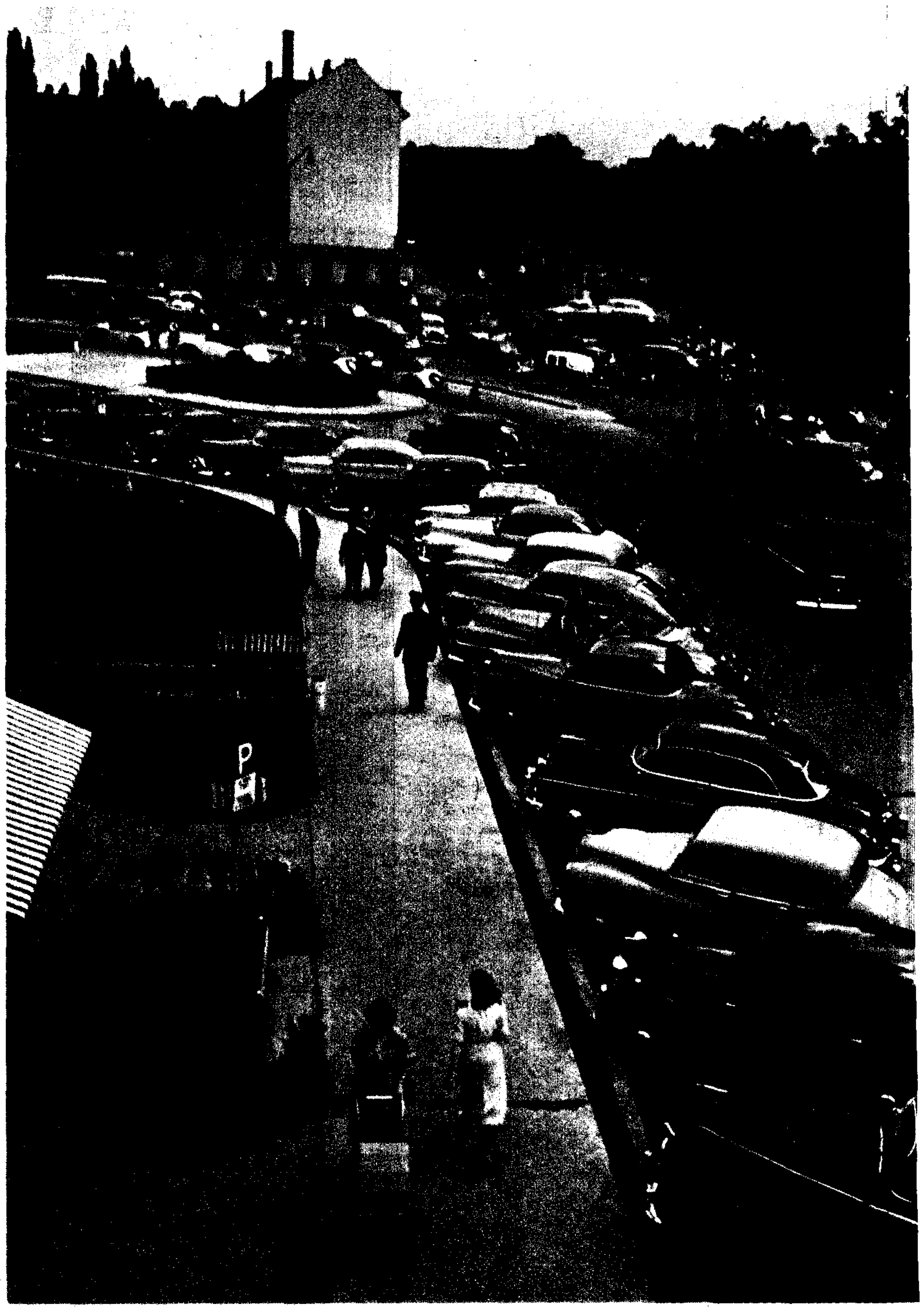
"Guess I won't stop, thanks," Fraser said. "Honey's waiting to feed them." He would have loved a drink and some evening conversation, but Millie must have said, "Children,

(Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

U.S. ARMY WIVES – THE

Army maintains everything from movies to bowling alleys to make life easier for dependents. This clothing store is in Frankfurt



Despite resemblance to scene in a U.S. suburb, this picture was taken at Frankfurt shopping center. American soldiers operate most establishments

Noncoms are floor supervisors in Army supermarkets like this one —while top brass bemoans need for more soldiers in field forces

American housing project. Housing shortage may prevent new troops from bringing in wives. But those now there will stay, posing morale problem

BIG SNAFU IN EUROPE

Our forces are "clearing the decks for action" in Germany. Yet the potential battlefield is cluttered with American women and children. In a war, their presence could mean catastrophe

By ERNEST LEISER

Frankfurt, Germany

THE Army band blared out a martial welcome as the gray-hulled transport General Patch was warped slowly up to the Bremerhaven dockside, and the heavy howitzer on the quay barked out in deafening salute. A fleet of gleaming staff sedans, flying white-starred red flags of generals' rank, raced up to the ship's side. Photographers ignored both the pelting rain and the harassed military policemen as they swarmed to the water's edge.

This was a memorable occasion, this rainy Sunday late in May. On board the Patch were GIs of the Fourth Infantry Division, the first contingent of the 100,000 fighting men the United States is sending to Europe this year to reinforce the West's defenses.

They seemed tough and fit, as they stood in their silent ranks. They wore battle dress and they carried their weapons. Alert and unsmiling, they looked as though they meant business.

Here was the solid evidence that we were prepared to contribute our soldiers, as well as our treasure, to fortify the ramparts of freedom. It was indeed a historic occasion, and it should have been a stirring sight. But to those who looked closely and critically at the Patch as she nudged against the dock, it wasn't. It was, instead, a perfect picture of the preposterous.

For there, between the grim olive-drab massed formations of troops fore and aft, danced gay and strikingly inappropriate patches of color. There, standing at the railing amidships between the silent soldiers of the Fourth Division, were women and children in bright-hued raincoats, waving excitedly to the waiting crowd on shore, laughing and chattering.

That quayside tableau in Bremerhaven—the simultaneous disembarkation on European soil of infantry reinforcements and womenfolk and children of the military men already here—must have served as a sharp reminder to many an onlooker of the crazily contradictory position of America's forces in Germany today.

It was especially vivid in view of what Lieutenant General Manton S. Eddy, commander of the U.S. Seventh Army, had said to a group of correspondents here only a few weeks before.

Eddy, a friendly and plain-spoken man under whose command will come America's scheduled six-division contribution to the Allied armies of General Dwight D. Eisenhower, was giving the newsmen his appraisal of the military situation in Europe. He pulled no punches. The time between now and this coming winter, Eddy said, was a critical one in terms of possible Soviet aggression in Germany.

By winter, he estimated, the proposed build-up of Allied forces might already be enough to make the Soviets think thrice before striking. It remained to be seen, however, whether the Russians during that meantime would permit the build-up to develop unhindered.

Then Eddy went on to describe in detail what his command was doing to be ready during the critical period at hand. "My motto," he declared in summarizing his program, "is to clear the decks for action."

Manton Eddy, a superior human as well as a superior soldier, has been trying to do just that, within the anomalous limitations of his own command authority. Never, except in actual combat, have GIs undergone a more rigorous program of training and toughening than that which is Standard Operating Procedure for the troops of the Seventh Army.

For a month to six weeks at a time, the combat battalions in General Eddy's divisions are sent out into the field for day-and-night maneuvers. Then, after coming back to home base for just long enough to get weapons and equipment repaired or replaced, out they go again for another backbreaking field problem.

Tactics to Block a Russian Advance

Nor are the problems simply lifted from old Army manuals. Shrewd tactician that he is—the experts agree he was one of the United States' best division and corps commanders in World War II—Eddy insists that his staff set up the sort of situations which, on the same terrain, may actually arise should the Russians strike. When Able Company of the 18th Infantry Regiment sets up a roadblock somewhere in the wooded hills near Aschaffenburg, for example, it represents no theoretical maneuver: someday, the men in Able Company know, they may set up exactly that roadblock to halt the Russians. While he toughens up his GIs in the field, Eddy is quietly shifting his major units to positions where they can most swiftly meet an enemy attack.

For taking these tactical steps with zeal and intelligence, full credit should be given Manton Eddy. Yet, as a matter of hard fact, he has not been able to live up to his resounding motto. That could be seen when the General Patch unloaded its combat troops (and its families) at Bremerhaven. It can be seen any day in any city or town of the U.S. zone in Germany. Eddy's decks are not *really* cleared for action. On the contrary, the "front lines" of the Seventh Army are cluttered as few field commanders have ever known them to be.

They are cluttered with nearly 45,000 wives and children and mothers-in-law of the American soldiers and civilians on duty here. They are cluttered with their dogs and cats and household goods; with their schools and their 400 American schoolteachers; with their flower shops, their supermarkets, their bowling alleys, their night clubs, their golf courses, their snack bars, their summer and winter resorts, their movies.

They are cluttered, in short, with all the amenities that the occupation army has been able to bring to Germany or build in the postwar years to make the tight-knit American communities here replicas of Suburbia, U.S.A.

There was a time when it made perfect sense to bring the soldiers' families over. The initial mission of the United States Army in Germany after the war was to preserve civil order in the U.S. zone, insure compliance with the regulations of the military government and assist wherever possible in developing a democratic spirit among the conquered German population. American families brought a stability to the occupation force which —then—was entirely desirable.

But the Army's mission here drastically changed when the fighting in Korea awoke the Western World to the danger of global war. American, British and French troops

(Continued on page 51)

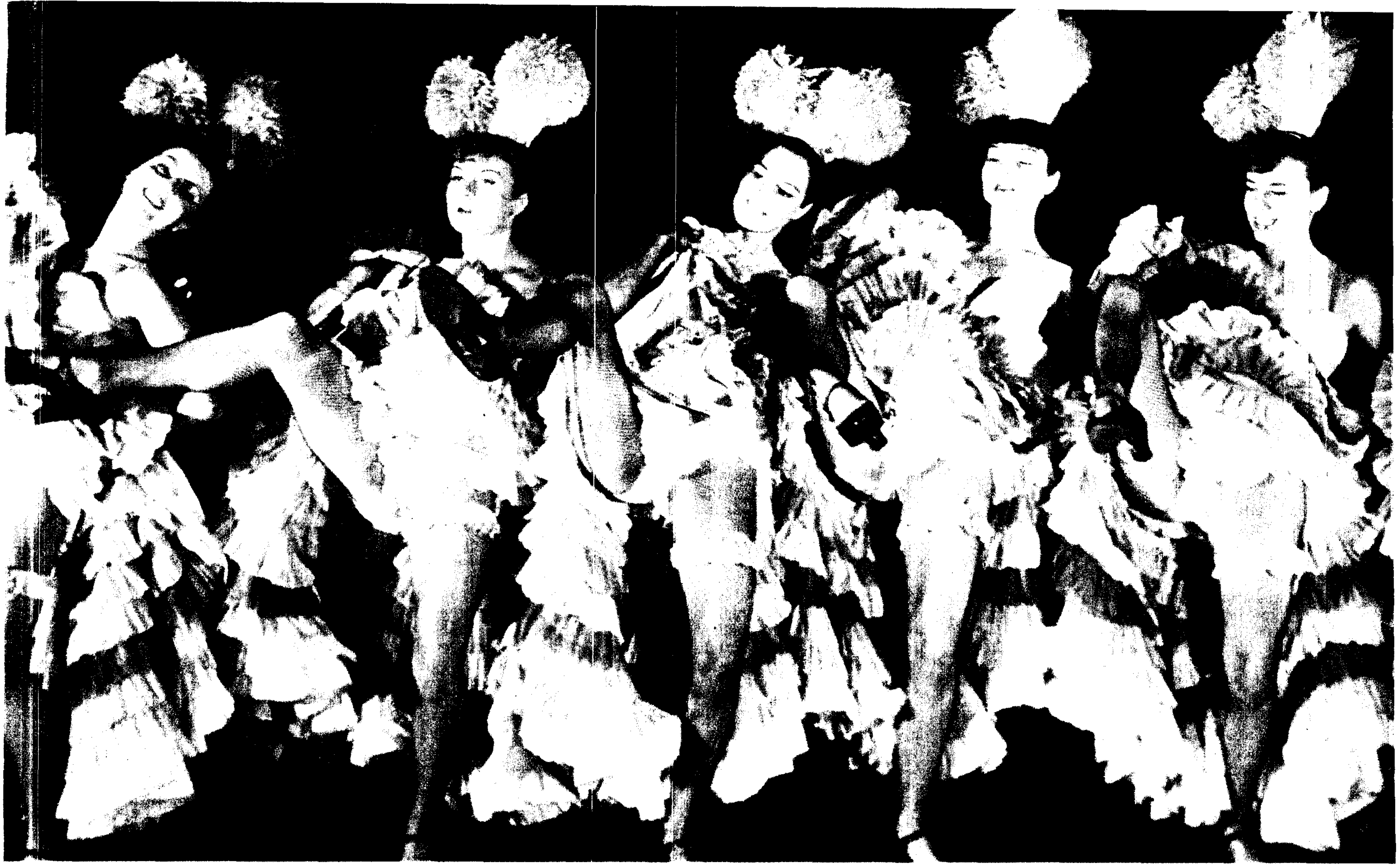
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ

Tough GIs of Fourth Division arrive at Bremerhaven to strengthen United States contingent in Europe. On same boat were more wives and children

WIDE WORLD

Gen. Handy (r.) and Commissioner McCloy (c.)—shown with General Eisenhower—fear German civilian panic if U.S. dependents leave

ACME



A formal dance, French cancan has many intricate movements. Here five of Mme. Avila's seven girls execute the complicated "corkscrew kick"

Rehearsal: Mme. Avila eases Claudette Leclercq's tightened muscle; Eliane Tortel does a jumping split; Claudette tries one-handed cart wheel

Performance: blurred photographs symbolize speed of cancan during solos. Genevieve Barrerye pirouettes, troupe whirls, girls do handstands

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Those Who CANCAN

SO FAR as Grandpa knew, the cancan was a wicked Parisian dance which exhibited a deal more ladies' underwear than the local dry-goods store. He would have snickered at the definition in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which politely describes the cancan as "a rollicking modern dance of French origin marked by extravagant movements . . . and seen chiefly in the theater."

Webster is seldom wrong. The cancan, however, is *not* seen chiefly in the theater. It is a night-club routine. It is *not* a modern dance. As nearly as can be determined, it sprang up sometime during the middle of the nineteenth century. And it is *not* extravagant, for it wastes no motions.

The cancan is directly adapted from the quadrille, European version of American square dances. Developed during the 1840s in Parisian night clubs, it may look like a wild and sinful terpsichorean tantrum, but it is a dance as formal as the minuet. The cancan, properly danced, has six basic movements, all, let Webster note, performed with the skirts held well above the knees.

In the first movement, the seven or eight young ladies involved run on stage, prance around in a circle, and bow. In the second movement, they form two rows and execute a series of incredibly intricate and energetic kicks. The two succeeding movements feature a "cathedral" or archway of raised legs, and the *coups des derrières* or back view. The fifth movement is, after the rigid requirements of the first four movements, climactic—a revelation of grace, improvisation and virtuosity. In this section, four or five of the dancers move to the center of the floor and perform solos consisting of jumping splits, pirouettes, cart wheels and assorted choreographic tours de force. Finally, the dancers regroup, hold one foot above their heads, turn on the other, do a jumping split en masse and prance into the wings.

Though Americans rarely have the opportunity of seeing Paris' most-talked-about dance, one of France's best ensembles—Mme. Anita Avila's cancan girls—has been performing at New York's Latin Quarter night club since mid-April, will remain till the fall. The girls, whose photographs appear on these pages, have never been to America before, and they have made no concession to the American way, except in the matter of costumes. For U.S. audiences they wear fancy-dandy hats and brightly colored unmentionables. Parisians prefer the traditional white cotton lingerie and poke bonnets worn when the dance was born.

Just like the man said: there's no accounting for tastes.

SEY CHASSLER

Celiene Salles does cancan's popular holding kick

In dressing room, Pierette Michel (center) limbers up, others relax. Among best modern cancan dancers, Paris troupe has international reputation

The Fence Around

By JOHN SAVAGE

[illegible] camp for a [illegible] ther man. The machines we work
[illegible] estructive. In [illegible] they can be instruments of murder

NOBODY had to tell me Joel Murphy was somebody special. The boss gave me one hint, and that was enough. On the day young Murphy was hired, the boss brought him over to me and said, "Show this boy around a little, will you, Pop?" I said I would, and then the boss couldn't help smiling, because the secret was too good to keep. "See if he doesn't remind you of somebody we used to know."

It took me half the morning to catch on. Maybe I'm getting old.

Murphy was a tall, nice-looking kid, about twenty or twenty-one, with square fingers and a big head. His hair was black, and it grew in a crooked cowlick on one side. I took a liking to him right away; I'll say that. But he didn't begin to remind me of his famous dad until I walked him over to see Louise.

I'd been with him for over an hour by then, showing him around the mine. I'd already noticed that his voice seemed sort of familiar, and that he knew more about the mine than any new hand I'd ever broken in before.

Cat Creek Mine was located in the bed of an ancient river—one that had dried up thousands of years ago, when this part of the country was changing from forest into desert. Nothing was left of the river now, except the trickle known as Cat Creek. But the great river bed was still there, ten feet down. We'd been taking gold out of it for thirty years, but I was surprised that young Murphy had heard so much about it.

All our sluices and concentrating equipment were on a floating barge, about sixty feet square. The barge was three stories high, and it sat in a pond just big enough to hold it. The whole works—barge, pond and all—was constantly on the move, chewing its way back and forth across the river bed at a speed of about a hundred yards a month.

The barge carried no dredging machinery of its own. All the digging was done by a separate piece of equipment—a giant dragline dredge that everybody called Louise. After Murphy and I had inspected the barge, I took him over to where Louise was working, and we paused there to watch her. For a long time Murphy just stood and looked, with his mouth partly open.

Louise was what a city man might call a steam shovel, only larger, and not a steam shovel at all. She was as big as a house, and she moved on crawler treads, like a tank. Her boom was a hundred and fourteen feet long, and the digging bucket slung from the end was big enough to hold an automobile. She was powered with a heavy Diesel, and made more racket than the rest of the mine put together.

After we'd watched her dump a few loads of river gravel into the hopper on the top story of the barge, Murphy spoke: "She's beautiful."

It was a strange thing to say. I'd only known one man who would talk that way about a greasy monster like Louise, and that had been twenty years ago. The man was governor of the state right now, and I hadn't seen him since the old days.

"You said your name was Murphy?" I asked.

Joel said, "Yes." He was still watching Louise.

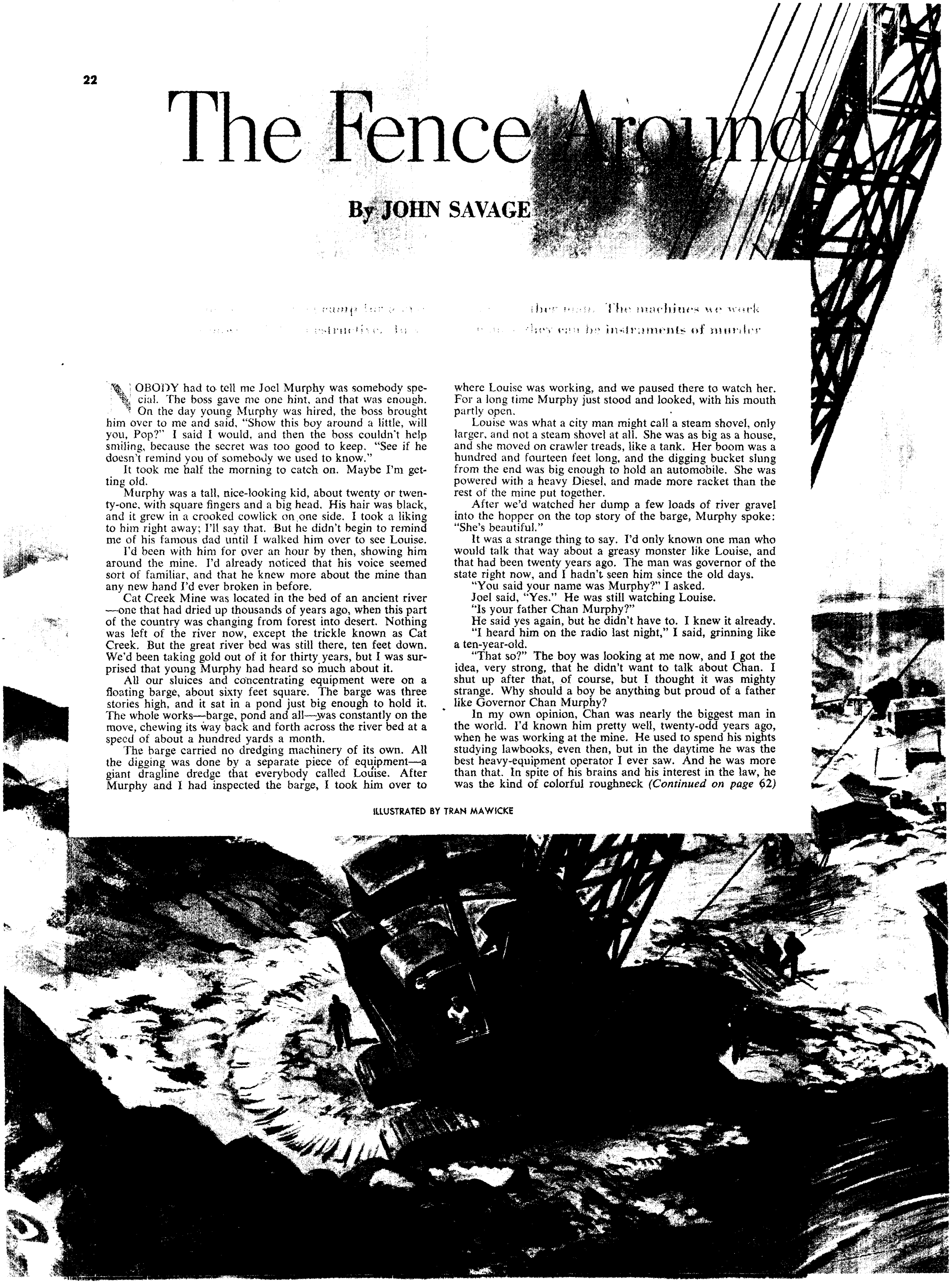
"Is your father Chan Murphy?"

He said yes again, but he didn't have to. I knew it already.

"I heard him on the radio last night," I said, grinning like a ten-year-old.

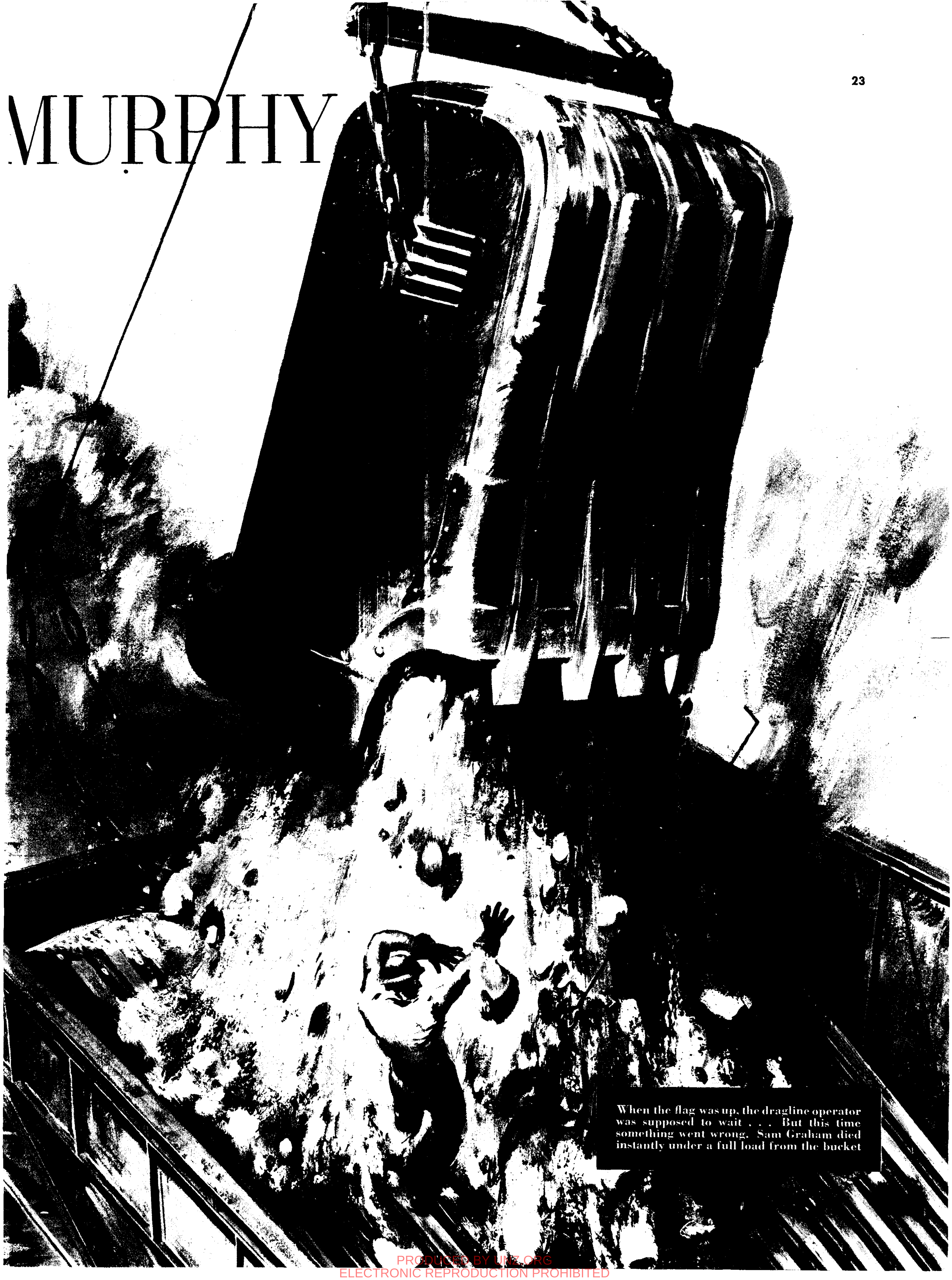
"That so?" The boy was looking at me now, and I got the idea, very strong, that he didn't want to talk about Chan. I shut up after that, of course, but I thought it was mighty strange. Why should a boy be anything but proud of a father like Governor Chan Murphy?

In my own opinion, Chan was nearly the biggest man in the world. I'd known him pretty well, twenty-odd years ago, when he was working at the mine. He used to spend his nights studying lawbooks, even then, but in the daytime he was the best heavy-equipment operator I ever saw. And he was more than that. In spite of his brains and his interest in the law, he was the kind of colorful roughneck *(Continued on page 62)*



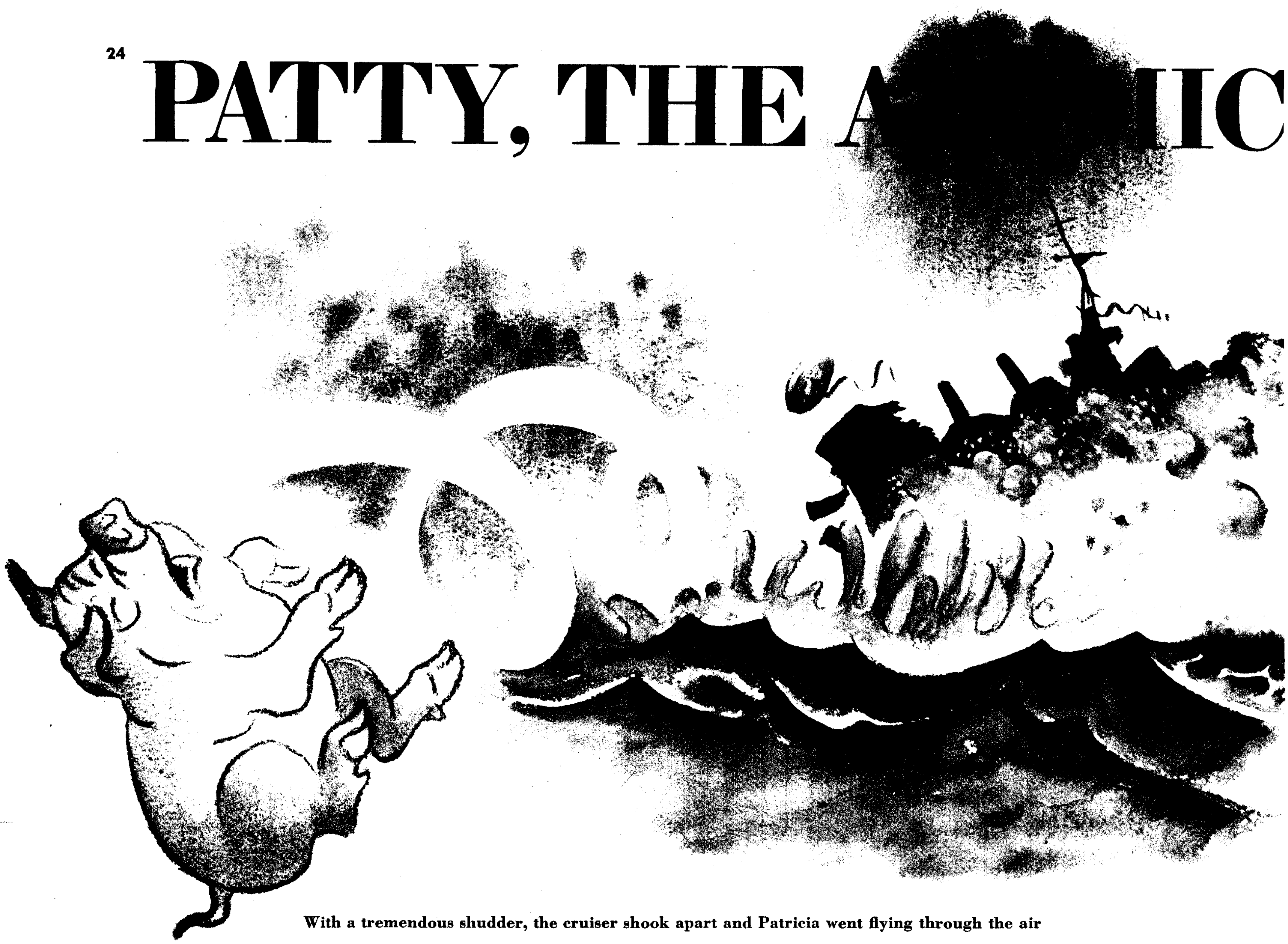
ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

MURPHY



When the flag was up, the dragline operator was supposed to wait . . . But this time something went wrong. Sam Graham died instantly under a full load from the bucket

PATTY, THE A IC



With a tremendous shudder, the cruiser shook apart and Patricia went flying through the air

A few weeks ago we observed the fifth anniversary of a momentous experiment—Operation Crossroads. On July 1, 1946, a little pig was locked aboard the Japanese light cruiser Sakawa, anchored off Bikini Atoll. To make sure she'd be recognized, if her remains were found at all, they gave her an eartag numbered 311. There was a horrendous roar as the atomic bomb exploded, and what occurred aboard the Sakawa remained a secret—to all but No. 311, who miraculously survived the blast and was found swimming in the radioactive lagoon some hours later. The story here is a half-fact, half-fiction account of what may have happened, told by Grant Powers, who was at Bikini

By GRANT POWERS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

ONCE upon a time, there was a great group of generals, admirals, scientists, newsmen and curious people who wanted to know more about atomic explosions. The world had already survived three cataclysmic blasts, caused by fusing certain elements which had been discovered and combined by some of the most learned and intelligent men in the world; but they were still uncertain as to what their very, very secret formulas could do. So they planned a fourth explosion—an extra-large-size one—that could be carefully studied.

Now the generals, admirals, scientists, newsmen and curious people knew full well that it would be very dangerous for human beings to be too close to an atomic bomb in action. The contraptions create great winds, spit fire and blow asunder the strongest of things man can construct—even ships, though made of steel.

So, it was decided that rats, guinea pigs, mice, goats and pigs should be exposed to the most gigantic, supercolossal explosion the world has ever known, and that they'd find out about the effect on living things. (Of course, no one asked the animals what *they* thought about this decision.)

Soon, then, as all the world knows, there was a great gathering of men and ships at a small atoll in the Pacific Ocean. Now, an atoll is a ringlike coral island enclosing a lagoon. This particular atoll was called Bikini. It was a peaceful little place, just three square miles in size.

Among all the many ships that anchored in Bikini lagoon, one smelled different from the rest. It was the good ship Burleson and in her hold were many pens and cages holding hundreds of animals.

Noisiest of all were the black-and-white spotted Poland China pigs. Two hundred of them grunted and milled about—that is, all except one little piglet, who sat in a corner all by herself, deep in thought; for sometimes, you know, even a piglet thinks. "My, oh, my," thought the little piglet, "what will become of us all?"

But before she had time for another thought, a big sailor reached down and lifted her out of her pen. He carried her up many ladders, out into the sunshine on the deck of the ship. There, in a wide circle, stood the generals, admirals, scientists and ever so many of the sailors. The big sailor placed his own white cap on her head and six cameras flashed while she sniffed his cheek. "Take it easy, Patricia!" he said, and all the sailors roared with laughter.

Patricia, still in the big sailor's arms, heard three scientists talking. "This will be one of the most exciting events of my life," said a tall, thin scientist.

"We already have everyone horribly worried," said a short, stout scientist, adjusting his horn-rimmed glasses nervously.

"For years I've awaited this moment," said a little, squeaky-voiced scientist, rubbing his bald head.

"When the great explosion takes place, the sea will boil and all the ships will melt; the skies will open and down will pour yellow masses as heavy as butter," sighed the tall, thin scientist asthmatically.

The generals and admirals all adjusted their caps

Patricia bumped smack into a tiger fish. "What's going on up there?" he demanded

PIG

There are two sides to every story and this is the way the Bikini blast looked to Patricia, the thoughtful pig who survived it. Call it a fable for our time

and coughed behind their hands, "Ahem! Ahem! Ahem!"

Then the scientists and the generals and the admirals went about leaving the ship in dignified silence. And the big sailor took the piglet back down to her pen. There he found many doctors in white coats assigning numbers to all the animals.

"Bring her over here," ordered a very sad-looking doctor. "Her number will be 311."

The big sailor patted her on the head, as two other sailors placed her in a crate. "So long and good luck, Patricia!" shouted the big sailor, and he went away.

The little piglet was just beginning to feel sorry for herself when a goat in the next crate said, "You're lucky, Patricia. Look at me. They've sheared off all my hair!"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, how embarrassing!" said Patricia.

"More than that," said the goat, "I heard them say we both will be on the target ships. They say that the flash from this contraption they're dropping from the skies will blind you."

Patricia rubbed her head against the crate. On her ear she could feel the metal tag attached there by the doctors.

"That's to make sure you'll be recognized, if you're ever seen again," said the goat, who seemed to know everything.

"You're certainly a cheerful soul!" replied Patricia, turning her back on the gossipy goat.

In the lagoon were anchored 70 naval ships of all sizes—battleships, aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and troopships. All of these vessels had been used in a great war. But the generals, admirals, scientists, newsmen and curious people still needed to know how strong they really were.

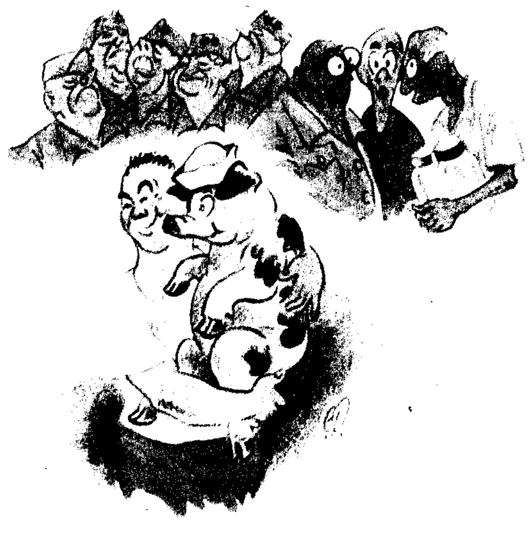
That very day they placed the piglet Patricia in her crate on the Japanese cruiser Sakawa—and on the other ships anchored in the lagoon were placed 5,000 rats, 204 goats, 60 guinea pigs, 200 mice and 200 other pigs.

Probably for the first time in history, a great fleet of ships was manned solely by animals.

From her crate, Patricia—locked in a washroom on the Japanese cruiser—could see through the porthole. Closest was the battleship Nevada. It was painted bright red and trimmed in white, for it was to be the target ship. And as her ship rolled with the tide, she could also spy the mainmast of a hulking, black Japanese battleship, the Nagato.

Next morning, Patricia was sitting very disconsolately in her crate. She was wondering why, oh, why it had become so unearthly quiet, when a great orange-colored flash, a hundred thousand times brighter than the sun, almost blinded her! With a tremendous shudder, the cruiser shook apart. Patricia went flying over and over through the air.

Then, all at once, she hit the water of the lagoon with a great *ker-splash!* Down, down, down she went, nose first, until she hit the coral bottom. Scrambling to regain her balance under water, she bumped smack into a striped tiger fish, who angrily demanded, "What's going on up there?"



The big sailor put his hat on her head and then said, "Take it easy, Patricia"

All around the lagoon, ships were on fire. Into the air for thousands of feet rose a great pink cloud shaped like a mushroom, and around it many planes were flying in all directions.

Down under the surface, millions of bubbles of all colors kept popping and exploding. Patricia tried to get a footing, but couldn't because the bubbles kept pushing her about.

"Those ships and men have been poking about this lagoon for months," yelled the tiger fish. "They must be mad!"

"You're telling me!" answered Patricia. "They brought me thousands of miles just to blow me off a ship."

"Phew!" said the tiger fish. "It's sure getting hot down here!"

"That's radiation," said Patricia. "It's like prickly heat, only a thousand times worse."

"It's bent all my bones," complained the tiger fish.

Well, all this took only a few seconds, but Patricia felt as though she would burst for lack of air. Just then, a moray eel struck her in the side and she shot to the surface. Taking a quick look around her, she spotted Bikini Island and swam as fast as she could for its beach.

Patricia wobbled up on the beach and sat down in the sun to dry. She felt like she was sitting on needles instead of sand, and her whole body tingled. Looking down at her legs, she was startled. She had changed color! Now she was a deep violet and the black spots on her back had turned to a bright yellow and sparkled in the sunlight. "Good gracious!" she said aloud, wondering what was happening to her.

"A fine exhibition, if I ever saw one," said a squeaky, high-pitched voice. "What are they trying to prove, that nothing's unbreakable?"

Patricia turned and discovered the voice was coming from some high reeds back of two palm trees. She looked out at the lagoon again.

Ships were burning and smoking. An aircraft carrier was exploding. Large puffs of orange, yellow and black clouds were rolling skyward. A cruiser was bent and twisted, leaning to one side. A submarine was torn open on top, with pipes and bent plates sticking up. But the big, bright red target ship was sitting there as if nothing had happened.

"A fine mess to clean up," said the same squeaky, high-pitched voice and, turning her head, Patricia looked down to see beside her a spindly-legged little brown-and-white bird scratching in the sand. "I'm a rail," said the little bird, "a cousin to snipes and sandpipers; and let me tell you, this was one of the nicest, quietest little islands in the Pacific before all those loud sailors with white caps came here!"

Patricia gulped a couple of times and looked the angry little bird up and down. There certainly wasn't much of him; but as little as he was, he had a shrill voice and a violent temper.

He stuck his long, thin bill out and touched the end of Patricia's nose. "I know," he said, "you're a pig—I've seen a couple like you on the trading ships that used to come here."

Patricia felt a bit relieved and heaved a sigh. "Is there anyone else on the island?" she asked.

"Haven't seen a soul since some men climbed out of those towers and left in small boats yesterday," said the rail sourly.

"They're photo towers," Patricia said rather haughtily. "The large cameras that filmed the explosion are in them."

"What's a camera?"

"A machine that makes a picture of what you see."

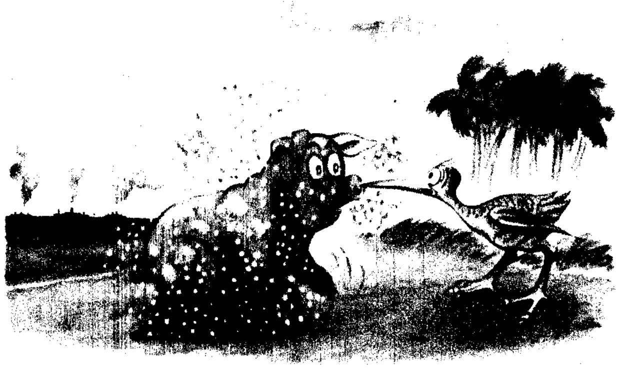
The rail looked puzzled and scratched the sand.

"I don't suppose you saw the atom bomb explode?" asked Patricia.

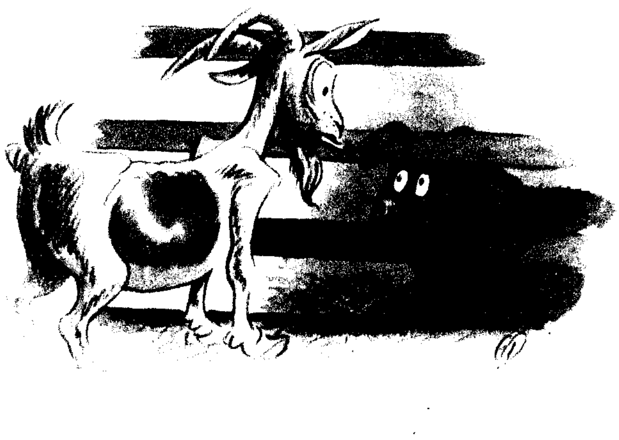
"Nope," answered the rail, "but it sure got hot here for a while. I had my back turned looking for some small shrimp in a tide pool and, all at once, it became so bright it blinded me and there were two huge *booms!* Like to scared me to death!"

"It should have," said Patricia. "It was the most powerful explosion ever made by man. You're lucky to be alive."

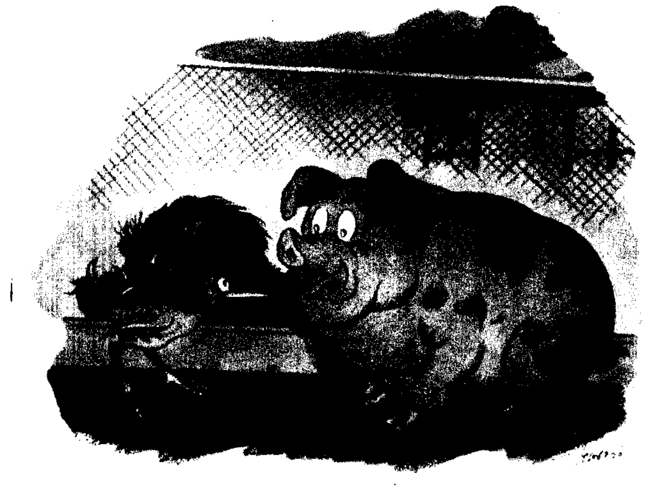
"Was it that bad?" asked the rail, and then he started walking around in circles shaking his head. Suddenly, he stopped. "I knew they were planning a big deal," he said. "Some sailors sprayed the whole island with something. I sneezed my head off for hours. Since then, *(Continued on page 54)*



The rail touched her nose with his bill. "I know you, you're a pig," he squeaked



She was surprised to discover the voice from the crate belonged to the same goat



"Who's your ugly friend?" the rail asked, meaning Wilbur. Patty had to laugh at him

A Reporter in Search of God

What Scientists

Whether they explore the vastness of the universe or the

Rosalind Du Bow, Brookhaven Laboratory research assistant, says she wants to believe in God but can't accept the idea as taught her in childhood

Dr. Redginal Hewitt, conqueror of dread tropical diseases, calls himself no humanitarian. "I just did it," he declares, "because I was interested"

DR. PAUL FRANCIS KERR, one of the nation's outstanding mineralogists, strode across his laboratory at Columbia University and picked up a chunk of rough iron. "It's a visitor," he said. "It dropped on this earth from somewhere in outer space. Where did it come from? What's the universe like outside—*up there?*"

Don't we wish we knew!

A few moments later Dr. Kerr took from a cotton-stuffed box a small black chunk of what looked like coal. "Uranium oxide," he announced. "It is continuously giving off radioactive particles. A residue of lead is left behind. By measuring the amount of lead we can find how old this chunk of material is."

"How old is it?" I asked.

"Somewhere between 643,000,000 and 950,000,000 years," he replied.

Whew!

But that's nothing. Hobnob with the scientists very long and you'll be living on a diet of exclamation points. The astronomers told me that the sun which warms our earth is just one of 100,000,000,000 suns in our galaxy alone—and there are at least 1,000,000,000,000 galaxies! These (within the limits of the so-called "observable universe") are somewhere in a band of space which extends outward from the earth 12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles.

But that's just the big universe. The nuclear physicists took me on an opposite journey into the *little* universe.

How big is a hydrogen atom? Well, think of an inch on the ruler. Divide it mentally into hundredths. Now divide the hundredths into hundredths. Take one of those "hundred-hundredths" and divide that into hundredths! Don't get dizzy, just divide by a hundred once more—and then divide by two. You've got it, the diameter of a hydrogen atom!

That's still *large* as nuclear physics goes. Suppose the nucleus of that tiny hydrogen atom were the size of a baseball. Then, in proportion, the electron which whirls around it would be a speck eight city blocks away!

Where is a place for God in all this? I went to the scientists to learn what they have *found out* about God, what they *think* about God, how they *feel* about God. Have they proved, in their scarcely comprehensible excursions into the macrocosm of the heavens and the microcosm of the atom, that there *is* a God? Or have they proved there is no God? Is there a place in the billions of miles or in the billionths of an inch for a factor known as faith?

What do scientists believe?

Science as a Background of Faith

Dr. Kerr, as he put the meteorite and the uranium back into their laboratory niches, said, "I cannot believe that the facts of science are mere accidents. The more we study the earth, the more sense it makes. Our findings give us more of a background for faith. I do not believe, as some do, that our faith is becoming vague. No, we are just stripping away some of the superstition and mythology. We are getting closer to the essence."

"Just what do you mean—'closer to the essence'?" I inquired.

"Well," said the scientist, "what I have learned about the earth has made me no less a believer in a Supreme Power but actually more so. You see, some of the early philosophers simply *guessed* there was a God. All they could say was, 'God *is*.' But we have so much more evidence to go on. We have seen so much more of His handiwork. We can say, 'God *must be*.' "

Primitive man, then, on a purely logical basis, could have settled for a fourth-class god. But modern man—with his excursions into the tiny atom and the mammoth cosmos—knows what a terrific creator God must be. Dr. Kerr feels we are lucky to live in an age when so many wondrous evidences of the greatness of creation are brought out in the open.

Far from debunking God, the scientist—as Dr. Kerr sees it—is merely chalking up another one of God's glories with each fresh discovery. He is piling up the "evidence for faith."

Dr. Kerr, as a mineralogist, has garnered his evidence from the earth itself. As we left his lab-

Wayne University anthropologist George Lechler: "What is behind the origin of life? For me, I prefer the belief in a creator . . . supernatural"

An expert on "star systems," Dr. Jan Schilt of Columbia says: "The greatest shock would be to find that it all happened by chance"

Dr. Paul Kerr, famed Columbia mineralogist, says students now have more evidence than ever before of the work of God. "We can say, 'God must be' "

Believe.

By HOWARD WHITMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK MANNING

articles of the atom, most find proof that Deity exists

oratory and stood outside Columbia's Schermerhorn Hall, I noted an Old Testament quotation chiseled in the stone above the entrance: *"Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee."*

In Cleveland, Dr. Jason John Nassau doesn't speak to the earth; he speaks to the sky. He "speaks" to it through a giant Schmidt-type telescope (a 36-incher) in the Warner and Swasey Observatory of the Case Institute of Technology. What does it teach him?

"It makes me marvel," the astronomer said, "not so much at the bigness of the universe, but at the ability of man's mind to comprehend it. The mystery is that this little creature wandering around on the face of the earth has a machine in him—a *mind*—which can reach out to the universe.

"I think the essence of our faith is in the relationship of this human mind to the universe. Simply studying the universe alone does not bring you to a belief in God. The universe is physical. God is spiritual. But if you *do* believe in God, then the study of the universe, its bigness and its complexities, is sure to make your belief richer and strengthen it. It has for me."

From the Astronomer's Viewpoint

Dr. Nassau and other astronomers have found out a good deal about *how it is* up there, but not much about *why it is.* So you have your billions of suns and galaxies. Who put them there? Why are they there?

Dr. Jan Schilt, head of the astronomy department at Columbia, is an expert on the "star systems," the scheme and pattern of the cosmos. Photographs of the heavens are taken in Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, and brought back to his New York laboratory for study. I put the question to him: *Why* is it so?

"The hope and faith of astronomers is that eventually we will find that it is so because it couldn't be otherwise," Dr. Schilt replied. "The greatest shock would be to find that it all just happened by chance."

Where does *man* come in? A much earlier astronomer, Galileo, ran afoul of contemporary beliefs because, in avowing that the earth wasn't the center of the universe, he seemed to cast aspersions on man's importance. How could man be such a hot-shot if he were just a little mite on a planet whirling around the sun?

How about it, Dr. Schilt? What have you and other modern astronomers done to man if—now—he is just a mite on a planet whirling around one of 100,000,000,000 suns in one of 1,000,000,000,000 galaxies? Is man less significant than a flea on an ant's back?

"No," the astronomer replied. "Finding all these star systems, these patterns, is just a game—an artificial game. The thing we really have to account for is the *observer:* man. Without the observer one can make a universe on paper.

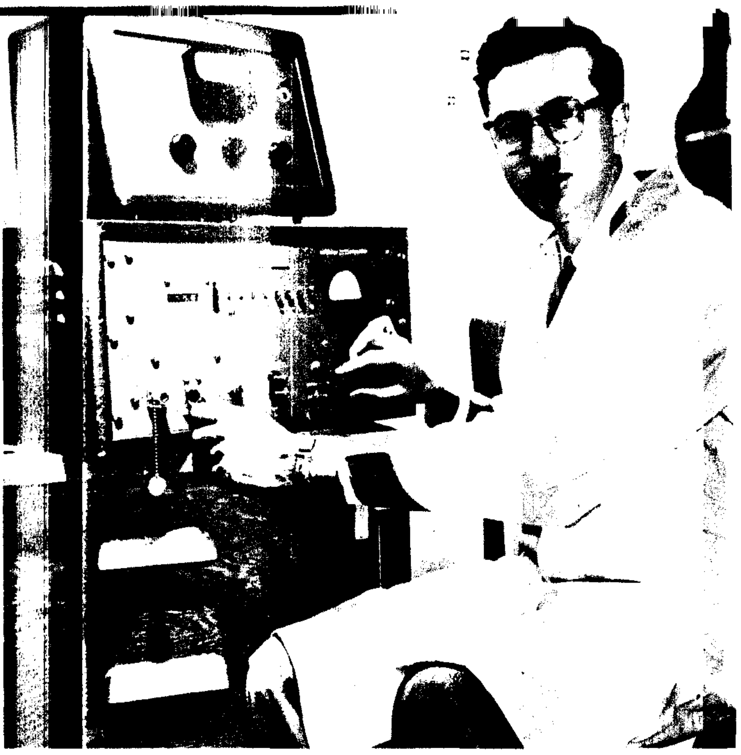
"Now, if the earth is the only place where there is an observer, then it certainly is the center of the universe.

"It is conceivable that there are other planetary systems, revolving about other suns. But it is also conceivable that there is no other planetary system outside our own. Likewise it is conceivable that there may be life on other planets—and equally conceivable that no life exists except on our own earth (with the possible exception of lichens on Mars which some scientists believe exist, but without certainty, and which, if they do exist, may be from the earth's influence).

"It makes more sense to me that man *is* the center of the universe, that he is the sole observer. I don't see any sense in all this being duplicated. I don't think other astronomers are looking at *us.*"

If Dr. Schilt is correct, then man is a much hotter-shot than ever he was in Galileo's day. All those billions of suns up there!—and really no more than the lights on man's Christmas tree!

At the Lederle Laboratories in Pearl River, New York, I talked with Dr. Benjamin Minge Duggar, the discoverer of aureomycin. As a biologist, Dr. Duggar has wrestled with the toughest problem in all science: What *is* life anyway? In fact, Dr. Duggar tried to create life. At the University of Wisconsin, during the 1930s, *(Continued on page 60)*



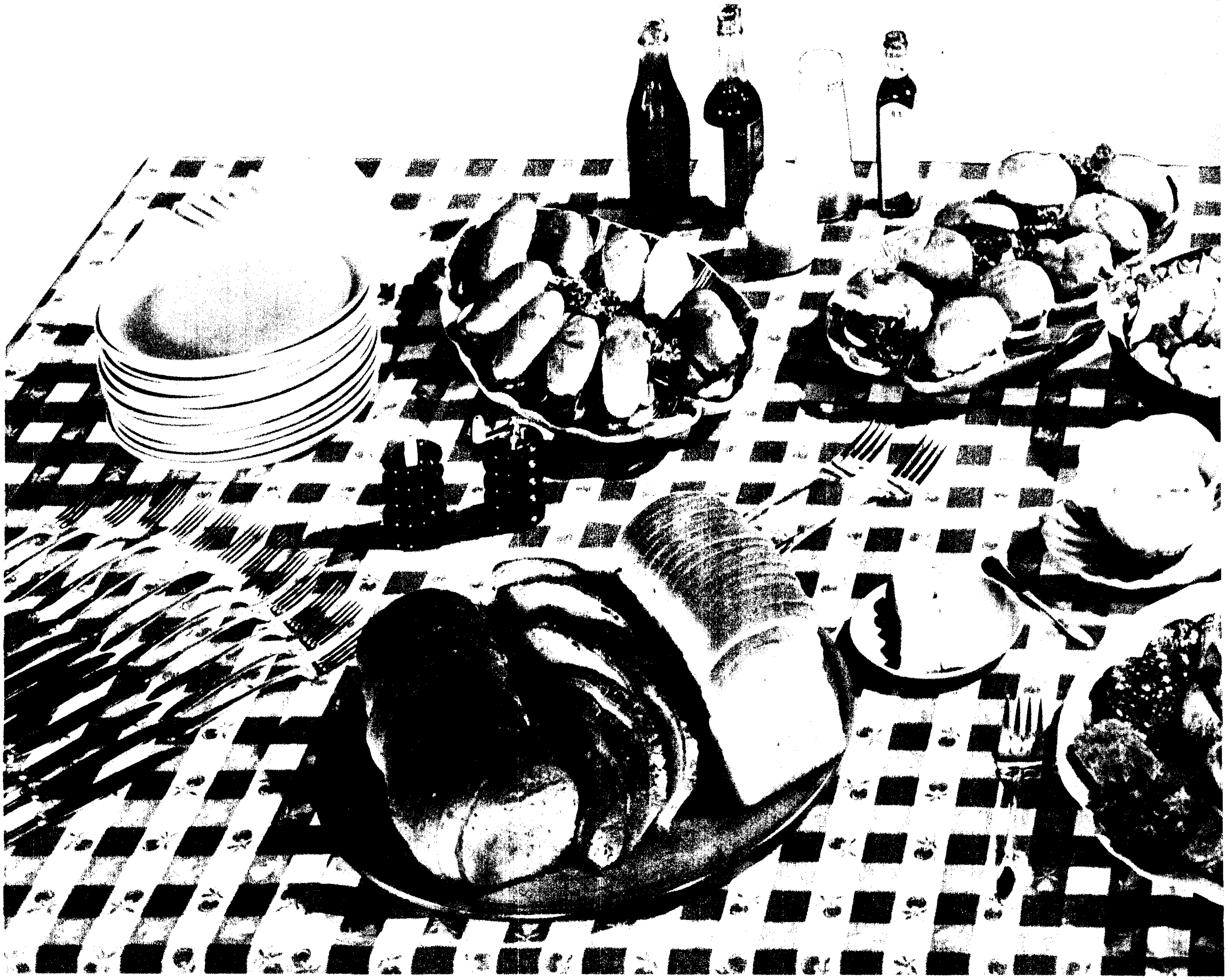
Physicist Seymour Block, creator of air sampler, feared someone would announce a similar device: "I sure hoped God would let me publish first!"

Dr. Benjamin Duggar of Lederle Laboratories, who discovered aureomycin, says of God's existence: "I can't conceive of nothing. I can of something"

Science is neither absolute nor exact, says Dr. George Handelman, Carnegie Tech math prof. "We even could make different types of mathematics"

John J. Floyd, reactor research co-ordinator of Brookhaven, declares that as he works at an atomic energy pile he feels "God is there"

Dr. J. J. Nassau, Cleveland astronomer, says that if one believes in God, study of universe makes the faith stronger and richer. "It has for me"



Unlike many Europeans, we rarely eat bread for itself alone. We use it as a background for other food

...OUR DAILY BREAD

NOT long ago a Connecticut baker of specialty bread received a letter from a customer in Arizona. There was nothing so very unusual about the distance of the customer. Like many specialty bakers this one regularly sends orders to faraway enthusiasts who can afford such whims, and he frequently receives glowing testimonials from them. But this particular letter struck a brand-new note.

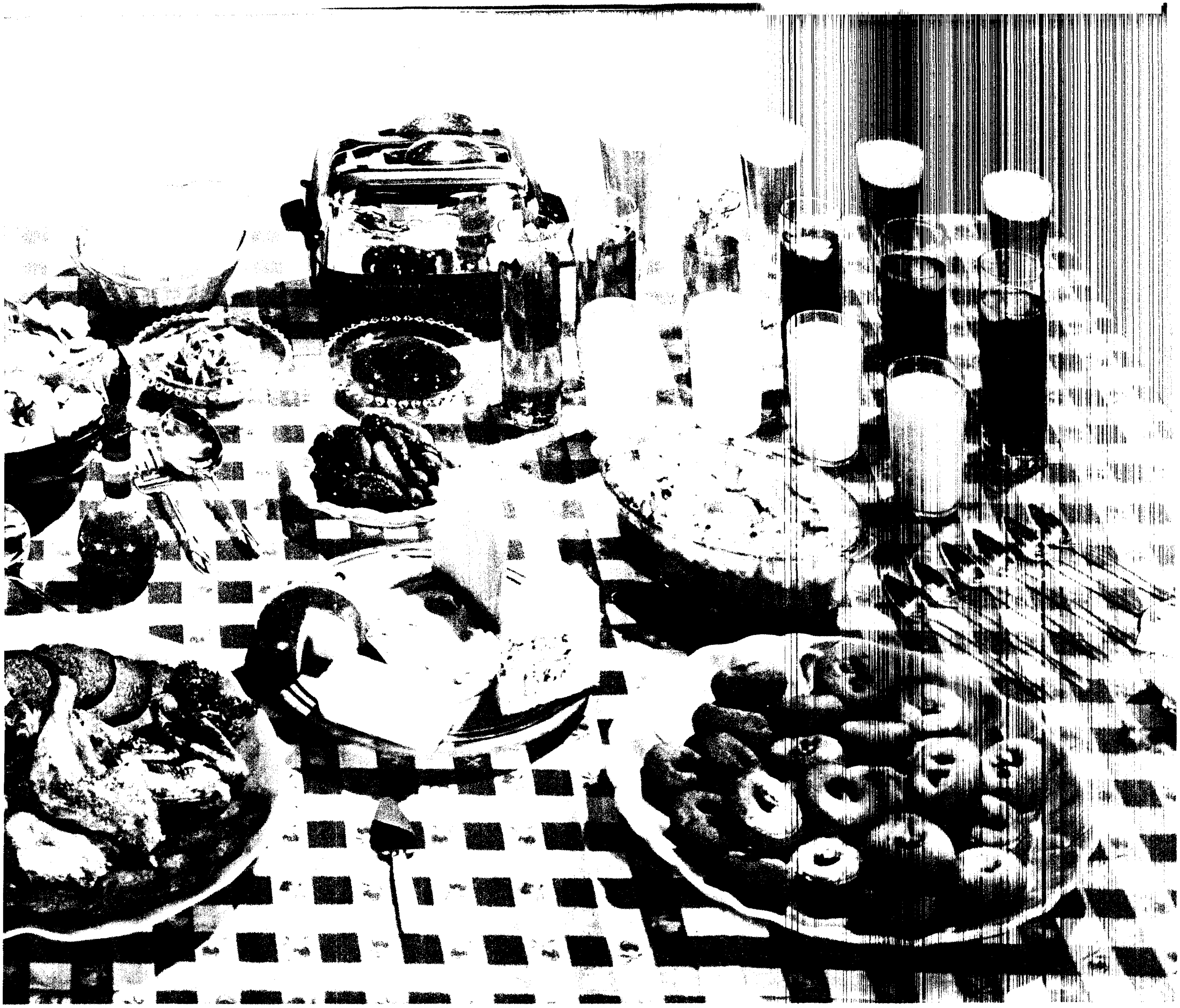
The customer—a lady naturalist—reported that she had made a pet of a red-winged blackbird. One day she fed him crumbs of the baker's special bread. The following day she spread before him crumbs of another type of bread.

"He flatly refused to touch them," she concluded, "and scolded me angrily until I gave him your bread."

This is the first indication that any of our furred or feathered friends of the animal kingdom have joined us in our more and more choosy attitude toward the staff of life. They probably were bound to come in sooner or later, though. Time was when bread was what Mother saw fit to bake, and you either took it or left it alone. But in the U.S. today, bakers are turning out hundreds of different kinds of bread, and many have partisans whose devotion is so strong that the offer of a substitute will set them, too, scolding so angrily as to give themselves indigestion.

The Connecticut baker, for instance, has a list of regular clients whose glitter rivals that of the clientele of the famed Fifth Avenue jeweler, Tiffany. Such well-known people as Dorothy Thompson, Yehudi Menuhin and Gloria Swanson so dote on the bread that they take it with them on their travels. In fact, when Miss Swanson was making personal appearances with her comeback hit Sunset Boulevard, she ordered two loaves air-mailed to each of her stops in time to meet her on arrival.

In a recent coast-to-coast tour of flour mills and bakeries, I sampled nearly 200 widely varied breads, ranging from the heavy, molasses-rich brown bread of Boston to a Los Angeles "reducing" loaf so thin and dry that you can almost see through a slice of it. At one Washington, D.C., supermarket alone, where bread was displayed along both sides of a 50-foot rack, I counted 83 varieties. And at the American Institute of Baking in Chicago—the research division of the American Bakers Association—I watched students busily inventing more new kinds, at least one successful new



Sandwiches are so popular that during the picnic season Americans eat twice as much bread per month

The tenth anniversary of enriched flour finds us eating 40,000,000 loaves a day—full of vitamins and iron and easy on the taste buds

By ROBERT FROMAN

creation being a requirement for graduation. One result of these experiments is an odd raisin loaf lightly flavored with a clean, brisk, mint taste. Another student has invented a rye bread to which he adds the surprising but pleasant tang of grated lemon peel.

Even plain white bread comes in several different varieties. You can buy it hearth-baked—meaning that the loaves are placed directly on the oven floor instead of in pans—so that it has a thick golden crust and gives off a strong, hearty odor of wheat and yeast. Or you can have it pan-baked and raised so high that each slice seems almost to float on air and just barely hints of its wheat origin. Or you can find dense, compact loaves so rich with milk, butter, eggs, sugar and other ingredients that a slice is almost a meal in itself.

There's plenty of room for all this diversity. We eat a year-round average of 40,000,000 loaves of bread per day. According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, grain products in general, of which bread is by far the most important, provide about 25 per cent of the nation's calories and 25 per cent of the proteins. It's no wonder we have come to like variety in something that makes up such a large part of our diet.

According to anthropologists, grain in the form of wild grass seeds became one of the chief foods of our ancestors as soon as they came down out of the trees. At first, primitive men, being endowed with heroic digestive tracts, simply chewed and swallowed the whole seeds raw. Later some cave-dwelling Brillat-Savarin made one of the greatest culinary hits of all time by pounding the seeds in mortar-and-pestle style and baking the coarse flour into crude, flat cakes.

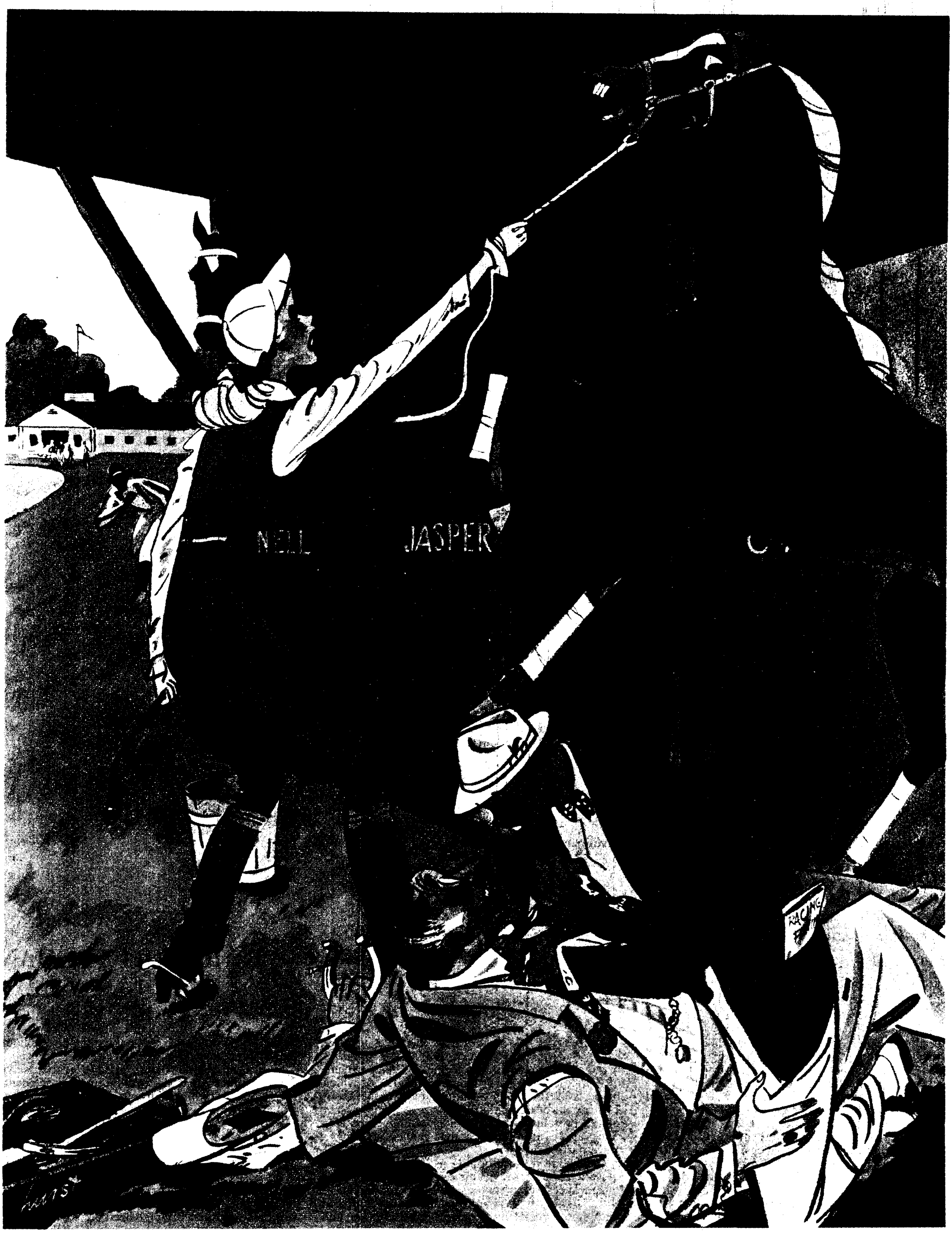
Several millenniums later, a lazy Egyptian slave made another great discovery quite by accident. It was his job to mix flour and water, shape the resultant paste into disks and bake them into hard cakes. One evening he mixed a batch, then found that his fire had gone out.

"The devil with it," he decided, being a rather privileged type of slave. "It can wait till morning."

So he let the disks of dough sit overnight. But when he got to them next day, the disks were no longer flat. They had puffed up into hemispheres several times their original size. He stuck them in the oven anyway—and gave bread to the world. For his master and his master's friends and eventually the whole of Egypt

(Continued on page 42)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE


NELL
JASPER
RACING

Eddie gets down and grabs the tie, runs the knot up against Chauncey's neck and yanks

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

CHAUNCEY, *the Headless Horseman*

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

Chauncey owned one half of the horse, and Eddie owned the other. This led to a certain amount of disagreement—but that's what makes horse races

MY NAME is Maximilian Small. I'm a business manager for movie stars and I want to put the record straight about what happened between my great comedy team, Chauncey Tate and Eddie Keane, and their race horse, Jumping Jasper. First of all, the trifling little rumors you may have heard are not so. Chauncey didn't try to strangle Eddie or have the horse dynamited. And he didn't try to perform an autopsy on a live jockey.

Of course there's a little truth in all of 'em but I'm positive that as soon as the Racing Commission finishes its investigation everything's going to be just dandy.

It all starts when Chauncey and Eddie talk Rambeau Haines, the character actor, into one of their special, no-shuffling, no-cutting, three-handed poker games. Rambeau loses six million dollars—seventy-five in cash—and flees East. His farewell note says he's leaving his six-million-dollar horse as settlement. The boys take it with their usual good humor. Eddie wants to keep the horse. Chauncey wants to attach Rambeau's mother. Little differences like that account for them being known as the greatest team since Jekyll and Hyde.

Chauncey, at forty-five, looks like he spent his early years commuting between Sodom and Gomorrah. He's been toiling in the Hollywood vineyard for twenty-five years and what with four wives, three ulcers and a couple of sanitariums he's lost his taste for the grapes. All he's interested in is the price they'll bring. In short, he's a money-mad old man.

Eddie is a handsome, pink-cheeked, red-eyed young man, known in various quarters as the Huck Finn of the boudoir, the Distiller's Delight and the Noblest Babylonian of them all. Despite that, he has his faults. He's got one of these things called a heart instead of a regulation gizzard like the rest of us. Twice we've caught him red-handed being nice to people who couldn't do him one stinking bit of good.

Little vulgarisms like that, though, don't mar their beautiful relationship. On the screen Eddie plays a sort of half-wit Tiny Tim to Chauncey's Scrooge. Off the screen it's more of a Saul and David deal—young David always yodeling about wine, women and the wild-oat crop and old Saul sitting back, eating his milk and crackers and looking around for his spear.

For once I can't agree with old Saul, though. "Look, Chauncey," I say, "keep the horse. He'll put you in the horsy set at the studio. You can buddy up to Milton Grotz and land Thirty for Bertie."

Milton is the grand fellow who runs Eureka Pictures. Except for little things like his actors kissing the hem of his garments, entering his presence on all fours and saving his bath water, you'd never guess that he had the power of life and limbo over them. Milton loves horses—horses and people who love horses. He's got more of them than the Cossacks, and he rates himself somewhere between Ben Hur and Elijah's chauffeur. Thirty for Bertie is the big newspaper comedy he's getting ready to produce.

"Now, look!" Chauncey snarls, when we're sitting around my office, trying to decide what to do with the horse. "You ghouls have got me in the hearse but you ain't hitching any lousy race horse to it!"

Just because Eddie keeps him out all night a few times a week on social deals and I keep him awake the other nights with my financial deals, he calls us the only pallbearers in history with a live corpse.

"Okay," Eddie says, "let your old buddy Snapper Mayne get to do Thirty for Bertie. He's got horses by the herds."

That does it. Snapper was the funnyman at Eureka until Chauncey and Eddie came along. Now he's whispering it around that Eddie is tired of old Chauncey laying so many eggs and is trying to get him to accept a fabulous offer he's received to be front man for a chicken-feed outfit.

Chauncey cuts his eyes at me. "You think Milton would really love me if I got in the racing set?"

"Milton just speaks to you," Eddie says. "H whinnies at Snapper Mayne."

"Okay," Chauncey says. "It's a great scheme. Subtle. Beautiful in its simplicity. Brilliant in its conception. I'll buy it." He starts for the door and then whirls around. "And as soon as it backfires, Eddie, I'm gonna unknot your navel!"

"Don't get sentimental," Eddie says. "Let's go out and neigh at Milton."

WELL, that's Monday at eleven o'clock. There ain't one complaint out of Chauncey until Monday at two o'clock. I got this phone call.

"Maximilian," he says, "I'm in the executives' dining room at Eureka. You hear that strange noise? Guess what it is."

"That," I say, "is Milton throwing you kisses. You just told him about Jumping Jasper."

"Not exactly. That is Milton having hysterics. *He* just told *us* about Jumping Jasper. He used to own him. He found out he had a breathing defect—something trivial like breathing through his ears instead of his lungs—and he unloaded him on that stupid Rambeau Haines. That stupid Rambeau unloaded him on—"

"But, Chauncey," I say, "you've made Milton laugh. Those little things count."

"Yeah! I made Snapper Mayne laugh too. They're having a tandem convulsion. Max, I'm going out to the track. I'm gonna have Jasper stuffed and put in your office. Guess who I'm gonna have stuffed and put in the saddle."

At five o'clock I'm debating whether to sign up a bodyguard or a stableboy when the phone rings again. This time it's Eddie. He says everything is okay. They're gonna keep Jasper. When Milton was having such a laugh, he didn't know that the trainer had put a tube in Jasper's throat and had him breathing through his lungs for a change. The arrangement was a little disconcerting for Jasper, but they were going to run him against Milton's horse on Saturday, just the same. Besides, Milton had decided that anybody as dumb as they were needed an expert to look after them. He was gonna take them under his wing.

"Well," I say, "I hope old Chauncey is happy."

"Not exactly," he says. "He's mad because I'm gonna marry the trainer."

"Eddie," I say, "take it easy. That horse must have kicked you in the head."

"Naw! The trainer's a gal. Her dad's sick and she's taken over for him. She's a grounded angel, Max. I'm gonna restore her to heaven as soon as she'll let me get close enough to propose."

THE next few days are pretty happy for old Chauncey. He's eating right out of Milton's manger. Milton takes him out to his big horse hatchery in the valley, gives him a personal introduction to all his charges at the track and assures him that things ain't quite as hopeless with Jasper as they could be.

The only burr under Chauncey's saddle is Eddie. Despite all of Chauncey's bellowing that Milton is one of the world's great beauties, Eddie prefers the company of the girl trainer. I'm as susceptible as the next agent to the exquisite beauty of Milton's big, fat stomach with the matching head, but I can't blame Eddie.

The trainer's name is Jo Randolph. She's got class—honey-blonde hair; big, man-eating blue eyes; and a figure that has Eddie getting out to the track at five in the morning just to see it in jodhpurs. She thinks he's kinda cute, too, but every time he starts proposing she sicks her great Dane on him.

Saturday, though, Cupid lays down his bow and takes up the baloney knife. We're all in Milton's box. Eddie and Chauncey have got Milton between them, sheltering him from Snapper Mayne, who is grunting and squealing like a pig trying to get to the trough.

When the horses come out on the track, Chauncey looks down at Jumping Jasper and shakes his head. "Half a jump ahead of the tallow wagon, Milton. But I just wanted him to run once with a great champ like your Eureka Lad."

Milton gives him a fatherly little pat. "I hope he takes it all."

It's a generous thought. Jasper is ninety-nine to one, Eureka three to five, and Snapper is having hysterics trying to get somebody interested in the fact that his horse, Dapper Snapper, is an outrageous five to one.

"Will you please lower

(Continued on page 46)

THEIR HARRIED HOST IS

The American best known to visiting kings and presidents is a cheerful ex-mountaineer who is this country's official guardian, guide and confidant for foreign dignitaries

By ERNEST BARCELLA

BEFORE this fiscal year has run its course, the United States will have spent at least another $8,500,000,000 to further its international relations. But most Washington circles agree that, for value received per dollar, Uncle Sam makes no wiser investment in this respect than the $7,000 a year he pays to a snub-nosed, freckle-faced ex-mountaineer named William DeVaughn Huskey.

Huskey, who looks like Arthur Godfrey and talks like Rhett Butler, is a young man with a catchy name, a quick wit, a lot of savvy and a big job. As special agent for the State Department's Security Division, this happy-go-lucky Irishman with a Southern drawl is responsible for protecting just about every foreign chief of state who visits the United States.

William DeVaughn Huskey is little known to his fellow Americans. But to the big brass from abroad, he's as much an American institution as the Washington Monument, Times Square, Telegraph Hill or Southern fried chicken.

State Department's Bill Huskey is no horseman, but he once raced Shah of Iran on a challenge

The Regent of Siam is a man of few words—at least, English words. But, when he was asked after a postwar tour of the United States what impressed him most, he had a ready answer: "Bill Huskey." Many another visiting dignitary goes home feeling the same way—and all to the good of American foreign relations. To the handsome young Shah of Iran, Huskey is "my good friend Bill." To President Miguel Alemán of Mexico he is *"amigo"*; to President Vincent Auriol of France, *"mon ami."*

Several months in the year Bill Huskey sits in a beaverboard cubicle that commands one of Washington's most breath-taking views—the gas works of Foggy Bottom. There, in a severely simple office littered with cigarette butts, he keeps abreast of the niceties of protocol, bones up on the manners, customs and habits of his distinguished charges, and charts a safe course of travel for them. The rest of the time, he's kissing his lovely wife, Donna, and three-year-old daughter Sybil good-by and setting out on another Cook's tour of the country with this government's official guests in tow—ready to apply all of his knowledge and experience to the job at hand.

On the road he lives high, patronizing only de luxe hotels, hobnobbing with the very best people and, generally, traveling in style fit for a king. He has to. It's part of his job. The less glamorous side of the job calls for putting in an 18-hour day under conditions that invite pneumonia, a cardiac condition and nervous exhaustion.

He's All Things to Foreign Guests

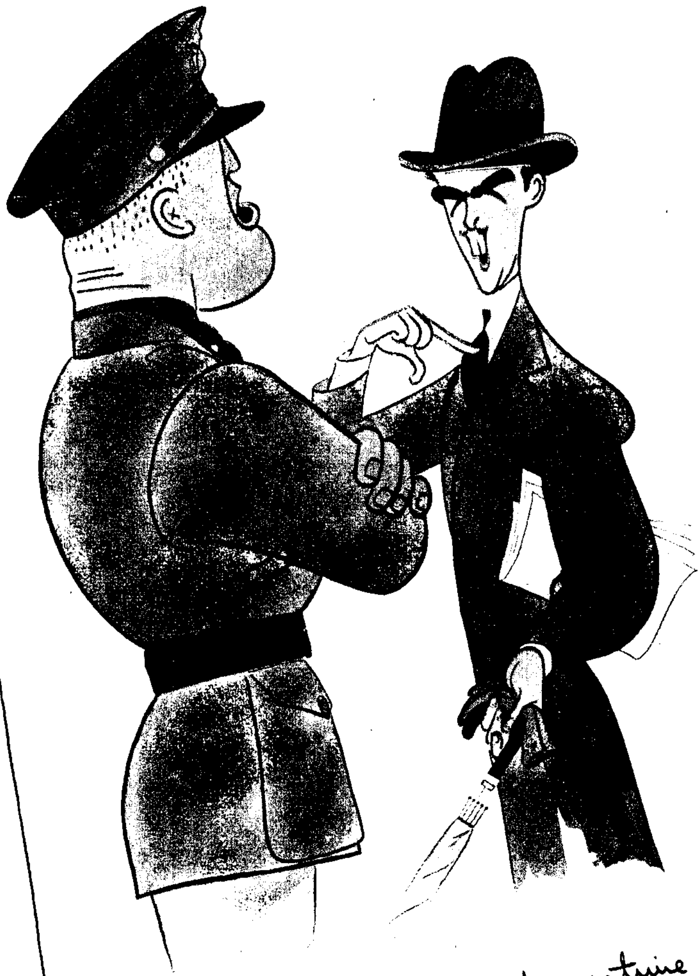
Huskey, you see, is no ordinary bodyguard or safety man for visiting kings, presidents, prime ministers and assorted potentates. He's a guide, press agent, bouncer, Mr. Fix-it, companion and confidant. He comes to know many of their intimate secrets. Bill can tell you which one stands on his head for morning exercise; what the Shah of Iran—then a bachelor—said to the pretty San Francisco girl he blind-dated; which distinguished visitor conked a general with a snowball; what all of them really think of Washington, New York and Main Street, U.S.A.

Whatever good manners dictate, Bill does. By State Department standards, good manners mean making your distinguished foreign guest feel at home—seeing what he wants to see, doing what he prefers to do and talking about what interests him, not you. Sometimes it isn't easy.

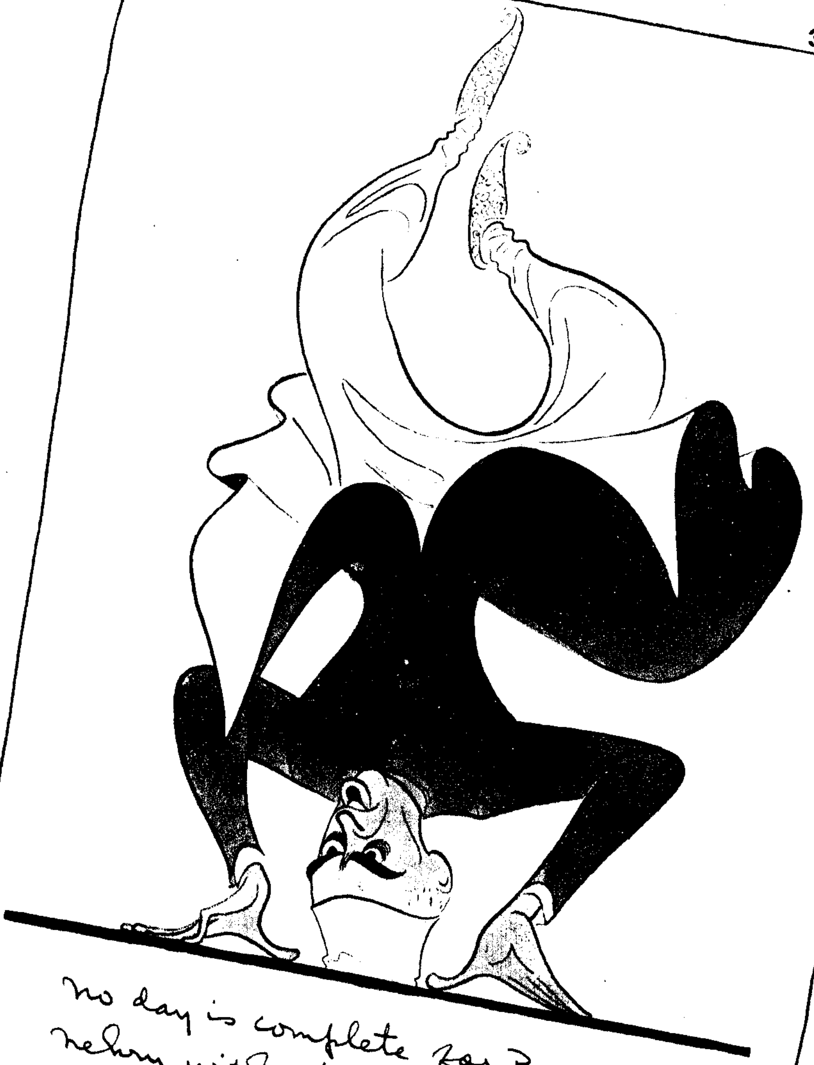
If you're in Huskey's shoes and Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India wants to discuss philosophy during a cross-country plane flight, you bat Kant, Hegel and Plato back and forth as best you can and hope you'll make it all right. Suppose you've already put in a long, rugged day and Chilean President Gabriel Gonzalez Videla suddenly decides about 2:00 A.M. that he wants to visit a New York night spot and dance the samba. You do just what Bill did last year. First you find the night spot, then you camp on the side lines and watch while your guest dances until dawn. And you don't dare steal a wink because you're responsible for his safety.

Another South American president discovers in Miami, the day he is supposed to proceed to Washington for a White House appointment, that his feet have swollen so badly the only remedy is a new and bigger pair of shoes immediately. But this is no ordinary day. It's Sunday—and all Miami shoe stores are closed. *(Continued on page 71)*

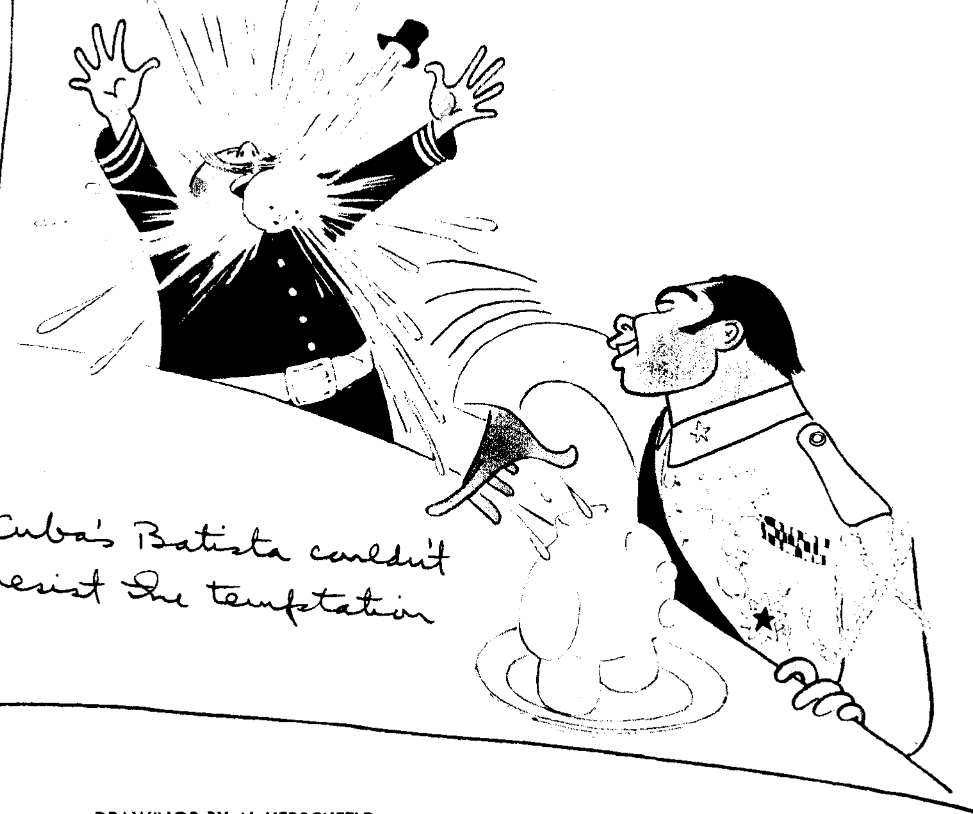
HUSKEY



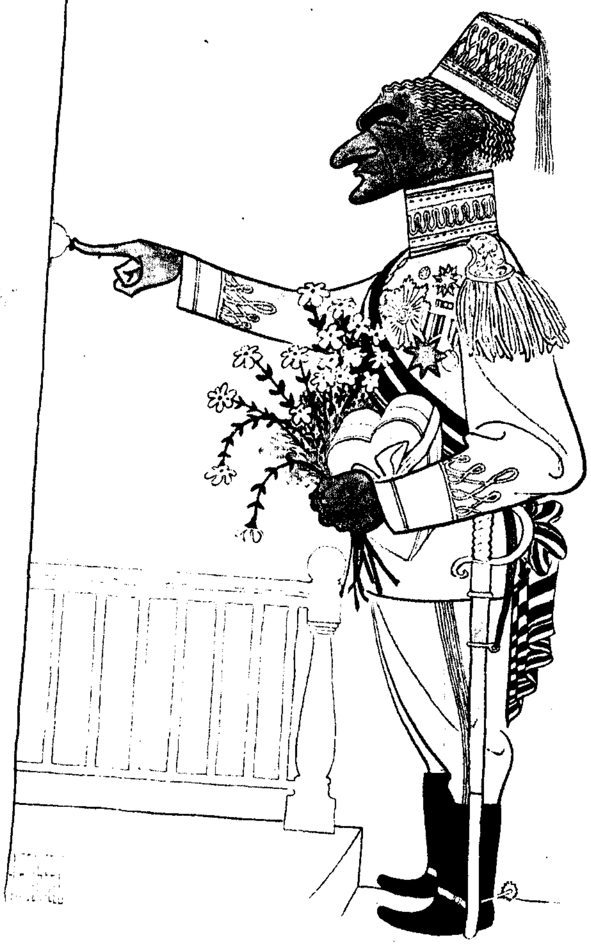
Anthony Eden forgot wartime pass, was stopped cold by U.S. Marine



no day is complete for Pandit Nehru without morning headstand



Cuba's Batista couldn't resist the temptation



Shah of Iran, before his marriage, on a Huskey-arranged blind date

DRAWINGS BY AL HERSCHFELD

Coolie girls at Tainan, Formosa, attired to protect skin from the blistering sun, clean surface of one of the line's C-46 transports

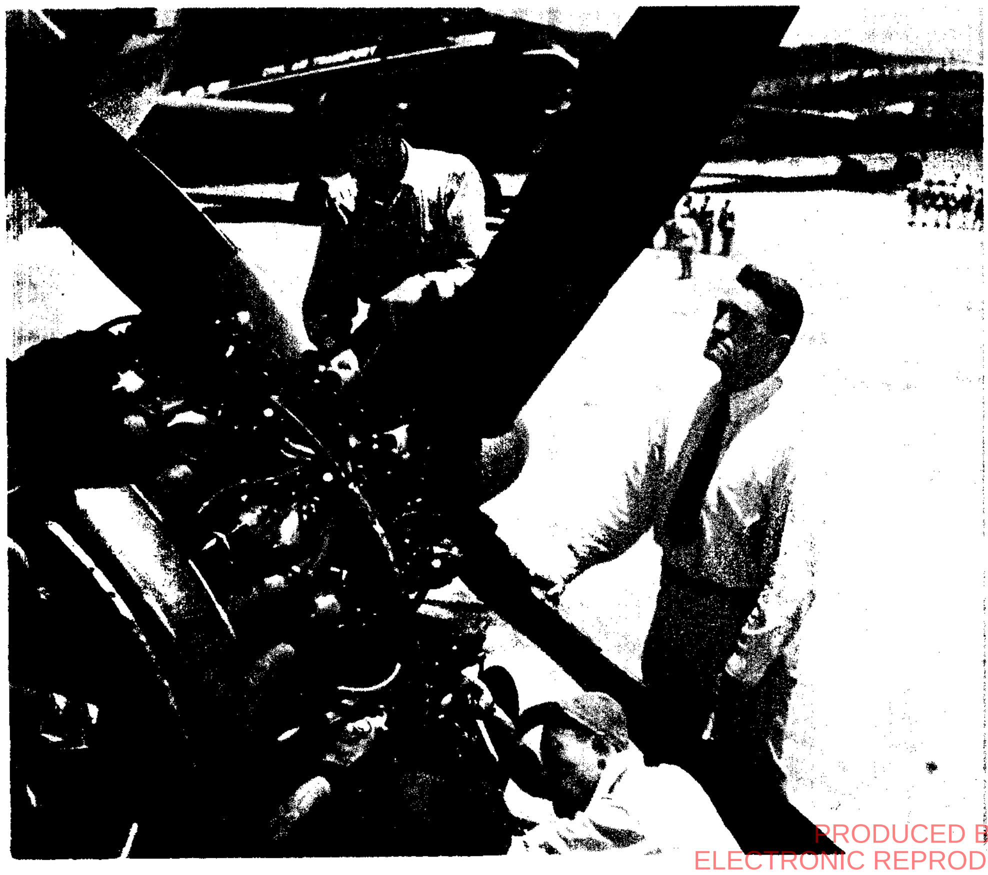
WEATHER REPORTS

Bob Rousselot, of Joplin, Mo., CAT's chief pilot, with Wong Tien Hui (l.), steward; radioman Mok Ping Chin. In rear, dispatcher Bob Clem

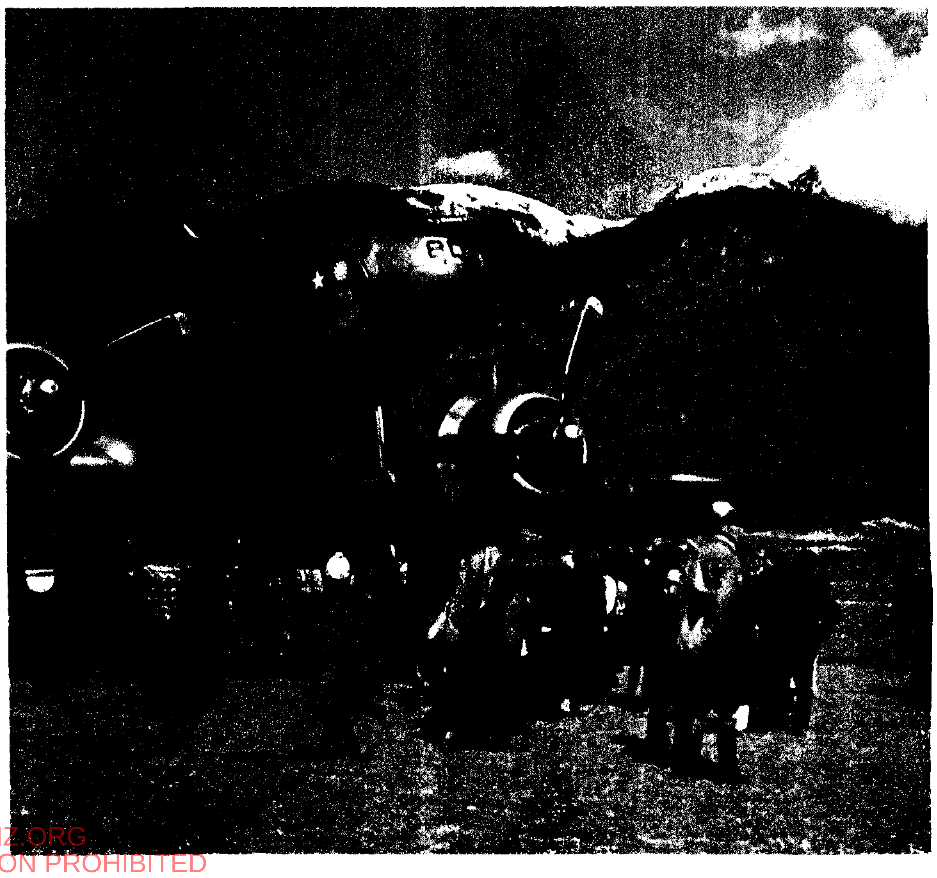
James B. (Earthquake McGoon) McGovern, of Elizabeth, N.J., one of CAT's most famous pilots, was jailed by Chinese Reds, later freed

Looking at CAT poster to be used in ticket offices through Far East are manager A. L. Burridge, of Cadillac, Mich., and aide H. Moon Chen

General Claire Lee Chennault, of "Flying Tiger" fame, cofounder of CAT and now board chairman, inspects a CAT ship at Taipeh, Formosa



Tibetans swarm to see CAT plane on Likiang airstrip, Yunnan Province, China, 9,000 feet above sea level. Photo was made before Red seizure



World's Most Shot-at Air Line

By JOHN DENSON and CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

CAT—Civil Air Transport—won its reputation by flying under Red fire into Korea and China. In the business of adventure for profit, it's Asia's top air cargo carrier

Formosa

LOOK toward the sunset and beyond the breast of the sea and there is the edge of Red China. Look into the skies and there are the planes of CAT. Half a hundred twin-engine C-46 and C-47 transports marked CAT, the fleet of an extraordinary commercial air line owned and operated by a handful of American civilians, are engaged in a private war with the Communists—a conflict that began on the Chinese mainland five years ago and still continues, with no quarter given and none asked.

CAT, the initials of Civil Air Transport, wages a war of supply. Its planes carry military cargo that can kill Reds, and commercial cargo, too. There is a legend that CAT once dropped 500-pound bombs on the Communists. No loyal CAT man will admit it. "After all," an executive said, "we are a commercial air line." Nevertheless, put the legend down as true.

The air line is in business for profit but doing business out here on the rim of China is a violent pursuit. The men who run CAT take no unnecessary chances with their capital. They could be called conservative businessmen. Still, CAT's bosses realize that good business sense in the Far East must be mixed with a great deal of personal courage. CAT men do not like to talk of this. They prefer to think of themselves only as executives trying to earn dividends or as operations men and pilots trying to make a living.

But, while earning a buck, CAT has done a lot of good and brave things, and has almost certainly become the world's most shot-at commercial air line.

RALPH ROYLE

Whiting Willauer, president of CAT

From the beginning, CAT helped UN forces in Korea with air-lifted supplies. CAT planes flew urgently needed food and ammunition to the Chinese Nationalist army while it still fought on the mainland of China. CAT hopped over enemy lines (often under fire) to the relief of Red-besieged cities and brought tens of thousands of refugees to safety. CAT, for a time, broke the economic strangle hold on Chinese cities. CAT carried medical supplies to hospitals all over flaming China during the civil war. CAT literally snatched the Nationalist government from under Red noses and evacuated its officials to Formosa to carry on resistance.

Today, CAT flies nearly every mile of the non-Communist air lanes immediately surrounding China. You can see its sturdy cargo carriers, some painted forest green and some silver with trim scarlet and blue markings, at almost any airfield on these routes at almost any time. You see CAT at Tachikawa, the huge U.S. Air Force base 30 or so miles out of Tokyo; at historic Iwo Jima; at Naha Air Base on Okinawa and Agana field on Guam; at Ashiya, the southern Japan base set among ragged hills; at Taipeh's foggy Chungshan airport on Formosa where Nationalist planes stand ready to meet Red invasion; on Hong Kong's peak-ringed Kai Tak runways, Saigon's Tan Son Nhut field or Bangkok's Don Muang.

CAT chips away—constantly and effectively—at the edge of China.

The air line, which could accurately describe itself as being in the business of adventure for profit, is the creation of two men—the famous "Flying Tiger" from Louisiana, Major General Claire Lee Chennault (U.S.A., retired) and Whiting Willauer, a native of New York City, a Princeton and Harvard Law School graduate.

Willauer, now in his forties, began to study aviation as a boy—his uncle was Navy Captain Kenneth Whiting, who was taught to fly by Orville Wright—but his primary interest is in transportation as such. He has worked on the problems of trucking, shipping and railroading, and he thinks of aviation as just another form of transportation. His job as president (General Chennault is chairman of the board) keeps him in the air a lot, though. Last year he flew the equivalent of a trip around the world every two weeks, and last February he flew 365 hours, approximately four times the allowable limit in one month for air-line pilots in the U.S.

Chennault, in his sixties now, is an old U.S. Army stunt flier and fighter-plane tactician who burst into the world's headlines when he took command of the "Flying Tigers," the American volunteer group which signed on to help China fight the Japanese before Pearl Harbor. When the "Flying Tigers" were incorporated into the U.S. Fourteenth Air Force, Chennault was made a major general and put in command. The Fourteenth was light on equipment but heavy on results. Chennault's bombers even blasted Formosa, where the general now lives.

Aviation men in the Orient agree that CAT would never have been achieved by men with less leather in their systems.

In his faded-yellow-plaster, walled-in home a mile and a half from the center of Taipeh, the general told us of the beginning. "When the war ended," he said, "it was obvious that China could never get back on its feet without plenty of air transport. The country's transportation system was wrecked and there had never been enough, anyway. Whitey and I flew all over China on a survey. We came back even more convinced that the two existing government air lines had to be augmented. But how? That was what stumped us.

"Then UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration) started coming in to help China. The UNRRA people had to get their relief cargoes to the back country. Air was the only way. UNRRA, through CNRRA (Chinese National Relief and Rehabilitation Administration), put up $2,000,000 in credits—which CAT paid back in full with compound interest. That was enough for five C-47s *(Continued on page 65)*

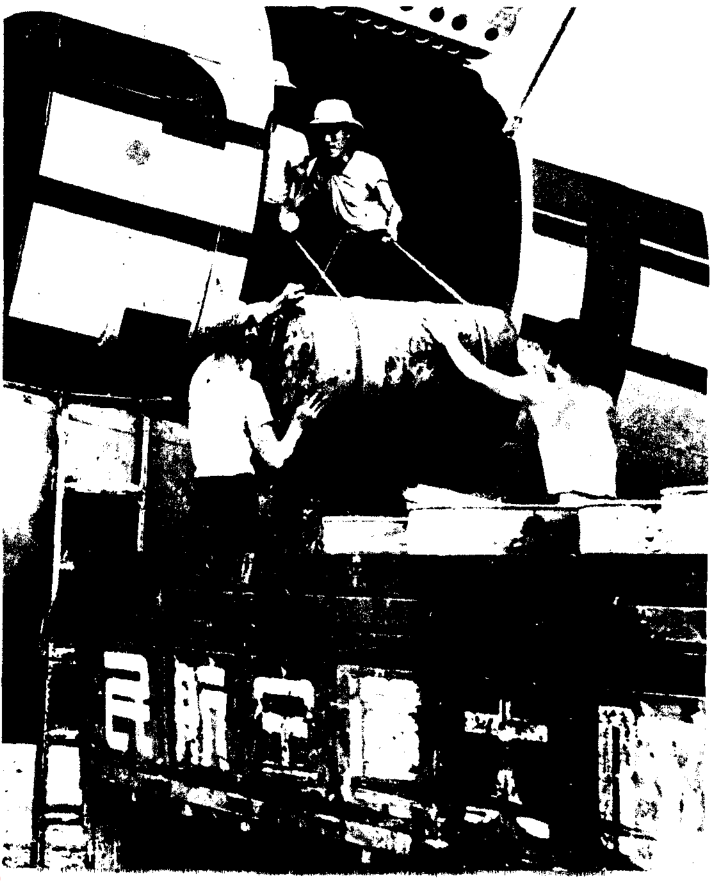
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON AND EDWARD COWEN

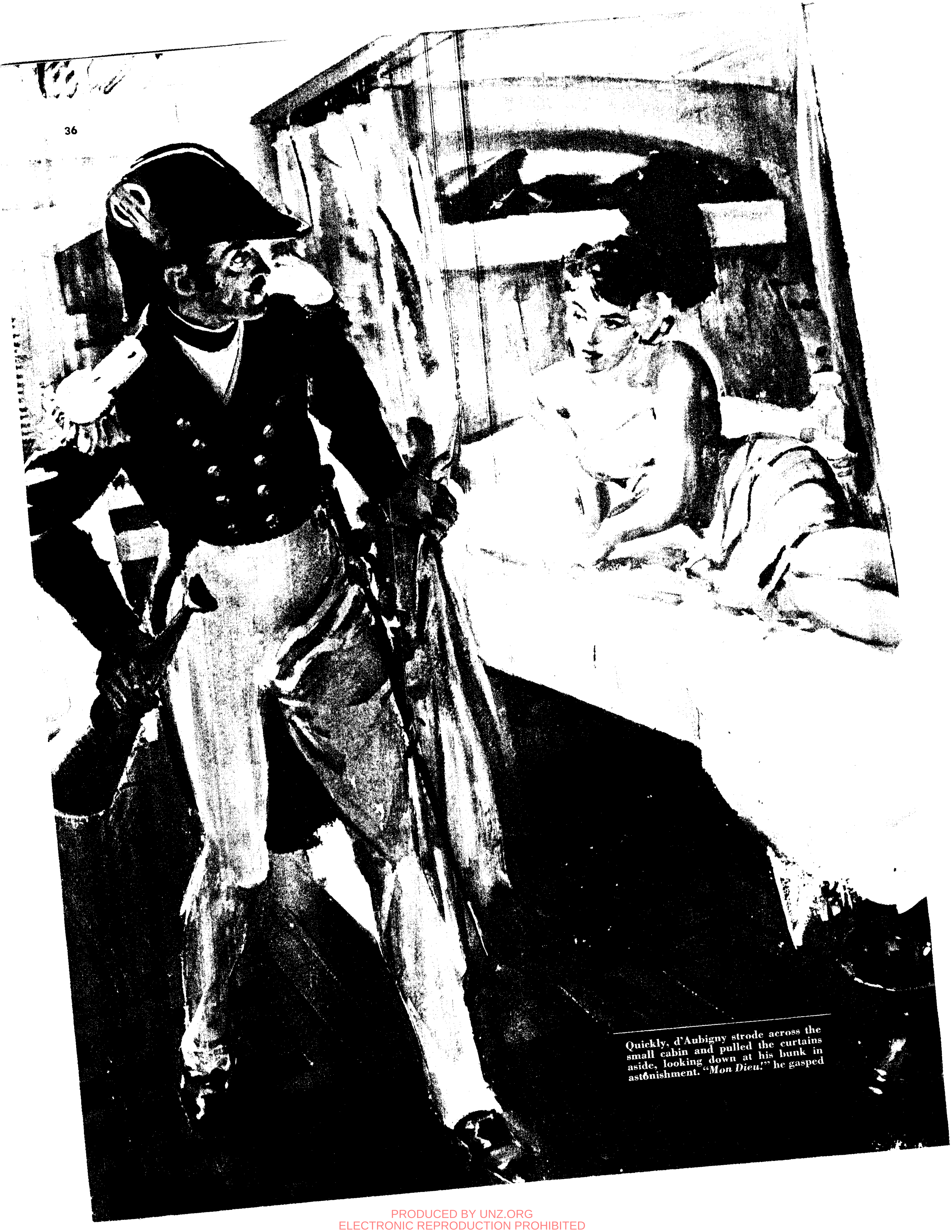
PEPPI PAUNZEN

Nationalist Gen. Ma Pu-fang, in white suit, leaving a CAT transport in northwest China

Unloading gasoline drum at Lanchow, China, in air lift to help fight against Communists

PEPPI PAUNZEN





Quickly, d'Aubigny strode across the small cabin and pulled the curtains aside, looking down at his bunk in astonishment. "*Mon Dieu!*" he gasped

Point Venus

For Marianna these days alone with Jonas on the schooner were suffused with magic. And as she felt their love deepen, she knew what she had done could not be wrong

By SUSANNE McCONNAUGHEY

The Story: Tahiti, in the 1880s, was struggling bitterly against French annexation, and it was their passionate interest in this cause that brought together MARIANNA MOORE, the Tahitian-born daughter of an English missionary, and JONAS BURKHAM, a handsome, reckless American.

For years, Marianna had loved Jonas, but knowing of his affair with LILY NICHOLLS, the beautiful, spoiled wife of ANTHONY NICHOLLS, a planter, she had never confessed it.

But when Marianna's father was killed in the war, Jonas arranged for her to move from the mission station at Point Venus to the inn in Papeete, to teach in a mission school there, and Marianna felt a new sympathy between them. So she was deeply hurt when, at dawn one morning, she saw Lily Nicholls return from Jonas' schooner and steal back into her room at the inn. However, a few days later Jonas took his schooner on a scouting expedition, and in his absence Lily solaced herself by beginning a flirtation with CAPTAIN D'AUBIGNY, commander of a French corvette. When Jonas returned, he was disgusted to find Lily on friendly terms with the enemy, and Marianna knew that the affair was over.

A few nights later, as Marianna was preparing for bed, she heard a tap on her door. It was Jonas, who asked her to give him shelter until the sentries had passed. Marianna let him in and Jonas told her he was afraid the French had learned of his scouting trip for the Tahitians. A moment later, two sentries burst in and started to arrest him. To save Jonas, Marianna told the sentries he was her lover and had come to keep an assignation. They believed her and went away, warning Jonas he would be arrested if he was seen on the streets that night. Jonas was furious at Marianna for risking her reputation and tried to leave. Angrily, Marianna accused him of preferring arrest to a night in her company. "Do you really believe that?" Jonas asked, as he took her in his arms.

V

SHORTLY after dawn Jonas rowed out to his schooner. After he had talked to Farenui, his native sailor, and instructed him in the story they both would tell the French, there was not much to do, but he made a pretense of working on deck, keeping a wary eye on the road. When he saw Marianna walking back from school he went around to the front of the cabin and settled down in the shade, his legs stretched out on the deck, his back against the bulwarks, out of sight of anyone on shore. He would have to see her before long, but he would choose his own time, when there were no prying eyes about.

He had brought a book with him, but after a time he laid it aside and stared out across the water. He'd got himself into a pretty predicament! The whole town would know that he had spent the night in Marianna's cottage; the whole town would wait for him to make the proper gesture. After all the years of cherishing his freedom, he had come perilously close to throwing it away.

He closed his eyes, remembering Marianna's sweet response, the lovely honesty of her lips. The barrier of her reserve had melted away; she had confided herself to his arms as trustingly as a child. What would Marianna expect, after the momentary tenderness she had evoked from him?

If there were no way to save her from heartbreak and disgrace except by marriage, he would have to go through with it. But would that save her? From disgrace, perhaps, but from heartbreak—? He'd be no good for her; she was too stable, too conventional, too sensitive to link her life to one like his.

He opened his eyes, scowling. Perhaps it would not be necessary, after all. Marianna would never make any demands on him—he knew that—and there was no use getting himself into an entanglement that might be sensibly avoided. He would wait and see, he decided with an uneasy sense of relief, wait and see what happened.

Faintly, he heard the sound of the inn's lunch bell above the soft lap of the water, and some time later he saw Marianna cross the lawn and go back into her cottage. He waited about ten minutes, then dropped into the dinghy and rowed ashore.

She came at once in answer to his knock, and when she had closed the door behind him she stood for a moment leaning against it, looking at him with shy inquiry. To hide his own uncertainty, he put his arms around her and pulled her close. She clung to him tightly. "Jonas," she murmured, "Jonas."

She drew away to look at him, her fingers resting on his shoulders. "You're all right? There's been no trouble?"

"None so far. I've warned Farenui."

"Do you think the French know about Papenoo?"

"I'm afraid so. The sentries must have been following me last night. Otherwise, why did they come here?"

Her eyes were dark with alarm. "If they know you were in Papenoo, why haven't they arrested you?"

"They're probably waiting for more positive proof."

"Don't give it to them," she said passionately. "Promise me you'll be careful!"

"How can I come to any harm," he said, smiling, "with you to protect me?"

Her lips curved mischievously. "You still resent that, don't you, Jonas?"

"Furiously," he said.

A giddy happiness swirled up in her. She took his hand, and drew him over to the small sofa. She sat down beside him, still holding his hand in hers.

"And what of you?" he asked. "No regrets for your recklessness?"

Her eyes met his, direct and luminous. "No regrets," she said.

He had not known what her attitude would be, but of all the possibilities that had suggested themselves, it had not occurred to him that she would be like this. The radiance that illuminated her face, the joyous warmth of her manner, surprised him and made him oddly uncomfortable.

"You're sure?"

"Quite sure." She looked away from him, and her voice was charged with wonder. "Regrets are gone forever. As long as we're together, Jonas . . ." Her voice faltered, and she turned back to him just in time to see him avert his glance from hers.

He said nothing, and she saw that he intended no reply. The moment of silence stretched endlessly between them, and with a sickening sense of shock she realized its importance. She had been so foolishly sure that nothing could ever separate them again; now, without words, in a moment of terrible silence, he had shown her that she must not depend on him for anything. Casually, she drew her hand away from his, smoothing back a lock of hair. "There's no need for regrets," she said carefully.

He saw that the dangerous moment had passed, but his evasion of it had left him curiously dissatisfied, perversely eager to make amends. Gently, he turned her face toward his, drawing his fingers along the curve of her cheek. "You have the most eloquent eyes I've ever seen," he said softly.

A wave of color flooded up into her face as she turned away. But he drew her back again, kissing her eyelids and her lips. There it was again, Marianna told herself; that suffusing tenderness. She had not imagined it after all. And yet she realized now that she could not call it forth at will. It was there for Jonas to discover in himself, as he had last night and again just now. But until Jonas himself had learned to depend on that tenderness she could only wait; wait and be thankful for moments like this.

MR. THOMSON, the missionary in Papeete for whom Marianna taught school, appeared so silently at the back of the classroom that she felt his presence there before she actually saw him. The children were droning through a catechism, which should please him, she thought; and since he always preferred his observation of the mission class to go unnoticed, she did not acknowledge his visit with even a nod. Usually he stayed only a few minutes, then slipped quietly away, but today he made no move to leave, even after the noon bell had sounded from the church next door, and the children had darted out into the sunshine.

Marianna followed them down the aisle between the rows of benches, smiling a greeting to Mr. Thomson. The solemnity of his look ignored her smile as patently as he disregarded her outstretched hand. She let her hand fall to her side, looking at him in uncomfortable astonishment. Thomson was a man of about forty, with a narrow, nervous face and dark, thin hair; his brown eyes were today more impenetrable than ever.

"I wish to talk to you, Miss Moore," he said. "Please be so good as to step over to my office for a few minutes."

Puzzled and oddly alarmed, she went with him across the walk in front of the church, up the steps of the house, and through the hall that led to his office. Marianna sat down in the chair he indicated, opposite his desk, feeling a curious tightness in the muscles at the back of her neck.

Mr. Thomson cleared his throat and began: "As your pastor, it is my painful duty to repeat some gossip I have just heard concerning you, Miss Moore. Perhaps I am the last to hear it, but I want to be the first to give you a chance to deny it."

Marianna, sitting with bent head, could feel the muffled, accelerated beat of her pulse throbbing in her ears.

"Is it true, Miss Moore, that Jonas Burkham spent the night, alone with you, in your cottage?"

For a moment she could not speak.

"Come," he said, "is this true?"

She raised her head with a jerk and looked him directly in the eyes. "Yes," she said.

He drew in his breath sibilantly. "So! You admit it, then!"

She did not reply.

"How long ago was this?"

"Two weeks ago."

"Am I to understand

(Continued on page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Wettling and band—as camera saw them

Seven of nation's foremost "hot" musicians, led by drummer George Wettling, produced fine, vigorous jazz for Collier's in Columbia studio

IT'S JAZZ FOR ART'S

GEORGE WETTLING is a jazz drummer who decided a few years ago that he probably could express himself as well with paintbrush on canvas as he could with a wire brush on drum skins. He has been daubing his bright patches and squiggles of oil paint ever since—to his own delight, and to the equal enjoyment of a number of critics, who find his work bold and exciting.

Intrigued by this rare combination of talents, Collier's asked Wettling to try wrapping them up in one package by capturing in oils the fiery spirit of a jazz band in action. In the cheerful abstract painting on the opposite page, he has done that.

The band, gathered in a Columbia recording studio for the occasion, consisted of Wettling and six other crack jazzmen: trumpeter Bill Davison, trombonist Jimmy Archey, clarinetist Edmond Hall, pianist Joe Sullivan, guitarist Eddie Condon and bassist Bob Casey. The session proved a tremendous success. The records, now available at music shops, included two original blues numbers entitled Collier's Clambake and Collier's Climb; speaking of these pieces, George Avakian—a well-known jazz critic who supervised the technical end of the session—later commented:

"It was like old times for these veterans. They'd cut a thousand disks before, but they played this time as though it were a first experience. They were getting honest kicks, and those two new blues, placed back to back, turned out to be one of the best jazz records we've ever released."

Photographer Charles Peterson, a former jazz musician himself, said he had never enjoyed a session more, and the musicians were equally pleased. Listening to the records later, Sullivan, who ranks among the legendary men of jazz, declared that for him it had been one of the most productive recording dates of the past 10 years.

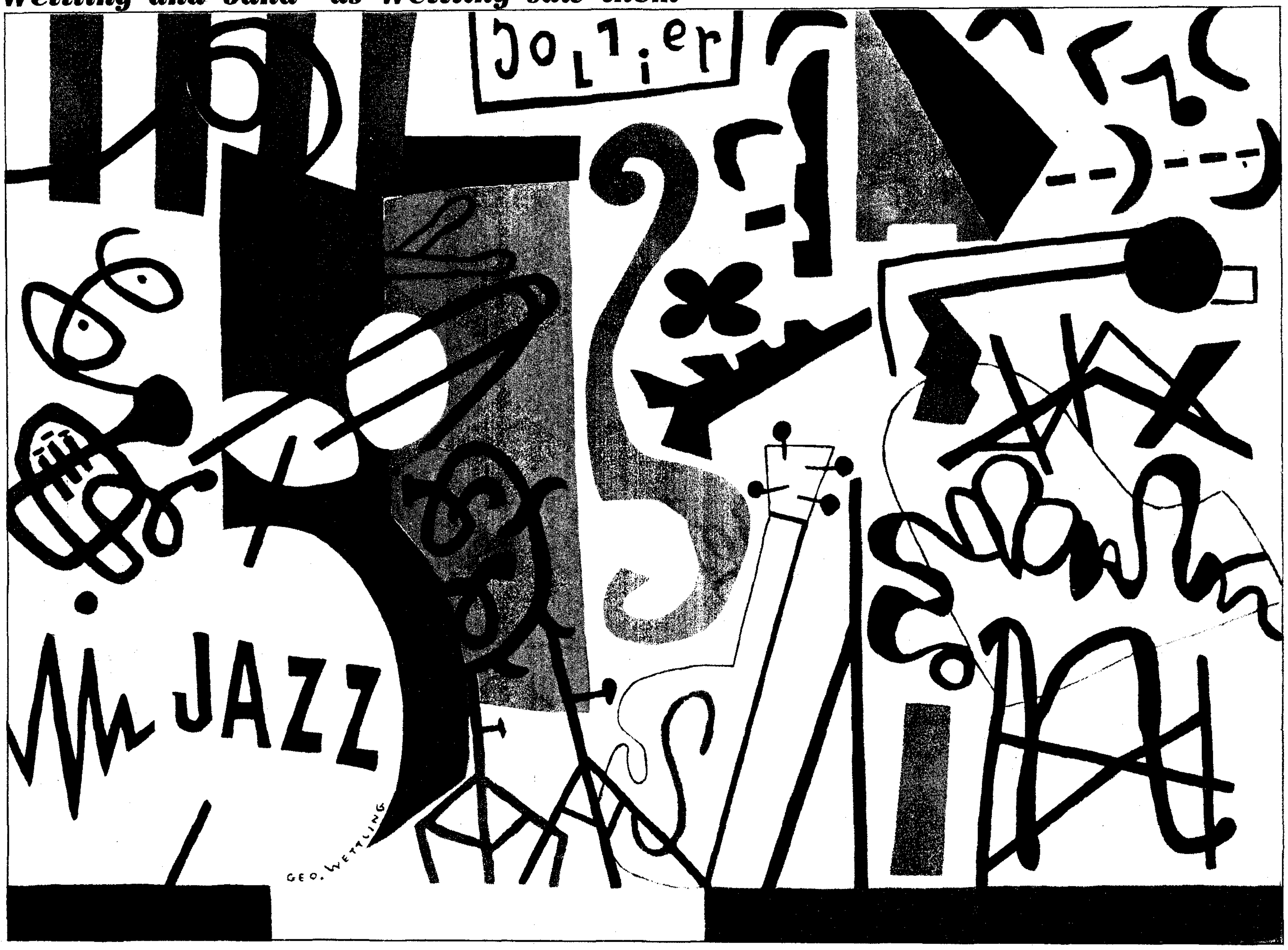
As a matter of fact, Sullivan's own agile performance that day so impressed Wettling that at one point he exclaimed: "That guy plays like a man with eleven fingers!" Accordingly, when it came time to paint his impressions of the men and the music, George gave the pianist the symbolic extra digit. Sullivan's hands are the black, looping line at the extreme right of the picture, superimposed on the piano. Above the piano, in mauve, fly the powerful chords of Joe's improvisations.

Like most other abstractionists, Wettling squirms when asked to explain what his pictures mean. Of this one (whose title, Jazz Is In, can be read across the bottom of the canvas) he says:

"I was trying to get brightness, excitement, rhythm. The yellow background helps, and the black gives it punch. But the main thing was to get action, and I think I did. Like the trombone, above the drum. Well, there's more than one trombone in the painting, like one of those multi-image action photographs. And Davison's trumpet—nobody ever saw a trumpet like that. I made it all scrolls, because there's more rhythm in scrolls."

To help tie the symbols together, Wettling carried the scroll motif across the painting, from Davison's horn to Sullivan's hand. The jagged lines at the lower left are the pulsations of Wettling's own instrument, and the twisted black symbol that appears to the right of the drum, like ornamental ironwork, is Wettling himself. Some of the other men have personal symbols, too: the begoggled caricature of trombonist Archey at the left, above the green trumpet; the inverted Y of Hall's legs to the right of the guitar (topped by his blue clarinet); and, finally, the shamrock—appropriately placed close by Casey's bass and equidistant from Condon and Sullivan. The last touch—"because jazz is strictly American"—was the red, white and blue stripe across the bottom (with the colors reversed, by artist's license).

Wettling and band—as Wettling saw them



After the session, Wettling turned from drums to palette and painted this lively, colorful abstract impression of the band and its music

SAKE

His ability in both jazz and in painting does not strike Wettling as surprising. It also seems perfectly natural to his friend, Stuart Davis, an abstractionist of considerable note. "George's fine sense of rhythm in jazz," says Davis, "gave him a quick sense of rhythm in terms of color and design as soon as he picked up a paintbrush."

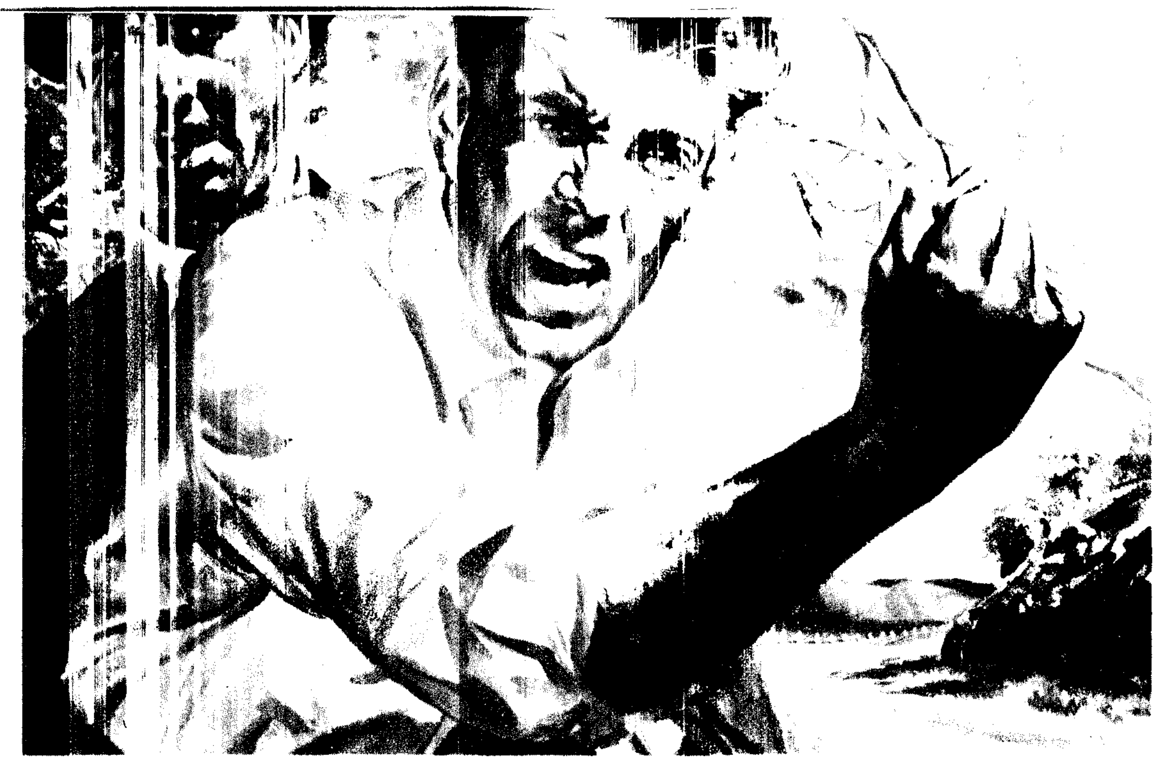
Despite his success in both fields, Wettling resembles neither jazzman nor artist. A stocky, soberfaced man of forty-three, he looks more like a small-town banker. But his great love of color shows up in his clothes and in the way he lives. His suits feature bold patterns, and his shirts and ties are rainbow-hued. He drives a bright yellow convertible and smokes cigarettes in a carved ivory holder. He and his strikingly pretty wife, Jean, live in an attractive apartment in midtown Manhattan; it is ablaze with his own canvases.

"Color," says George, "is something most people are afraid of. But for me, if a color ain't intense, it ain't anything." Since his own paintings are very colorful, he has a high opinion of them, which he expresses with a drummer's flourish:

"A lot of things have happened since Rembrandt painted The Admiral's Wife," he says, "and the way I paint is one of them." DUANE DECKER

To drummer-artist Wettling, his two careers have much in common. "In jazz," he says, "you improvise around a song; in abstract art, you improvise around the subject you're painting"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES PETERSON



FRANK McCARTHY

Of course, they had seen that he was alone in a big car and had hollered angrily after him

You Take the High Road

BY JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

KIMBALL was going about sixty when the tire blew, but after one sharp swerve he held the car and stopped on the shoulder of the road. He thought of the two hitchhikers he had passed a mile back. Of course, they had seen that he was alone in a big car and had hollered angrily after him. They had looked fairly tough. If they were, and if they caught up with him, well . . .

Kimball got out and looked back up the twisting road, but he couldn't see very far. He put a rock under the left front wheel and jacked up the left rear wheel. He pried off the hubcap and set a lug wrench over one lug after another and gave the wrench a good smack to loosen it. He got them off in maybe three minutes. Then he pulled at the wheel, and that was hard, but finally it rocked off.

Kimball had not seen more than a dozen cars in the last ten miles. So there wasn't much chance that someone would come along and pick those fellows up—someone who didn't pass hitchhikers. He always did, on the theory that although most of them might be all right, sooner or later you'd catch one of those crazy jokers who would cut your throat for fifty cents. It wasn't a charitable attitude and it was full of fear, but those things happened. Kimball remembered, on the other hand, the college days when he had hitched rides up and down the Post Road, and remembered, too, the drivers who had passed him and how he had stood there snarling after them.

Kimball pulled the spare out of the trunk and felt the soft, giving bounce of it. He looked up the road. He had a hand pump. It was pretty beat up, but he started pumping hard and kept it up, hard and steady, even when his arms began to ache. He looked up the road again. It was still clear. He pumped again until he thought he couldn't stand it, and suddenly it became easier, and he knew the pump was leaking. He ran around to the glove compartment, ripped some tape off a roll and wound it tightly around the air line and then, furiously, started pumping again.

It was hard work again, which was good, and he pumped for two or three minutes and when he looked up, he saw the two men standing there, about fifty yards away.

Well, Kimball thought, I've got the lug wrench. He went on pumping and the men came nearer, talking softly. One was older and bigger than Kimball, the other smaller and younger. Their clothes were poor but not shabby. The older one wore a dark green hat and walked with a heavy step that the younger one seemed to imitate. The older one said: "What you doing, Mac—changing a tire?" The other one looked away, grinning.

"Yeah," Kimball answered, deciding to play it straight.

They came closer. The older one kept his hands in his pockets. Kimball started pumping again.

"Looka there," the older man said. "Looka the hole in that tire. That what you call a blowout?"

Kimball put a little English on it this time. "That's right," he said. "The tire blew out. We call that a blowout."

"Remember that, boy," the older man said to his companion. "Keep your eyes and ears open and you learn things." He kept one hand in his pocket and with the other one pointed at the rock under the front wheel. "Now, looka there. You see that rock? Why do you suppose he has that under there?"

The younger one knelt and peered at it. "Gets me," he said.

"How about that, Mac? You just happen to stop behind that rock, or what?"

Kimball saw that the younger man had his hand on the rock. "Leave that alone," he said. His eye went to the lug wrench. "If the car rolls off that jack you could get hurt."

"You hear that, boy?" the older one said. "Leave it be."

A car passed, going the other way. Kimball stood on the spare tire. It was hard now. He picked up the wrench and rolled the tire around to the jacked-up side and started to lift it on. It was hard work. Kimball's back and arms ached from the pumping, and every time he got the wheel almost on, it fell off.

"Just let me know, Mac, if we can help," the older man said.

Kimball hoisted the wheel again and shoved hard and it went over the lug bolts and hung there. "I'll let you know," he said.

He screwed the lugs on part way and set the wrench over each one and gave it a spin each time until the lug felt tight, and then took up on each lug with a hard final twist.

"Looka that, boy!" the older man said. "Why, if I'd been doing that, I'd've just turned the wrench and never even thought of spinning it. You see how it pays to keep your eyes and ears open? That's brains, boy. You and I had brains like that, we might even have a car like that—a big black shiny sedan to ride in instead of walking."

"That would sure be nice," the younger one said.

"Quit dreaming, boy. We'll never have one. Not with our brains. We just wouldn't know how to go about getting a car like that, would we?"

Kimball heard it all and didn't like it, but he knew the next move was his. The older man still kept one hand in his coat pocket.

"Where are you heading?" Kimball asked.

The younger one looked at the older one, and the older one said: "Well, now, we didn't have nothing special in mind. Just north, sort of."

"I'm only going as far as Clarksville," Kimball lied. "That's twenty miles or so, if you want a lift."

The older man smiled. "Why, don't put yourself out, Mac. We know you don't want riders. You didn't stop back there."

"I don't usually stop," Kimball said, "but I'm stopped now. Get in if you want a ride."

"That would be a nice car to ride in, eh, boy?" the man said, and the younger one nodded.

THE older man looked both ways along the road and took the gun out of his pocket and pointed it carelessly at Kimball and said: "We could use a ride, Mac, but we won't trouble you to drive us. Just get over by that ditch a minute. Boy, you see if you can start her up."

Kimball looked them over and saw the odds and walked over to the ditch. The car engine started. The older man said to Kimball: "Turn your back to me." Kimball turned, tensed for a blow. The man's hand went over his hips and under his arms, then to his inside coat pocket. The wallet came out under Kimball's nose. There was about a hundred dollars in it, he guessed. A moment later the wallet sailed into the ditch. "I left you enough," the man said. "Stay where you are."

Kimball heard the car door open and close. The car went into gear, strained and stalled.

"Hey, Mac," the older man said, "run over and push that rock out of the way like a good fellow."

Kimball turned, and the man wiggled the gun at him. He went forward and kicked the rock away. The car shot past him.

Kimball picked up his wallet. All his papers, except the car registration, were there. Also a dollar bill. Kimball began walking. Before long, a car came along behind him. He waved. The car slowed a little and went on. When, after a while, five or six cars had passed him, Kimball began to feel the way he had on the Post Road, but he didn't blame the drivers. Finally, a car did stop. It was a small car, a good ten years old.

"Get in. Take a load off your feet," the driver said. He was a round-faced man with glasses.

"Thanks," Kimball said. "Where do you want me to sit?"

"Sit anywheres. You tired? Why don't you sit in back? You can stretch out better."

Kimball was glad to get in back. The fellow didn't seem to know it was a bad place to put hitchhikers.

"Where you going?" the driver asked as he started the car. Kimball mentioned the next sizable town to the north, where he'd have the best chance of starting a search for his car.

"You're lucky. I'm going right through there," the man said. "No fun walking, is it? I've hitchhiked. I know how it is. I always give a fellow a lift. It don't cost me anything. Besides," he added with a laugh, "it's somebody to talk to."

Kimball thanked him again, thinking: Mister, someday you're going to be sorry. "Ever have any trouble?" he asked.

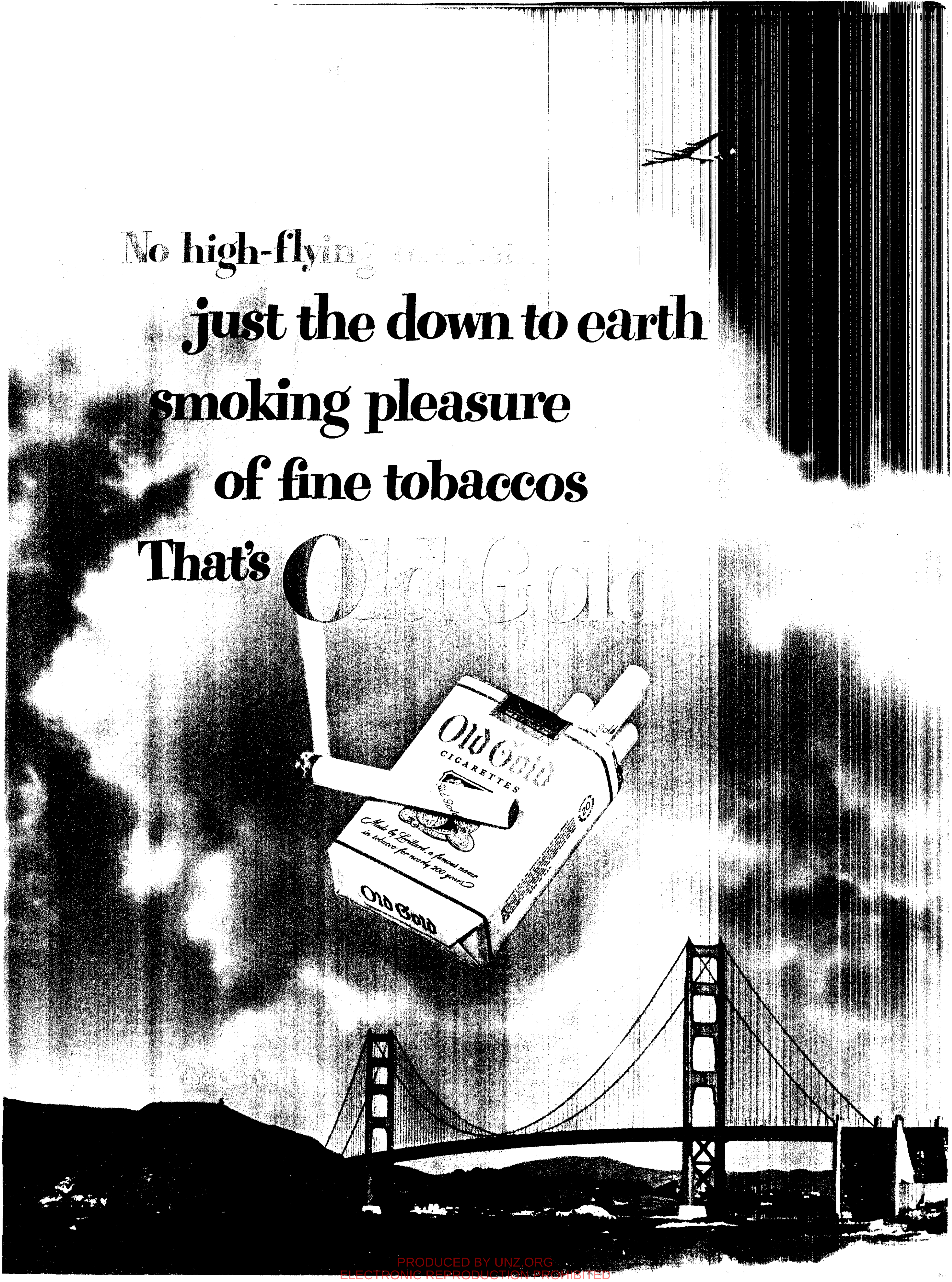
"Trouble? Picking fellows up? Never. I know—you hear about it. People getting robbed and beat up and all. But I figure the average guy is all right. If he's hitching, he's probably broke, but that's nothing against him. So I always stop. I never had trouble yet, and to tell you the truth, I never ran into anybody that did."

Kimball couldn't help laughing. The man laughed, too. "That's funny, isn't it?" he said. "You hear about all this trouble, but it's always happening to someone else. I got a theory on that, sort of a philosophy. People that get into trouble like that, they're generally looking for it. You don't get into much trouble trusting people and maybe giving them a hand. Right?"

Well, Kimball thought, what do you say to a nice guy like this? Those other guys took my money and my car, and I could tell him all about it, and that would be taking something away from him, too. The hell with it.

"Right," Kimball said.

THE END


No high-flying [illegible]
just the down to earth
smoking pleasure
of fine tobaccos
That's Old Gold
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
20
Made by Lorillard a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years
Old Gold
Golden Gate Bridge

. . . Our Daily Bread

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

were so delighted with his results that it became the national custom to let dough sit overnight before baking it.

What happened was quite simple, though it was not until Louis Pasteur went to work with his microscope that the world understood it. Spores of yeast settled in the dough, multiplied fantastically and, in the process, gave off carbon dioxide gas. Tiny bubbles of the gas permeated the dough, which captured them in little pockets and thus expanded. Baking expelled the gas, but its leavening work already had been done so that the bread remained light and wondrously flavorsome.

Wheat Flour Best for Dough

Only wheat and, to a much lesser extent, rye flours make a dough elastic enough to hold the gas bubbles and give a raised loaf. This is why wheat long ago became and ever since has remained man's favorite grain. Even in India, China and other Oriental countries where rice outranks it, wheat is such an important crop that failures are national disasters.

In fact, bread is so perfectly suited to the human diet that primitive tribes in tropical jungles, one of the few parts of the earth in which wheat can't be grown, go to incredible lengths to find a breadmaking substitute. The Djukas of equatorial Dutch Guiana's hinterlands in South America are a good example. Their territory is rich in game, fish, wild fruits and vegetables. But for the Djukas those foods aren't enough. They want bread, too. So they have learned to make it from the cassava root.

The learning must have taken unbounded determination and ingenuity. For the cassava root is saturated with a milky liquid containing a high percentage of prussic acid, a poison which kills agonizingly. Hundreds of Djukas probably died in the process, but eventually the tribe worked out a complicated way of washing, grating and pressing the roots to eliminate every drop of the poisonous liquid. The resultant flour, according to explorers, makes a highly palatable bread with about the same nourishment and energy value as our own.

Until about 250 B.C., a hand-grinding process, almost as difficult and time-consuming as that used by the Djukas on cassava root, was ancient man's only way of turning grain into flour. Then some unknown Roman got the bright idea of placing two large, disk-shaped stones one atop the other, dribbling wheat between them, harnessing a donkey to turn the top stone and thus producing a continuous stream of flour. For more than 2,000 years thereafter the milling process changed scarcely at all.

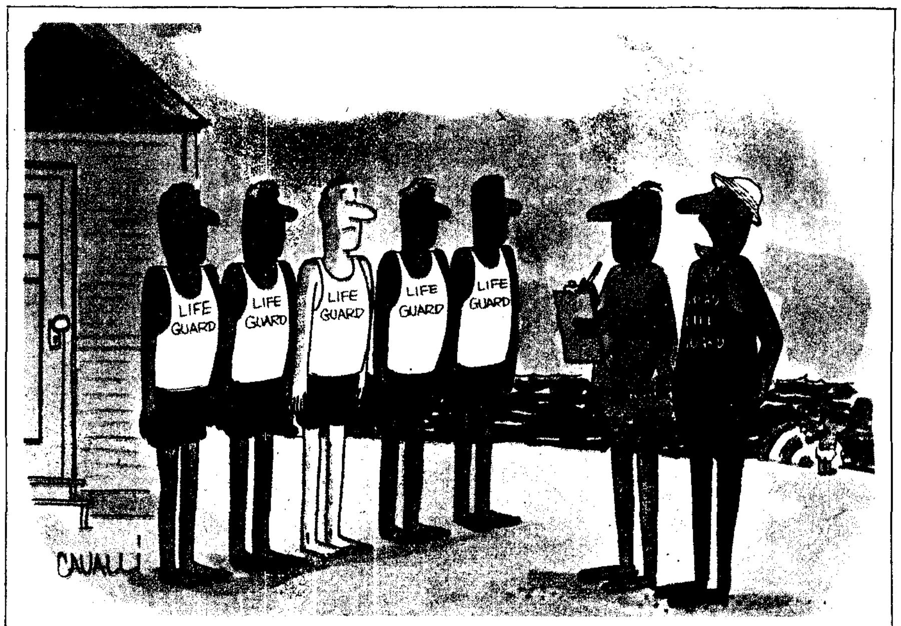
In the last 100 years, though, some wonderful changes have been made. Today, on some 70,000,000 acres the U.S. alone grows more than 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat a year—more than the whole world produced a few generations back. Great storage elevators scattered all over the country carry from year to year a quarter of a billion to half a billion bushels of surplus, enough to keep us secure from the threat of famine for a long time.

In order to handle such enormous amounts of wheat, modern U.S. flour milling has become one of the most completely and ingeniously automatic processes ever devised. The grain flows to and through the mills in an endless, sibilant stream. In fact, what millers mean by the term "mill stream" is not the millside brook of the old song but the flow of wheat in the process of becoming flour. And in some of the great mills of Buffalo, Kansas City and Minneapolis, the three chief U.S. flour-milling centers, that stream approaches a small river in size. Altogether the nation has 1,799 flour mills scattered through 45 states, and last year they ground out some 20,000,000,000 pounds of flour.

Milling has two purposes. One is to remove the outer bran and the tiny, oily wheat germ from the wheat berries, as the millers call the kernels. (Bran lowers the baking quality of dough, and the germ tends to go rancid and spoil the flour.) The other purpose is to grind the rest of the kernel into particles so fine that, according to one estimate, it takes some 42 trillion to make a pound of flour.

Modern mills achieve both results simultaneously. From the giant elevators—those upended steel-and-concrete cylinders which dominate the countryside in flour-milling areas, hold as much as 50,000 bushels of wheat apiece and often are arranged in banks of several hundred—wheat pours into the mill on belt conveyers. There it flows up and down via pneumatic tubes through nine or ten floors packed with processing machines.

At the heart of the process is a series of pairs of steel rollers with progressively finer corrugations. Revolving toward each other, the pairs of rollers pulverize the kernels finer and finer. And between each set of rollers the stream passes through flour bolters which sift off the bran and wheat germ. So triumphantly efficient is the process that you can, as I recently did in Minneapolis, wander all through the processing floors of a big mill without encountering more than half a dozen workmen checking the mill stream here and there.



COLLIER'S "Just where *is* this post we've got Dolan assigned to, anyway?" DICK CAVALLI

A Visit to a Modern Bakery

Milling and baking are quite separate businesses, with few millers doing any commercial baking. But bread flour flows on through the big bakeries in streams almost as automatically controlled and processed as the mill streams. At a typical modern bakery in San Francisco—much like others I saw in St. Louis, Chicago and Brooklyn—I followed the process from start to finish.

From huge storage bins holding many tons, the flour flowed to sifters, which blended several types varying in flavor and baking qualities. Continuous cup conveyers then lifted it four stories to the top floor. There it joined water and yeast and became the preliminary "sponge."

In a giant mixer, which can take up to 1,600 pounds at a time, great steel arms flailed away at the sticky mass for several minutes. Then, with an "oof" as of a properly histrionic wrestler meeting the canvas at the end of an airplane spin, the huge sponge tumbled out of the mixer into a steel trough and was wheeled into a warm, moist fermenting room. After five hours' rising it returned to the mixer for blending with other ingredients, again tumbled out punch-drunkenly into its trough and went to the fermenting room for another hour.

Next, the dough trundled to a divider, a talented device which neatly whacked off hunks of exactly one pound each and sped them on to the rounder. With a merry whirl this rolled the bits of dough into balls which were allowed to rise briefly, then flattened into cylinders and plopped into pans. After passing through a Turkish-bath atmosphere, which encouraged the yeast to do its final utmost, the loaves went to the traveling oven. A little over 100 feet long, this engorged the loaves at one end, baked them in passage and delivered some 4,000 per hour to the cooling racks at the far end. Cooled, the loaves went to automatic slicers-and-wrappers and, as soon as possible, on to the grocers.

Surrounding such an oven, so strong and rich that it seems almost a palpable mist, the aroma of hot bread is one of the most appetizing known to the human nose. It's one of the small tragedies of the baking business that the bakers, themselves, get so used to it that they no longer can smell it.

"Makes me sad," one baker sighed. "That smell was one of the main reasons I first went to work in a bakery. Used to hang around when I was a kid just to get a whiff of it."

Another source of sadness for bakers is that their bread often is judged not chiefly for its taste and appetite appeal, as are other foods, but for its nutritional values. The bakers admit, however, that in a food which makes up such an important part of our national diet as bread does the nutritional considerations are vital. In fact, 10 years ago bakers and millers in co-operation with the medical profession and public health authorities launched a nutritional revolution in flour and bread—a revolution which has had a far-reaching effect on the nation's health.

During the 1930s the science of nutrition had made great advances. Among its greatest achievements was the discovery of the importance of the B-complex vitamins. And along with that discovery went the finding that deficiencies in those vitamins were undermining the nation's health. In their acute forms B-vitamin deficiencies result in such diseases as pellagra. And physicians estimated that for every clear-cut case of such a disease—and thousands of cases had turned up—there then were at least 10, and probably many more, slightly milder and undiagnosed cases.

Millers and bakers were among the first to take note of these findings. Wheat always had been one of humanity's chief sources of these vitamins. But in milling it to produce the white flour which the vast majority of Americans had come to prefer, modern mills, it was found, eliminated the parts of the wheat kernel richest in the vitamins. In 1940, the millers' and bakers' national associations began a series of studies of the problem in co-operation with Surgeon General Thomas Parran.

Out of those studies came the dramatic National Nutrition Conference for Defense convened in Washington in May, 1941, by President Roosevelt. In three short days the conference abruptly reversed a century-old trend in our eating habits—the trend toward flour and bread more and more lacking in the basic vitamins and minerals.

Under the leadership of Dr. Russell M. Wilder, the Mayo Clinic's nutrition specialist, and with the aid of experts from the National Research Council, the American Medical Association and the American Public Health Association, the conference launched the Bread Enrichment Program. Most needed and most lacking in our diets, the conferees decided, were iron and the three B-complex vitamins: thiamine, riboflavin and nicotinic acid. And the best way to get them into our diet was by adding them to our flour and bread.

Enrichment Widely Practiced

From the beginning most bakers and millers co-operated enthusiastically. Today, 28 states and territories have laws making enrichment mandatory. But nutrition authorities estimate that voluntary enrichment in other states is so widespread that considerably more than 75 per cent of our bread now carries the extra nutrients.

Healthwise, the program's success has been sensational. For instance, a group of Army medical researchers not long ago were seeking cases of B-vitamin deficiency diseases for study. Over a period of time they examined 16,000 inmates of Chicago's House of Correction, which specializes in the local Skid Row's alcoholics, among whom these diseases used to be epidemic. The researchers found only two cases of pellagra and 12 with milder symptoms. It is their opinion that the enrichment of bread is the whole reason for the rarity of the disease.

"I do not think it too much to say," states Dr. Elmer L. Henderson, former president of the American Medical Association, in his formal congratulations to millers and bakers on the tenth anniversary of the program, "that a very important part of the more buoyant health and increased mental and physical vigor the American people enjoy today can be directly credited to the enrichment of bread."

In spite of all the enthusiasm in high places there are dissenters. Some say the enrichment program has been insufficient. Others say it has gone too far. But the most startling reaction of all was that of a Chicago housewife. It was a printed note on one of the first enriched sacks of flour, explaining that iron and the three vitamins had been added, which set her off.

"Traitors!" she angrily wrote in a letter to the flour miller. "Don't you know that nicotine is poison? Or have you made an alliance with Hitler? Putting things like that in our flour is worse than helping the Germans invade our country. I warn you that I've informed the FBI."

Presumably, the FBI managed to calm the lady, since she hasn't been heard from since. And later the government averted similar alarm to other citizens by legally changing the name of nicotinic acid, most menacing sounding of the three outlandishly designated vitamins, to niacin.

One of the more common reasons for disagreement with the enrichment program is

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that bread ought not to be white at all but whole wheat. Indeed, this issue is the *cause célèbre* of a Hundred Years' War of Words, a war which still rages and seems likely to go on indefinitely.

There have been occasional outbreaks of verbal violence over this question ever since ancient times. But it was an American by the name of Sylvester Graham, a diet reformer, who really got the battle going. In the 1830s Graham proclaimed that in milling wheat to remove the bran, millers were "putting asunder that which God hath joined."

Graham acquired a huge following, but whole-wheat bread never attained the popularity he dreamed of. Experts still disagree over how much of the bran should be left in the flour for best dietary results. And millers and bakers, who consider themselves mere innocent bystanders in the dispute, say the whole question is academic.

"We can, will and do mill any kind of flour people want," says the head of one of the largest flour-milling concerns. "In fact, we're delighted to sell all the whole wheat we can. It takes much less processing than white flour. But we can't sell more than about 2 per cent of our output in the form of whole wheat. Most people just don't like it."

Bakers think that one reason for our general preference for white bread is that, unlike European peasants and our own pioneer ancestors, we seldom eat bread for itself alone. Instead, we tend to use it as a sort of neutral background for other foods, a role which for most tastes is better filled by white bread than by stronger flavored whole wheat.

How the Sandwich Originated

Our favorite use of bread traces back to a culinary innovation made by a dissolute eighteenth-century English nobleman. A rabid gambler, he got behind in a game for high stakes at a London coffeehouse one evening. He also got hungry. But rather than take time out to eat, he summoned a waiter and ordered his dinner served at the card table between two halves of a loaf of bread so that he could eat and play simultaneously. Thus did the Earl of Sandwich immortalize his name. Since he managed to get his whole dinner on one sandwich, the earl also foreshadowed the rise of that great American folk hero, Dagwood Bumstead—whose 10-layer sandwiches in Chic Young's comic strip Blondie also started a national fad.

As a nation we wax so enthusiastic over sandwiches that during the picnic season from June to September we eat nearly half again as much bread per month as during the rest of the year. Several books of sandwich recipes have been published. There are endless ways of putting nearly every known fish, meat, dairy and vegetable product, from anchovies to zucchini blossoms, between slices of bread.

Though the standard white loaf is popular everywhere, each region of the country and many individual cities have their own preferences in other types of bread. Southern California and Washington, D.C., for instance, go contrary to the rest of the country and eat a good deal of moist, crumbly whole-wheat bread. These places also go in for more than the average of so-called "wheat" breads, which consist of a mixture of from 10 per cent to 60 per cent whole-wheat flour and the rest white flour, the average being about 40 per cent whole wheat.

New York, New Orleans and San Francisco are great places for French or Italian bread. The two names often are used interchangeably, though experts say bread should be called French only if the loaf is long and thin, and Italian if it is short and fat or round. It is one of the simplest breads, consisting only of flour, water, salt and yeast, and it comes from the oven fragrant with the pure, unmasked flavor of wheat.

Unfortunately, it also is the most perishable and goes stale only a few hours out of the oven. But its devotees are so utterly devoted that many specialized bakeries make a good thing of delivering it fresh to restaurants and homes right on the dot at mealtime. A simpler solution, of course, would be to bake it at home. But neither housewives nor hired cooks show any inclination to return to the time, a mere 50 years ago, when 95 per cent of our bread was home-baked. Now commercial bakeries produce 95 per cent.

Rye breads, too, are much in vogue in several cities. Like wheat flours, rye flours may be refined to eliminate the bran or may consist of the whole grain, in which case they are called pumpernickel. But even pumpernickel bread usually consists of at least 40 per cent wheat flour, for pure rye dough will rise only slightly. Most of our rye bread is about 20 per cent rye and 80 per cent wheat.

Milwaukee favors the darkest, heaviest pumpernickel; and in the old beer halls there, they give you a huge slab of it laden with an equally weighty slice of Limburger cheese, one of the heartiest combinations imaginable. In Minneapolis, they like their rye Swedish style, darkened with molasses and flavored with orange peel, so that it comes out almost jet-black and slightly sweet. In Philadelphia you get so-called sour rye, made with a fermented mash "starter" rather than ordinary yeast. It isn't sour at all, but has a hint of a vague, cheeselike flavor. And recently several cities scattered from Miami to Seattle have taken up a tiny loaf of salty rye heavily larded with the aromatic flavor of caraway seeds.

"Well, the Smiths got away on their vacation this morning"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

Raisin bread, of course, is popular all over the country. But few go for it the way the citizens of St. Louis do. There it has numerous variations such as raisin nut and cinnamon raisin. The local bakers also turn out an iced raisin, with a thin sugar-and-water icing over the loaf, which is almost cake.

"Bread is such a wonderful carrier for other foods," says one baker, "that any food producer with a surplus sooner or later is likely to try to get it baked into bread. We even had a grapefruit grower in here once. Said we could—and of course, should—make a vitamin C bread by baking in grapefruit juice. Didn't work, though. Oven heat destroys vitamin C."

Potato and soya breads, however, usually consisting of about 5 per cent of potato or soya flour, have gone over well in many parts of the country. And banana, cheese, tomato, peanut and sweet-potato breads have had occasional successes here and there. One Texas miller makes a flour from the inner kernel of the cottonseed, which blends with wheat flour to give a golden-brown loaf with a pleasant nutty flavor.

In California you can buy a bread which includes dates, oranges, lemons, apricots, peaches and prunes. And now spreading out all over the country from Chicago, where it originated, is a loaf consisting of whole-wheat, rye, soya and barley flours, plus oatmeal, sesame seed and dehydrated spinach, celery, lettuce, pumpkin, cabbage, carrots, parsley and sea kelp.

This last probably sets a record for the number of ingredients, but it has been outdone in oddity. Another Chicago experimenter has turned out a grass-green loaf which gets that way because it's made with chopped grass.

Few restaurants make any great effort with bread, since it's an item for which they usually don't want to charge. Manhattan's lush Colony, however, is an exception. There you can order bread sticks, about six inches long and half an inch in diameter, made with artichoke flour. And the chef, who proudly asserts that he can produce any dish you can dream up, will even whip you up a batch of Syrian bread. It comes out like a hollow, unfilled pie and is all chewy crust.

Most pronounced of all our regional differences in bread tastes is the South's strong preference for hot breads, such as corn bread and spoon bread, and especially for hot rolls and biscuits. This Southern predilection recently led to one of the biggest new developments in the modern baking business.

Baker Doubled as Fireman

The story opens, appropriately, with the shriek of a siren summoning volunteer firemen to duty in the town of Avon Park, Florida. One of the volunteers was Joe Gregor, a baker who happened at the moment to have a batch of rolls in his oven. Being a man with a conscience, Gregor pulled the rolls out half baked and went off to do his duty.

When he returned and found the cold rolls standing unappetizingly pale in their tray, his first impulse was to throw them out and start over. But he had a second thought, which eventually proved the idea of a lifetime. He popped them back into the oven. Seven minutes later he pulled them out again, this time baked to a golden-brown perfection.

It took Gregor a few weeks to work out a foolproof formula. But by the end of that time he was selling more half-baked rolls, to be finished in his customers' ovens and served hot, than he ever had sold of the ordinary kind. Then a salesman from one of the largest flour-milling companies happened along and got excited over Gregor's idea. So did the salesman's boss when told about it. Eventually, the milling company acquired the idea from Gregor, perfected it for mass-production use and presented it to the nation's bakers. Since then, "Brown 'n Serve" rolls and breads, as the company named them, have swept the country.

In spite of such inventions and the endless variety of the bread they offer us, bakers have not been able to make everyone happy.

"I don't know why it is," the head of one big bakery chain told me, "but our business takes more abuse from more cranks than any dozen others. It seems like all a soapbox orator has to do to establish himself is to denounce the bakers."

Glamorizing Grandma's Bread

Self-appointed gourmets are among the loudest critics. Lately, it has become the fashion among them to call for a return to home baking and to wax dithyrambic about the bread grandma used to bake. This is a neat example of what psychologists call the old-oaken-bucket delusion, meaning suppression of unpleasant memories in favor of a rosy view of the past. For unless grandma was extremely lucky and extremely expert, she had plenty of bread failures resulting in sodden, indigestible messes—bread baking being the tricky undertaking it is.

More serious are the views of a few nutritionists who think that the enrichment program has not gone far enough. One of these, Dr. Clive McCay of Cornell University, has developed what he calls a yardstick loaf including extra milk plus wheat germ and soya flour. This is so highly nutritious that the experimental rats which were fed on it exclusively grew fat and healthy.

"And a fine loaf of bread it is, too," says one baker, "if you happen to like it. But people aren't rats. If they don't like it, you can't make them eat something just because it's good for them."

Dr. Russell M. Wilder, who led in the launching of the bread-enrichment program, backs up this point of view. He likes to cite a Swiss experiment as proof of the uselessness of trying to force people to change their dietary habits.

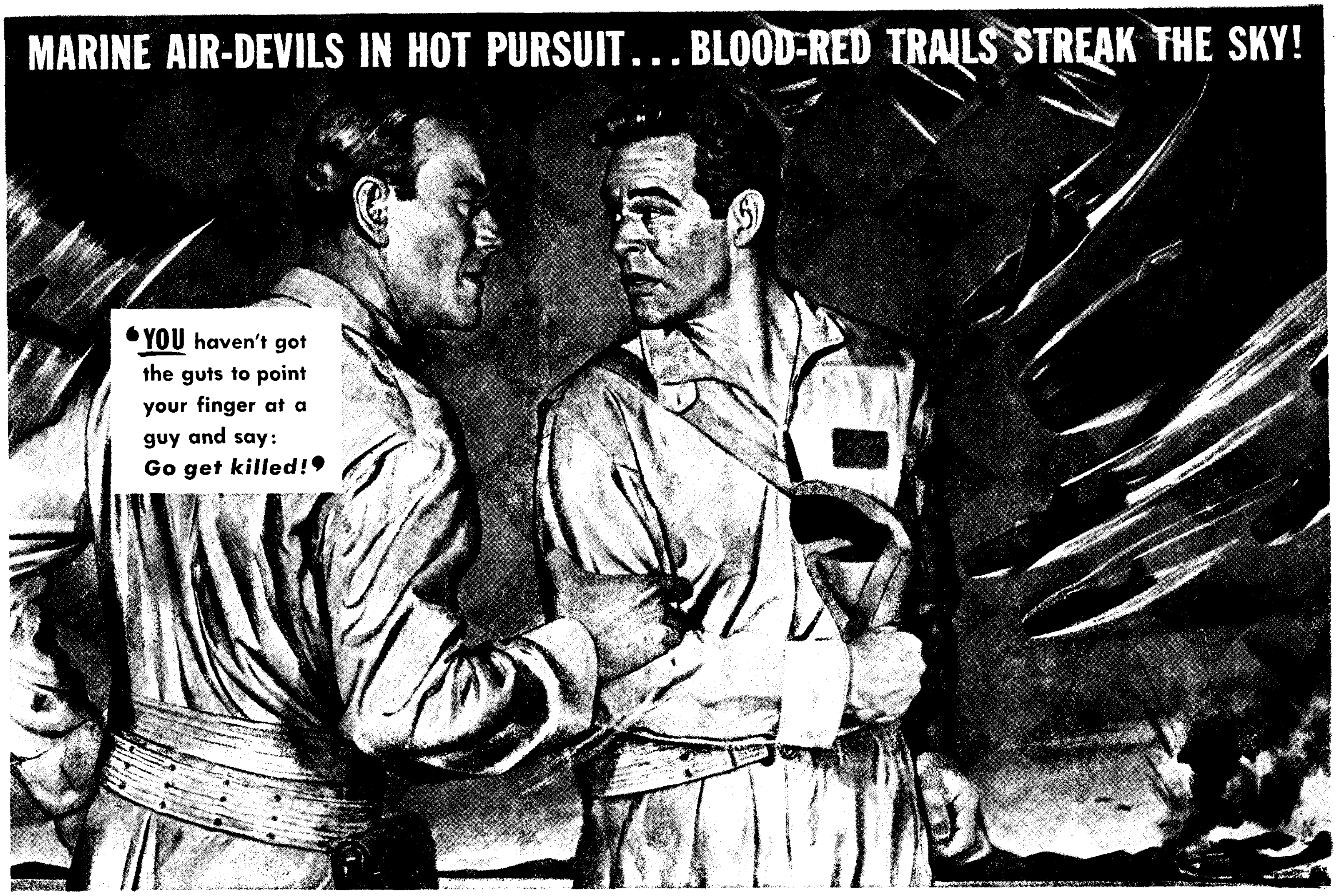
In January, 1937, the Swiss government launched an attempt to persuade the citizenry to eat a bread with extra nutrients by taxing other kinds of bread so that the preferred loaf was about 25 per cent cheaper. The government accompanied the tax with a great campaign of propaganda on behalf of the new bread. For a few weeks the idea seemed to be going over big. But within a year the populace went back to white bread, even though it cost more.

"There is no reason," Dr. Wilder goes on, "for making bread responsible for more than its share of our nutrition needs. The purpose of the enrichment program was not to make bread the most perfect of all foods. It was to bring into our diets more of the nutrients in which they frequently were lacking. This purpose has been accomplished."

On the tenth anniversary of enriched bread, many medical experts say that that accomplishment is one of the greatest nutritional advances in history. It has, they say, enriched the life of the whole nation by improving our resistance to disease and giving us greater zest for living.

But the bakers are not resting on their laurels. They stand ready to add to their bread anything and everything from soup to nuts, if it is nutritious and if enough customers want it. That's the way it always has been in their business.

Even the ancient Egyptians who discovered bread didn't leave it at that. They added such bizarre flavors as camphor. There has been no report, however, that anyone in this country has taken up that idea—as yet. THE END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Chauncey, the Headless Horseman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

your voice, Snapper?" Chauncey snarls. "Milton is speaking."

The horses go to the gate, and Milton raises his flask. "Gentlemen, may the race be to the swift."

"You're such a grand sport, Milton," Chauncey sighs.

Then they're off. All our horses get away in great shape. Eureka is third as they pass the clubhouse, Dapper Snapper is fourth, and Jasper is still on his feet. They go around the turn in about the same order. When they hit the middle of the backstretch the public-address system blares out: "Johnny Jump leads by three—Windswept second by a length—and there goes Eureka Lad moving up."

The crowd starts whooping. "Gentlemen," Milton says modestly, "I'm afraid it's all over." Everybody has a little spasm of joy. Sure enough, as they hit the far turn Eureka Lad has moved up into second place. They go into the stretch and the public-address system blares out again: "It's Eureka Lad by two lengths—Johnny Jump by a half—Dapper Snapper by two—and running over horses is—is number eight—Jumping Jasper!"

I don't realize until then what a feeble grasp young Eddie has of the finer points of hypocrisy. He goes crazy. He starts trampling all over Snapper and beating on Milton. "Come on, you lungless wretch!" he screeches at Jasper. "Suck on that tube, boy, suck on it! Inhale! Exhale!"

Chauncey gives me a horrified look and starts beating on Eddie, trying to stop him beating on Milton. Eddie shakes him off.

"Put a ramp on his rump!" Eddie screams at Eureka Lad's jockey. "Jasper's gonna run all over 'im."

AT THE finish line Eureka Lad is one of the walking wounded. Jumping Jasper takes it by three lengths. Eddie stops pounding on Milton's head and starts pumping his hand. "We won, Milt! We won. We beat your horse. Old Jasper, the gasper, did it."

Milton retrieves his hand and gives it a little shake to remove the taint. "Congratulations, gentlemen!" he snarls. "A great coup! Thanks for letting me in on it." He waddles off.

Eddie stares after him. "Such a sporting old rascal!" He shakes his empty little head at me. "What the hell happened?"

Snapper gives this nasty laugh. He knows he's got first dibs on Milton's horn of plenty again. "Eddie," he says, "think back now. We underlings at Eureka have had some mighty fine horses in our time, haven't we? And Milton has had some mighty poor horses. But did you ever see a horse of ours beat a horse of Milton's? No! If you ever do, just keep looking and you'll find a dead jockey on the premises. Some people breed for speed, Eddie. We breed for tact."

He lets go with this love call up into the stands. "Coming, Milton! We'd better check Eureka Lad!"

"Check Jasper, too, Milton!" Chauncey screeches after them. "I bet he's got opium on his breath. It was a horrible accident, Milton." Milton doesn't even look back. When Chauncey turns around, Eddie and I have left the box. . . .

The next morning Eddie and I are cringing in the corner while Chauncey reads the sports pages. He throws one down and picks up another.

"Now," he snarls, "let's see what our great and good friend, Mister Joe Hobbs of the Star, has to say. I quote: 'Brother, did Chauncey Tate and Eddie Keane make an ass out of their boss yesterday . . .' "

Eddie grabs a page from between Chauncey's feet. "Ain't she lovely?" he sighs, pointing to this big picture of Jo Randolph and Jasper in the winner's circle. "She even shook my hand after the race. Lord knows what she'll do when Jasper wins the Golden Gate Saturday."

"Wake up," Chauncey says. "That flute-lunged freak is gonna finish so far back the Boy Scouts will be looking for him instead of the stewards!"

Eddie blinks at him. "You mean we're gonna pull him? Make him go slow?"

"Make him go slow!" Chauncey snorts. "The jockey's gonna carry his pajamas with him."

"Well, I just asked," Eddie says. He picks up the phone. "Operator, get me the Racing Commission. There's an old man up here who—"

Chauncey grabs the phone and gives this wild, hysterical laugh. "Eddie, listen to me. Remember sweet, sensitive little Milton? Remember Thirty for Bertie. Fifty grand apiece. Think what an ass you can make of yourself with fifty thousand dollars, Eddie. Just one race."

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

Eddie shakes his head. "Nope. Jo never would shake hands with me again."

"Say something, you fathead!" Chauncey begs me. "Protect me from this idiot. Damn you, Eddie, that horse is half mine. Don't forget that. If I—"

"Which half you want?" Eddie says.

"Don't go playing King Solomon with me! I read a Bible once. I know about them cutting that kid in half!"

"We ain't cutting the horse in half, stupid! You own one end and I'll own the other. Which end you want?"

Chauncey stares at me. "Why, I'll take the—"

"I thought so! We'll flip for it." Eddie takes out a coin. "If it's heads I get the head end. If it's tails you get the tail end."

"Wait a minute!" Chauncey says. "If it's tails, I get the end with the jockey on it."

That's Eddie's gamble. The man who gets the front end gives the jockey his orders. Chauncey examines the coin and Eddie gives it a flip. It bounces off the ceiling and lands out in the middle of the floor.

We gather around. "You got a trick ceiling in this damn' place!" Chauncey says bitterly. "Flip it again!"

Eddie pats him on the back. "Sweets to the sweet, Chauncey. You were a cinch!"

Chauncey looks down at the coin like a man staring at his own tombstone. "Okay, I got the hind end. But it's my hind end! Off limits to everybody. Hallowed ground. I'm gonna train it personally and next Saturday, by damn, it's gonna come dragging in behind Eureka if I have to put an anchor on it!"

He stalks out, feeling just like a property owner of his type ought to feel. . . .

A couple of mornings later, Eddie and I are sitting in Jo's tack room drinking coffee. She's standing in the doorway, looking like Diana without all the muscles. Eddie's rolling his eyes, wagging his tail and looking like one of Diana's hounds. "Jo," he whimpers, "your breakfast has had time to settle. I can propose now, can't I?"

I've dropped my odds on him. Ever since his stand against Chauncey she lets him propose five times in a row before she sicks the great Dane on him.

Just then there's this explosion out under the shed. It's Chauncey. "Don't lay them big, ugly ears back at me!" he shrieks. "I'm your friend, you idiot. They want you to run your stinking, black heart out. I just want you to take it easy."

We go to the door. Chauncey has Jasper out of his stall and is shaking a pair of rusty old horseshoes in his face. He wants to put 'em on his back feet to slow him down. He's having as much luck as a man putting galoshes on a tiger.

He hears us laughing and changes his tactics. He starts stroking Jasper's muzzle. "You filthy beast," he coos, like somebody talking to a kitten, "you ain't out of any studbook. You're out of the Book of Revelations, ain't you, old fellow? Well, Chauncey's going to put these nice horseshoes on you, if he has to break your lousy back!"

Jasper kinda whinnies and nuzzles his palm. "You see!" Chauncey gloats. "Hasn't got a brain in his head. He thinks I like him. I—"

There's this loud, crunching chomp like somebody stepping in a bowl of dry cereal. Chauncey goes down on his knees.

"No, Jasper!" he screams. "No! Turn loose, Jasper. Jasp, boy, it's good ol Chaunce. I love you. Get an ax, Eddie. He's gonna eat me alive. Jasp, boy—"

Jasper has got a whole mouthful of Chauncey's right arm. He's giving special attention to such tidbits as the fingers.

Jo dashes out. "Turn the old mummy loose, Jasper! He's poison, Jasper. Turn him loose!"

Chauncey looks like a man trying to get his tongue out of a sausage grinder. He comes off his knees and gets up on his tiptoes fighting for slack. "Nice Jasper!" he whines. "Good old Jasper. You're hunting Chauncey's fingers, Jasper. I'm gonna knock them yellow tusks down your—" Jasper grits the yellow tusks. "No! You're sweet, Jasper. Shoot him! Dynamite him! The monster's part lion."

Jo gets some sort of grip on Jasper's muzzle and twists. Chauncey falls free. He looks down at his hand and shakes it at Eddie. "Bone meal, by damn!" he says. "Nothing but bone meal!"

"You ain't bleeding," Eddie says.

"Can't! Squeezed all my blood back in my head! Just like a tube of tooth paste." He slumps to the ground. "I'm hemorrhaging, Eddie. Brain's under two feet of blood!" We get down over him and loosen his tie. He gives this big wheeze. "I'm going, laddies." He gives another big wheeze. "Eddie, son, will you do a dying man a last favor?"

We both just look at him real goofy.

"Swear to me that that hairy cannibal will finish behind Eureka Lad on Saturday."

Eddie gets down and grabs the tie, runs the knot up against Chauncey's neck, and yanks. "Sir," he says, "you should be preparing to meet your Maker. Not trying to pull horses!"

CHAUNCEY boils up and Eddie takes off. Just as he heads around the corner of the barn he runs into something that looks like Rumpelstiltskin's runt brother. It's George Jackson, Jasper's jockey.

"I been looking for you two guys," George says. "I hear you've subdivided Jasper and Chauncey's mad as hell because he wanted the pulling end and got the pushing end."

Chauncey stalks up, working his bad arm behind him. "Mr. Jackson," he snarls, "I hope you don't believe that vile slander!"

George stares up at him and backs away. "Naw," he says. "Hell, anybody who owned Jasper's rear end could pull him any way. You hit him any place but the right flank and he won't run a lick."

There's this dead quiet like right before the hangman springs the trap.

"What did you say?" Chauncey gasps.

"He's goofy, just like all horses. They got whims. Some of 'em you can beat all day. Some of 'em you better not lay a hand on. Now, Jasper likes to run with horses. He don't like to get out front. If you gotta go to the whip on him, he don't mind it. But if you hit him anyplace but that right flank he's through for the afternoon."

"George," Eddie says, "you know why you ain't any bigger than you are? They used up all the materials making that big mouth of yours!"

"What'd I do?" George says. Then he sees the look on Chauncey's face. "He ain't really— Why, you old—"

Chauncey yanks him up by the seat of the pants and starts lugging him toward Jasper's stall. "I love you, George," he sneers, "so I'm gonna tell you how you can live to a ripe old age."

George is kicking and cussing, but

Chauncey holds him out at arm's length and points in at Jasper.

"You see that rib there, George? Well, all the territory south of that rib is mine. All mine. I'm very sentimental about my property, George. Very sentimental. Neither trifle with it nor trespass upon it. You hit that noble right flank just once—just one time, George—and I'll hook your nose up to your ears and blow your brains out!"

SATURDAY we're all worshiping in Milton's open-air shrine at the track again. He says that his walkout of the week before was just a big joke and he sincerely hopes that we regarded it as such. Everybody has a hearty chuckle over the misunderstanding, but he ain't kidding anybody.

Despite that, it's Chauncey's finest hour. He plays it real subtle. He knows that the sweeter Milton's revenge, the sweeter he's gonna be after it's all over. So he puts reverse English on his pitch.

"Milt," he says, "you oughta worn your sackcloth suit with the clinker in the lapel. Jasper's gonna put you in mourning again."

Snapper Mayne nearly jumps out of the stands. He's never heard such heresy. Milton doesn't know what to make of it, either. Then he realizes it's just another case of the condemned man joking with the warden, so he decides to be big about it. "Chaunce," he says, "Jasper didn't beat Eureka Lad, he just unnerved him. The sight of that asthmatic goat still on his feet was just too much for Eureka Lad."

The blood stops sloshing around in Chauncey's shoes and starts for his head again. He's won his gamble. It's going to be a nice, clean, jolly murder with nothing too good for the corpse. For the next half hour they just have all sorts of fun insulting each other's horses. Snapper ain't saying anything. He just sits there with this unsanitary grin on his face, while he listens to Milton trying to keep the venom out of his voice. Eddie seems to have lockjaw, too, but I ain't exactly enchanted with his smirk.

By the time the horses come out on the track, though, I'm feeling pretty good about the whole business. Then it happens. Eddie leans over and taps Milton.

"Milt," he says, "Chauncey ain't kidding. We'll bet you a hundred thousand dollars that Jasper beats Eureka Lad."

With that, everybody nearly jumps out of the stands. Chauncey opens his mouth to scream, but his tonsils lock on him.

Milton's face is the color of mashed potatoes. He's been shooting blanks and Eddie has come up with live ammunition. "Eddie," he snarls, "the bet intrigues me almost as much as where the hell you and Chauncey would get the money to make it!"

"He's out of his head, Milt!" Chauncey gasps. "Fell down the steps coming up here. Awful blow. Grab his feet, fellows. We got to get this poor kid to a doctor."

We make a dive for him but he fights us off. "We'll do it this way, Milt," he says. "If Jasper beats Eureka Lad, we make Thirty for Bertie and a hundred grand. If Eureka Lad beats Jasper, Chauncey and I will make the picture for you for nothing."

Snapper comes up bleating like a pet lamb that's been turned over to the butcher. "No, Milt! No!"

"You been telling me all week Eureka Lad couldn't lose," Milton sneers. "It's a deal, Eddie. You too, Chauncey."

He shakes on it with Eddie but Chauncey ain't available. He's standing on his chair screaming down at George Jackson. "It's all right, George! The right flank, George! Carve your initials on it. Make a wallet out of it. Anything!"

Then Snapper drowns Chauncey out. He's hollering at the jockey on his horse, Dapper Snapper. "No, no! It's all off. Forget it! The whole thing!"

Before I can figure out what he's screeching about, Milton yanks 'em both down and snarls that it's customary to brief jockeys in the paddock. Chauncey whimpers that he just got briefed himself. They slump down in their seats and stare at the horses going in the gate. Then the bell brings 'em up again.

Eureka Lad breaks on top and takes the rail. Jasper's fourth and Dapper Snapper is sixth. They go around the clubhouse turn, and Eureka Lad is out front by three lengths. Milton's nodding to himself. Snapper's got his head in his hands and Chauncey's shaking like a damp dog.

"Make a peon out of me, will you?" he snarls at Eddie. "I'm gonna throw you out of the stands."

In the middle of the backstretch the public-address system blares out: "It's Eureka Lad by four—Deadeye by one—Lilly Belle, a head—Johnny Jump and the rest are bunched."

Chauncey quits watching. "Eddie, you see that skinny man there with the pointed head. I'm gonna impale you on him."

As they head into the far turn, Eureka Lad is still out front, and Jasper still hasn't got a call. Milton puts his arm around Snapper and gives him a little pat.

"After I impale you," Chauncey says, "I'm gonna salt down your remains and—"

The crowd drowns him out. The horses have started making their runs at Eureka Lad. I'm praying that George will forget his recipe for a ripe old age—and start taking that right flank apart. But he just sits there.

They head into the stretch, and Eureka Lad is still ahead by three lengths and starting to pour on the coal. Chauncey turns around again. He looks like King Lear in the third act. "Eddie," he whimpers, "what'd you do me this way for?"

"Turn around, Adam," Eddie says. "The serpent is in the garden."

He points to these two horses roaring down the stretch on the outside. Jasper and Dapper Snapper. Dapper Snapper's jockey ain't thinking about Dapper Snapper. He's concentrating on Jasper. He's trying to be real sneaky about it, but the way he's beating on that sacred right flank of Jasper's he looks like a cavalry drummer.

"No!" Snapper screeches. "No!"

They're three lengths behind Eureka. Then two. There's a final whack and Jasper's off. Fifty yards from home and Eureka Lad needs outriggers. It's all over. Jasper boils home by two lengths.

IT TAKES about thirty seconds for Milton's blubber to quit quivering. He's the only one who doesn't know that a little birdie, a baby vulture, no doubt, must have told Snapper's jockey the secret of the right flank. Milton has just seen his ship come in and get torpedoed at the dock. He turns around to Eddie, holds out his hand and gives this courageous little smile.

"Here's my sword, Eddie. You win. You've got a great horse there. A magnificent horse. I'm proud of him."

Then he turns to Snapper. "My horse," he snarls, "would have beat that lousy goat if it hadn't been for you and that bandy-legged sadist. You wanted Jasper to win. You wanted me to get sore at Eddie again. You didn't think your boy would put on a public flogging, did you? I'm going to see the stewards about you, lick-spittle!"

He starts off and then turns to Eddie. "Tell Jo I'm turning my string over to her. If she can do this with Jasper, Lord knows what she can do with some real horses."

"Her dad can handle 'em for you, Milt," Eddie says. "Jo's gonna retire. She and I are gonna get married."

Milt sighs and waddles off. Snapper grabs Eddie. "You planned it this way, didn't you, you cheap crook? You came whining to me about Chauncey and the forbidden flank and how he was gonna wreck your love life by throwing the race to Milton. You knew how loathsome I was. You knew I'd pull something nasty to make Jasper beat Eureka Lad. I'm—"

Chauncey rises up out of his coma and takes him by the collar. "Snapper," he says sweetly, "there is nothing I despise like deceit and low conniving, but I'll forgive you this time." He gives him a shove down the aisle. "Now go forth and sin no more, you loathsome beast."

"Yeah," Eddie calls after Snapper, "you can be like Chauncey if you try." THE END

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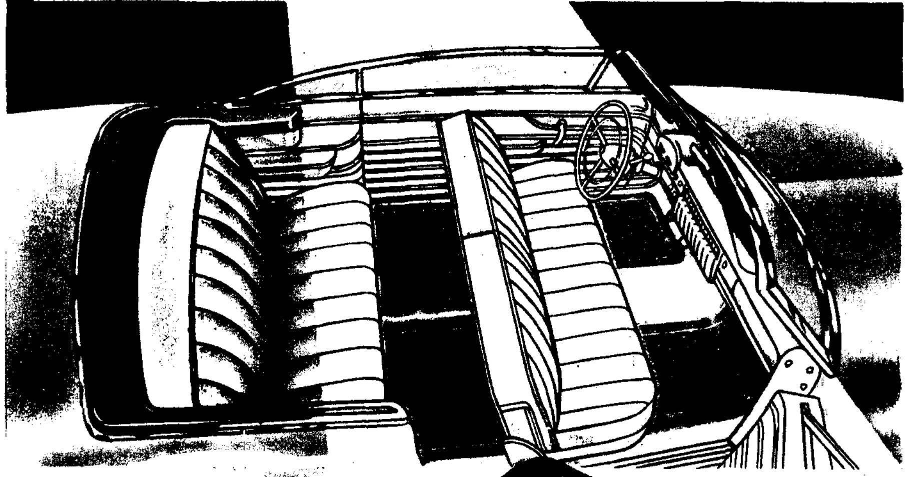

Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

for offices. The hotel had agreed to furnish us tables and chairs, and charge no rent. I went home about midnight, after informing the ambassador and consul general that we would be open at nine o'clock next morning ready to take on all comers.

The wreck of the past week had left me stunned and unstrung. It was hard to become accustomed to world wars. But the troubles of the American tourists served to alleviate the feeling of helplessness.

In the morning my associates insisted that I direct the refugee work. The banks were still closed by government order, but I called up one of the American institutions where I had standing and asked that they send us a few thousand pounds to see us through the day—which they did.

We called a number of other American business staffs in London, principally engineers, and were quickly on top of our job. From among the tourists we took further helpers whom we had sized up as personable and efficient, and by night we had a volunteer staff of five hundred of the most capable people in the world.

The stranded Americans were forwarded in droves to us from the embassy and the consulate. Many of them only wanted to talk with somebody, somehow, somewhere, about the approaching end of the world. Many others needed financial help. All wanted transportation home.

Mrs. Hoover's Women's Committee took over the job of caring for the unaccompanied women and children. A good deal of the committeewomen's work consisted in holding the hands of the frightened. Mrs. Hoover organized regular excursions to the London sights, to cathedral towns and to the Shakespeare and "Lorna Doone" country, to fill in the time pending our securing steamer space for them.

As the Refugees Swarmed In

We set up branch American committees in the main continental cities, or Americans in other cities themselves organized committees. They all dumped the refugees on us. We arranged lodgings in London and obtained additional American and neutral ships for transportation home for them.

As the stream poured in, the "front men" in our "financial department"—consisting of half a dozen shrewd American youngsters—sized up the applicants. White cards were given to those who "looked good," red ones to those who appeared doubtful, and blue ones to the destitute. For the white card holders we cashed checks upon their home banks or honored other documents, paying them pounds at the normal $4.85 exchange rate.

To do this we opened an account in a London bank. Ten of us personally guaranteed the account up to a million dollars and arranged with the British Treasury to draw the cash from this bank against the paper we deposited for collection from the United States. The holders of the red cards—the doubtfuls—we asked to sign cablegrams to relatives back home requesting that money be deposited to our credit in a New York bank; upon being advised of its deposit we paid over the cash. For the destitute blue-card holders, we raised funds.

The details of organization are not important. But the results are of interest as a study in American character. During the following six weeks we handled some 120,000 Americans from all over Europe—among them 30,000 teachers. Altogether, other than charity, we loaned out something more than $1,500,000 and lost something less than $300. It was a monument either to the shrewd judgment of our young staff men or to the honesty of the American schoolteacher and traveler.

Our committee's financial operations ended in the latter part of August. After the first flow of tourists and teachers came a great movement of naturalized American citizens fleeing from war-torn countries to which they had returned to live and minor American employees of American concerns over the Continent. There were also some young American girls in boarding schools on the Continent. We dispatched some of the older women among our volunteers to convoy them safely to London.

Congress voted $5,500,000 to bring such people home. The money came across the Atlantic in the battleship Tennessee, thereby known as the "gold ship." The official sent from Washington to manage the operation shed his job onto us. We did it for him, distributing the funds without any cost to the government except the actual outlay to the destitute.

Girl's Father Was Too Anxious

The entire "Operation Stranded American" was enlivened by a thousand comedies which lingered long in our memories. There was the girl from Lansing, Michigan, whose father cabled us to find daughter at any cost and send her home at once. We traced her over the Continent and ultimately found her taking a powerful interest in the war and wholly disinclined to leave it.

Father's imperious telegrams, sent through us, finally moved daughter to come to London. She promptly lost her five trunks en route, and cabled Father to remit through us $5,000 for a new wardrobe and other expenses. He complied at once. She bought the clothes and, as she no longer trusted any kind of foreigner, had the parcels delivered to our rooms at the Savoy.

The American ladies under Mrs. Hoover had established an Old Clothes Department to fit out the destitute women and children coming in from the Continent. All packages of clothes naturally went to that department. Not having been forewarned of the Lansing girl's purchases, the ladies were grateful for these splendid "gifts" and promptly fitted out some women of the same size better than they had been dressed in their dreams. In time the young lady appeared to gather up her week's shopping. Our ladies' committee found it hard to ride the storm. Father ungratefully cabled that he would sue for damages. We invited him by collect cable to come and try it.

Then there was the wild West show—12 American Indians and 10 American cowboys in full regalia together with a manager—which had worked its way from Poland. They had abandoned everything except their valuable costumes. The feathers and chaps made a great hit on the streets of every city they passed through en route to London. We had little worry over them, for they had resources at home, but pending the arrival of the notice of a deposit for them in New York they adorned our headquarters and regaled our waiting list with their experiences, which daily became more frightful.

It seems they had had a small zoo attachment. When the war struck them in Poland, there were neither customers nor transportation. The armies seized their ponies, their money ran out and they could not buy food for the animals. They allowed that they had fed the orangutan to the tiger and the lion. In the end the keeper of the inn where they were staying had become so threatening that they had walked out without notice in the middle of the night, leaving him the tent, the elephant, the lion and the tiger.

When they arrived in London the wild West showmen had with them a twelve-year-old American boy whom they had picked up in Hamburg. He had been sent from America to visit his grandparents in Croatia, and had landed in Hamburg at the crack of war. Finding no one to meet him, the lad had been wandering the streets when he saw this vision of real America with all its beads and feathers. He promptly attached himself to the Indians and cowboys and they adopted him. Observing that his hosts ate nothing, he had tendered to them the little money he had so that they could buy food. When they arrived in London their first concern was for a loan to repay the boy.

Our ladies advised his mother by cable that he was being returned home in the charge of White Feather of Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

Another memorable stranded American was the lady who declared a hunger strike because we would not send her home at our expense in better quarters than the steerage. Our women's committee gave her an easy chair in our lunchroom, where the constant display of food broke her iron will within a few hours. And there was the elderly lady who demanded a written guarantee that submarines would not sink her ship. We gave it to her.

As for the Hoover family, we successively booked and canceled homeward passage on five ships. On October 3d Mrs. Hoover and the boys sailed, as she had to hurry to Palo Alto to put Herbert and Allan in school.

But I was again held up. The German armies had by this time overrun Belgium and northern France. In the occupied areas were a total of 10,000,000 men, women and children. Caught between the millstones of the British naval blockade and the German rejection of responsibility for feeding them, they were facing imminent starvation unless, somehow, relief could be gotten to them.

It fell to my lot to take on this vast and unprecedented obligation.

On September 25th, there arrived in London from Brussels an eminent engineer whom I had known slightly—Millard Shaler. Edgar Rickard brought him to see me. Shaler, an American, and hence a neutral, had been able to come out through the German lines with money to buy 2,500 tons of food for the city of Brussels.

This first step toward getting food to the Belgians had been taken by the American Refugee Committee in Brussels, a part of the organization for stranded Americans. The refugee committee had joined in a Committee for the City of Brussels and secured verbal guarantees from the German military not to interfere with the imported food.

When we met, Shaler had already bought his supplies from merchants in England, but the British authorities had refused to allow him to export them on the grounds that the Germans would take them and that it was the duty of the Germans to feed the peoples of occupied countries. I suggested that if the food were consigned to the American Minister in Brussels and distributed by agents appointed by him, the permit might be given. With this thought, I took Shaler to Ambassador Page, who was sympathetic but felt that he could not intervene in such a matter without authority from the State Department.

A Promise from the Germans

I drafted a cable explaining the matter, which he sent to Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan. Without waiting for a reply from Washington, however, Mr. Page took up Shaler's problem informally with British Foreign Minister Sir Edward Grey. To allay Grey's troubled mind, the American Minister in Brussels secured from the German authorities a confirmation of the promise not to interfere with the food imports. The result was that some days later Shaler received the export permits for his 2,500 tons. But the British Foreign Office informed him that this was to be the end.

I had no thought of further responsibility in the matter, and again booked passage to America for October 25th—the first I could get. The Panama-Pacific Exposition had gone by the board so far as I was concerned.

But in the meantime Belgian delegations continued to arrive in London from other cities—Liége, Charleroi, Mons and Namur—asking to be allowed to import food. Antwerp was subsequently taken by the Germans and representatives of that city appeared soon after. Shaler brought these Belgians to me. I suggested that they see

Next Week

ARMY
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Korean exploits made author a brigadier general at 38

This We Learned in Korea

By BRIG. GEN. "MIKE" MICHAELIS

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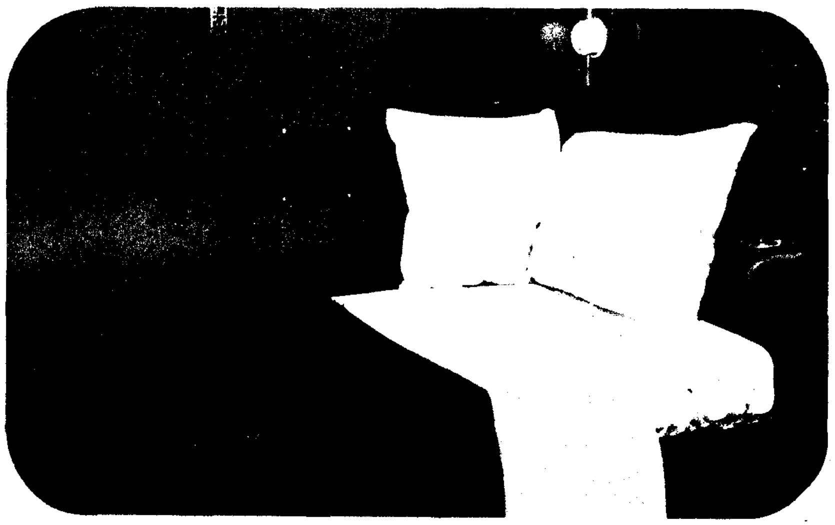

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Mr. Page through the Belgian Minister in London.

On October 18th, I received a telephone call from the American Ambassador asking me to come to the embassy. There I found the Belgian Minister to England, Count de Lalaing, Hugh Gibson, then secretary of the American legation in Belgium, Emile Francqui and a Baron Lambert, the latter three just arrived from Belgium.

I recognized Francqui as a Belgian banker with whom I had parted on less than friendly terms 14 years before in China. In the interim, he had become head of the leading financial house in Belgium. These gentlemen were engaged in discussing the complex question of desperate food needs, the blockade, and the purchase, shipping and protection of supplies.

Mr. Page told me that he had received word from Secretary of State Bryan authorizing him to use his good offices, but to undertake no engagements obligating the American government.

Urged to Accept Leadership

I had said little. Suddenly Francqui turned to me and in effect said:

"We must have leadership to organize and conduct this matter. He must be a man of wide administrative experience and knowledge of the world. He must be a neutral and he must be an American. We in Belgium and northern France are faced with life or death for millions of our people. You alone have the setting for this job. If you will undertake it, I will either serve under you or retire from any connection with it."

Mr. Page agreed: "Hoover, you're it." The Belgian Minister and Hugh Gibson also added their urgings.

Francqui went on to describe the bare bones of the situation: the fact that Belgium itself produced food for only 30 per cent of its population; that the cities were dependent on imports; that the Germans had seized a part of the current harvest and thousands of cattle. He sketched the already heartbreaking condition of the poor, and declared that all supplies would soon be at an end except what the farmers could hoard for themselves—and they were only 20 per cent of Belgium.

Francqui was convinced that the situation in northern France was similar to that in Belgium. He added that with the British blockade, the Germans would sooner or later be short of food for their own people and would do nothing to help the areas they had overrun.

I was greatly troubled over many aspects of the problem. I was not bothered over such administrative matters as the purchase and shipment of food. Any engineer could deal with that. But there were other phases for which there was no previous human experience to turn for guidance.

It would be necessary to find the major food supply for a whole nation; raise the money to pay for it; get it past navies at sea and occupying armies on land; set up an agency for the just distribution of supplies for everybody, and see that the enemy took none. The job that loomed for us was not "relief" in any known sense. It was the feeding of a nation.

I asked Francqui on what resources we could depend. He stated that the Belgian banks would make available all their balances abroad; that the exiled Belgian government had some resources they had brought out of Belgium; that he had a plan by which food would be sold in Belgium to those who could pay and that the currency thus received could be translated into foreign exchange to buy more food for those who could not pay.

I then said that I must have a day to reflect on whether I could take on the relief job; that I had responsibilities to private concerns in difficulties because of the war; that I must find out whether I could get substitutes for my various positions. I had to consider whether I could give up my professional income. The prospect entailed considerable sacrifice, as my aggregate income from professional activities in various countries was very large.

RUGS
GRAYVILLE
POST OFFICE
BTOBEY

"... the office is sweltering. The boss caught the whole filing department going down for coffee. Margie, in accounting, got engaged, finally. The new shipping clerk is real cute ..."

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

During the afternoon and next day I consulted my associates, and, by cable, our principal clients abroad. They agreed to accept my engineering colleagues in temporary charge with the understanding that I give occasional help on major matters.

The following day I met again with Francqui and the ambassador. I told them I would do the job—without any remuneration, since I could not appeal to others to sacrifice without sacrifice myself—and on condition that I was to have absolute command.

I insisted that one could not conduct a project of this sort by a knitting bee, that we would need to organize a great campaign the world over, not only to secure funds but to create a world opinion that would keep the door to Belgium open through the blockade and keep the Germans from taking food from them; and that we must set up a central organization of Belgians to consolidate all their local committees and supervise details of distribution, with Francqui as chairman.

I told Mr. Page that I must have the full support and protection of the American Ambassador in London. To all of which Page and Francqui agreed. We surveyed our immediate resources, which seemed to be at least $10,000,000 without counting on the charitable response.

Big Order for Chicago Wheat

When we had ended the conversation, I promptly called a broker and gave an order to buy 10,000,000 bushels of Chicago wheat futures, as that price was bound to rise rapidly with the war and with any announcement of Belgian buying.

I also called engineers Millard Hunsiker, John White, Edgar Rickard, Millard Shaler and John Lucey, as well as Hugh Gibson, Ben S. Allen (of the Associated Press) and a third man, a banker—all Americans—to meet next morning at my office.

In a few moments the Commission for Relief in Belgium (the C.R.B. for short) was born, with hardly a sheet of paper as a birth certificate. It was not a corporation and, as a partnership, meant unlimited financial responsibility for each of us. On realizing this the banker withdrew. Lucey was assigned to open a shipping office in Rotterdam, Rickard to manage the London office, White the shipping and purchasing. Shaler was to head the Brussels office, Gibson to be our diplomatic adviser. I arranged by cable for Lindon Bates to open an office in New York.

Despite our ignorance of many things, we were wise enough in that first meeting to fix certain policies. We laid out a program to organize world charity and public opinion. We determined that we must have not only Ambassador Page as an honorary chairman on our letterhead, but also all other American Ambassadors and Ministers in Europe, and that we must try to enlist other important neutral ambassadors and ministers as patrons in order to make clear our neutral character and to have their aid and protection in negotiations with the belligerent governments.

Finally John White remarked, "We are about to handle millions of dollars. Someday some swine will rise up and say we either made a profit out of this business or that we stole the money." On the spot we sent Edgar Rickard to see Sir William Plender, head of a leading British firm of auditors, to engage them not only to audit but actually keep the accounts, and to countersign all checks. It was an unusual job for an auditing firm. Sir William agreed not only to do it, but to do it without payment except for the bare salaries of the men he would have to place in C.R.B. offices all over the world.

John White's prophecy proved correct. Such swine did "rise up" afterward. But we confronted them with not only independent auditors but the most elaborate accounting statistics ever produced.

Ambassador Page readily agreed to back up the invitation we proposed to send to the various ambassadors and ministers, American and other neutrals, to become honorary chairmen or patrons of our organization. Officials of the Swedish, Norwegian, Swiss and Danish governments declined to join our committee. No doubt their governments were frightened that we might implicate them in the holocaust. But with faithful and efficient co-operation among American, Dutch and Spanish officials, we maintained the neutral color of the organization throughout the war.

By telegraph we rapidly set up Belgian Relief Committees all over the world. I requested the governors of all 48 states to set up state committees; over 40 did so. Through an old friend, Lord Courtney, I got the Duke of Norfolk to head a British Empire Committee with the assistance of Sir William Goode. They in turn set up committees in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada. We organized committees in Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Switzerland. Louis Chevrillon, an engineering colleague of mine, set up a committee in France. By degrees, beginning with the Argentine, we set up committees in most of the Latin-American states, and later in Japan.

This world-wide organization became our effective armor against periodic attempts by both British and German militarists to suppress or restrict our activities.

Rhodes Scholars Volunteer

We needed an American staff for Belgium. While we were recruiting volunteers, a young man named Perrin C. Galpin walked into the office, saying that he was a scholar at Oxford and had seen word of the C.R.B. in the papers. He asked if he could volunteer. At once I asked if he thought we could get some of the American Rhodes scholars. He thought we could get them all. In a few days 15 of the finest and most courageous American youngsters ever born were en route to Brussels. When the supply from Oxford was exhausted, our New York office gathered us volunteers of the same type. Many of them served with me for years after.

Eventually we had 300 volunteers. As a commentary on them, I might mention that when the C.R.B. was finally liquidated some years later, I set up a fund to be used for any of them who, through bad luck, might fall upon evil times. With no additions except interest, the fund is now much larger than when it started. Obviously they were a self-supporting group.

With the co-operation of Dutch Foreign Minister John Loudon, we picked up 20,000 tons of wheat and other supplies in Holland and delivered them to the larger Belgian cities by canal within a week after our organization meeting. Being Dutch-owned, these cargoes required no British permit. The British blockade had not yet been perfected to control indirect supplies through neutral nations. Within six weeks, we had, in addition to the Dutch supplies, delivered to Belgium some 60,000 tons of food from overseas, Sir Edward Grey having secured permits for that amount through the blockade. Belgium's cities were saved for the moment.

At this time none of us thought that the war would last longer than until the summer of 1915. Therefore, we believed that if we could tide the Belgians over for eight months until the next harvest, that would end the job.

The knowledge that we would have to go on for four years, find a billion dollars, transport 5,000,000 tons of concentrated food, administer rationing, price controls and farm production, and contend with combatant governments and world shortages of food and ships, was mercifully hidden from us.

Mr. Hoover soon found that to feed 10,000,000 people he had to battle Allied and German officials and to take abuse in the U.S. The stirring story of the great relief effort is told in next week's Collier's. Ask your dealer today to save your copy

U.S. Army Wives—The Big Snafu in Europe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

are no longer in Germany primarily to protect against a resurgence of the Germans. They are here to protect Germany and the rest of the world against a possible Soviet attempt to conquer Western Europe. Official recognition was given to the new mission last November by the government of the United States, when the Seventh Army was reactivated and the 40,000 U.S. troops then available for tactical deployment were placed under Eddy's direct command.

Where Families Do Not Belong

Presumably the new mission—to be as ready as we possibly can for any new D day in Europe—is seriously conceived. If not, then certainly our civilian and military leaders are betraying the public trust by committing four additional United States divisions to service on European soil this year. Yet if the mission *is* as vital and as urgent as the statesmen have said, and as the evidence here confirms, then it no longer makes any sense at all to keep American families here. To borrow the language of the military, those families belong back in the zone of the interior. They do not belong on the front lines. They do not belong within 10 minutes' jet-flying time of a hundred Russian fighter bases in Eastern Germany.

Today the continued presence of 45,000 American dependents throughout the U.S. zone of Germany imposes very serious tactical and logistical handicaps on the United States Army command. Tomorrow, in the grim event of war, their presence might constitute catastrophe.

Perhaps the most important single disadvantage in having the families in Germany at present is the shocking waste of military man power which results. It is worthy of note that, until the present reinforcements began to arrive, the wives and the children and the mothers-in-law actually outnumbered the combat soldiers. There were 100,000 GIs in Germany but only two of every five of them could be made available for Eddy's Army. The other 60,000—three fifths of the men here—were tied down in supply or maintenance or administrative jobs, many of them doing "housekeeping" chores which, to put it bluntly, were frivolous indeed in the light of the stern mission assigned the command as a whole.

A colonel is in charge of schools for the American children in Germany today. That colonel could be commanding a combat regiment.

A captain and a sergeant run a luxury hotel for officials of the U.S. High Commission and their families near Bonn. The captain might better be in command of a rifle company and the sergeant leading one of his platoons.

Noncoms are floor supervisors in the Army supermarkets. They might much better be manning mortars or machine guns.

GIs drive the Army staff cars which are placed at the disposal of officers and their families vacationing in the beautiful and elaborate mountainside recreation centers maintained by the Army in Germany's Alps. Those GIs would make welcome additions to the line outfits of the Seventh Army.

Soldiers run Army movie houses and bowling alleys. Soldiers are foremen of German labor gangs performing such nonmilitary tasks as repairing roofs, fixing plumbing, mending fences or seeding lawns in the houses occupied by American families. A captain runs the Army's retail liquor store in Frankfort. A colonel is the engineer in charge of an impressive modern housing project now being erected for U.S. officials' families in the suburbs of Bonn, the German capital. Sergeants manage ski lodges, officers manage hotels.

The chief medical officer of one of the divisions in Eddy's command told me not long ago that he was desperately short of doctors in his outfit. He admitted candidly that he and his subordinates did not have time to give really thorough medical care to the GIs in the division. Yet, in other big military hospitals in Germany, doctors wearing the bars and insignia of officers in the U.S. Army medical corps are busy night and day—delivering babies and treating measles. (In 1950, the officer-obstetricians of just one Army General Hospital—the 97th in Frankfurt—brought another 852 new little dependents into the European Command.)

The European Command—EUCOM—is the designation for the headquarters which, in the past, has included all the ground, naval and air forces in Europe and which was organized specifically for an occupation mission. Its chief, four-starred General Thomas T. Handy, is nominally Eddy's immediate military superior. However, since the reactivation of the Seventh Army, Handy's responsibilities have been very considerably curtailed and EUCOM's job limited to administration, supply and communications. Eddy's tactical chain of command goes back to General Eisenhower at the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers in Europe.

But one of the functions which does still remain under EUCOM jurisdiction is the supervision of dependents, and it's a function which the officers on Handy's staff appear most reluctant to abandon. Personnel and logistics officers, interviewed on the subject, avow solemnly that the 45,000 women and children constitute hardly an extra burden to EUCOM at all. One officer maintained that a survey he had conducted showed that only about 60 officers and some 300 enlisted men were required in all Germany to care for the dependents.

When these figures were cited to a senior officer in the Seventh Army he snorted in undisguised derision.

"That," he declared, "really shows how you can use statistics to prove anything you want. Those figures may—I say *may*—be correct if they include only officers and men who do absolutely nothing but deal with dependents. But if you take into account soldiers who spend part or most of their time doing nonmilitary work which they would not have to do if the families were shipped home, you will discover that the totals are a good many times that high.

"Put it this way," he continued. "If all the little empires we have built up here—the military posts and the subposts which were set up mainly to organize the housekeeping—were eliminated or reduced to sensible proportions and we *really* got on a combat footing, I would be able to form nearly a division, certainly at least two good regimental combat teams, out of the personnel now being wasted. And, brother, we could use two more RCTs!"

Generals' Opinions Differ

It is the European Command which, with the U.S. High Commission, has the basic responsibility for any decision to send the families home. However, in justice to General Handy, it should be pointed out that General Eddy, although far more ready to concede the tactical burdens the dependents impose, has also indicated in the past that he would prefer to keep them here. Their "stabilizing influence," he has said, outweighs the many disadvantages of their presence.

Even an admirer of the Seventh Army commander might well question his judgment on this point. Is it consistent with his own sober estimate of the situation, already indicated? Are the "stabilizing influences" of which he spoke—however important in the past—really desirable for soldiers who may be sent into battle tomorrow? Is not trigger-readiness to be sought rather than the stability of a family man? That is admittedly a hard-boiled attitude. But if the situation warrants our sending 100,000 reinforcements to Europe, doesn't it warrant our being hard-boiled?

As it stands, the situation is contradictory indeed. Manton Eddy is busy shifting his units to areas where they are more directly in the line of a potential Soviet attack. But every time he shifts a unit he has to shift the unit's wives and children.

There is a good deal of point to a bitter cartoon printed recently in a German newspaper, the Freie Presse of Bielefeld. The cartoon is captioned, "Sergeant Green Leaves for a new Combat Post." It shows a GI, his wife on one arm, a chubby son clutching his other hand, walking out of a hotel entrance. Following him are a maid and assorted porters carrying radio, golf clubs, trunks and other impedimenta. In the background can be seen the reception clerk, running frantically after the caravan, shouting, "Hey, Sergeant Green! You forgot to take your rifle along."

The Most Convincing Answer

The writer has asked a good many line officers and senior noncoms—it should be noted that privates and corporals have not been permitted to bring dependents to Germany—if they felt they could devote themselves more fully to their soldiering if their families were not here. There have been almost as many different answers as answerers, but the one which struck me as most convincing was that of a youthful captain in command of a rifle company. The captain quietly pointed out that when his outfit was on a field problem in the Grafenwöhr maneuver area, near the Czech border, and the families were left behind, the men got infinitely more training done and, in his phrase, "sharpened up" immeasurably.

"Then we come back to our home station, even for a few days," he said, "and immediately there's a letdown. We're strictly an eight-to-five Army again. You can't do it that way—at least, not with soldiers who may have to fight tomorrow."

Another company commander in the same regiment, who had sent his wife and baby home last fall during a period of political tension, said he rued having done so. He said he was the loneliest officer in the unit. But it is notable that, when pressed, this officer conceded that he spent a good deal more time on the job nowadays.

There is, of course, still a critical lack of housing in Western Germany. As a consequence, some officers and noncoms must commute as far as 65 miles between their billets and their battle posts. It need hardly be asked what this does to their efficiency.

And the lack of housing raises another important problem which the European Command is going to have to face up to very shortly. The political decision has been taken—and no one here would question its wisdom—not to requisition any more German housing for the American forces.

In recent months a substantial amount of new building has been undertaken to provide quarters for U.S. dependents in Germany. (Most of the dwellings constructed have been modern apartment units, paid for out of U.S. aid appropriations to Germany. Ultimately, these dwellings are to revert to the German population.) However, the money available for such new construction is now running out, and there are still far too few apartments to accommodate the families of all the eligible officers and men in the four divisions slated to arrive in Germany in the next few months.

Just face this question: What will hap-

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pen to the morale of the new arrivals when they find they are unable to bring their families over to join them, if the GIs already on the scene are living the good domestic life?

Up to now we have examined only the disadvantages of keeping U.S. families in Germany under the circumstances prevailing today. But what would it be like to have them here tomorrow if—and this is the possibility we are told that we must face—the Soviets should strike, suddenly and ruthlessly?

Evacuation Plans Are Drawn

The European Command has long since drawn up plans for the evacuation of dependents in the event of hostilities. From time to time, these plans have conscientiously been brought up to date; presumably, they are as complete and well thought out as possible.

Yet, should the Russians strike, there would be grave problems which could not be solved and grave hazards which could not be eliminated, no matter how thoroughly drafted were the plans to save the American families. Let us give a realistic glance at a few of those problems and hazards:

1. The mission of our soldiers in Europe is to deter Soviet aggression—or to meet it, if it comes. Even when the contemplated schedule of reinforcement has been completed, we will be heavily outmanned by the legions on the other side of the Iron Curtain. In the event of a Russian attack, it is obvious we would need every man we could possibly throw into the line to halt the initial thrust. How, then, could we possibly afford to divert our scarce and precious military man power to escort long convoys of families half across Europe to the Atlantic and the boats and planes home? The Russians also have a heavy advantage in tactical air strength in Europe. How should we use *our* Air Force? To pounce on the advancing Soviet columns—or to fly cover for family convoys streaming along the refugee-jammed roads to the West?

2. Our soldiers are charged with the defense of Europe. How could they devote themselves single-mindedly to this task if their first thoughts were—as they certainly would be—for the defense of their own families? Could officers and noncoms, nagged by urgent anxiety for the safety of their loved ones within perilously close range of the Soviet spearheads, render the most effective leadership to the men under their command come H hour?

3. What would be the effect on the morale of our Allies if, when the fighting broke out, a main part of our effort were devoted to getting *our* women and children to safety? How would Germans, Belgians, Dutchmen and Frenchmen react, in those hours of tumult and terror, to the knowledge that their wives and babies would have to remain in the path of the Russians while the American dependents fled to sanctuary? Would they fight with enthusiasm to cover the retreat of the 45,000? What a field day the propaganda fifth column would have!

There are those Americans in Germany who base their conviction that dependents should now be sent home mainly or solely on the fear that they could not be safely evacuated should Russia attack, despite the Army's plans—that a Dunkerque-like withdrawal might be required of these thousands of American women and children, with resultant heavy losses. In this respect, it is at least worthy of note that there would be some 9,000 American babies in the long evacuation columns and that there would be another 6,000 toddlers between the ages of three and five who would have to join their mothers in the flight toward safety.

A number of reasons have been advanced, of course, to explain the continued presence of the American families in Germany. Some aides of General Handy and U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy, the men who would have to make the decision to send them home, have maintained that such a move would create panic among the Europeans. Others have said we cannot afford to lose the democratizing influences of the families on the German population. Still another argument has been that it would depress the morale and endanger the morals of the soldiers who were forced to send their wives and children 3,000 miles away from them. The first of these arguments—the effect on European morale—is perhaps the one most often cited. It would be unwise to dismiss it out of hand, since a number of eminent persons state their belief in it.

McCloy recently told the writer he felt the German people would be "extremely uneasy" if they saw the American families pulling out.

Yet it is proper to question whether we should permit the possibility of panic among the Europeans to alter a policy we are otherwise convinced is right. When the Chinese Communists committed their forces en masse in Korea, a great many Europeans were tremendously concerned; they wanted us to pull our forces out right then and accept defeat. When the Western governments, under the Atlantic Pact, began to outline their plans for a common defense, a great many more Europeans voiced nervousness; they said we might be inciting the Soviets to a preventive war. But what should we have done? Should we have charted our course of action by the baleful light of their fears or—as we did—by the light of our principles?

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S "No wonder Kennesaw sings in the shower!" REAMER KELLER

German Fears Can Be Allayed

And in this particular case there are many who feel certain we need not unduly stir up alarm anyway, if we approach the problem of the dependents' departure with reasonable skill. Among those many are McCloy's own information specialists. Disagreeing with their chief, they say the fears of the Germans can be allayed to a large extent fairly easily. In the first place, they note that the Germans have chronically complained, since the beginning of the occupation, about the presence of the dependents. They have griped about the requisitioning of their houses, they have objected to paying the servants' wages, the rents, the coal bills, the half-a-hundred other items which are part of the Occupation Costs bill. They have bitterly resented the free-and-easy ways of the conquerors in the fatherland. It may not be flattering knowledge, but the Germans' gratification at the departure of these alien families with their alien ways would almost certainly be a far more conspicuous emotion than the twinges of fright some might feel.

And we should be able to eliminate even the twinges by telling the Germans the truth and, for once, telling it to them well. We could make it quite clear that we were sending families home not because there was any information indicating an imminent Soviet attack, but because we were determined to waste none of our man power and divert none of our energies from the common mission. We could stress that we were not pulling all noncombatants out; that those civilians, men or women, whose presence here was essential to the work of our military and civilian agencies would remain. We could answer any Communist cries that this proved we were stripping for the attack by posing to them the single simple question: How could we be plotting attack while outnumbered three or four to one?

By effective common-sense presentation, we should be able to calm most of the fears of all our European allies. We cannot afford to botch the job; but even if we did, the apprehension engendered would be nothing compared to the terror and demoralization which would result if we pulled our wives and children out later, on the eve of battle.

It is hard to say whether those who assert the dependents should stay because of their democratizing influence on the local populace are arguing with tongue in cheek or not. But let's take them seriously. Let us concede that there are American wives or children who have exerted such influence on the Germans. Ellen McCloy, the "Frau High Commissioner," for example, has definitely served the democratization program more valiantly than many of her husband's male advisers. All in all, however, the American wives and children in Germany have lived largely isolated from the local population in tight little occupation "colonies." At most, their impact has been a marginal one. And it would be eminently fair to say that their presence has generated at least as much friction as good will.

It is somewhat more difficult to reply to those who argue that both the morale and the morals of our troops in Germany would be lowered if their families were sent home. Certainly the infantry officer who sent his wife and baby back to the United States last fall is not as contented as his brother officers who still have their families with them. But wouldn't his dissatisfaction be lessened if everyone were in the same boat? And, once again, is the placid contentment of family life the best psychological preparation for a soldier who may be called to combat at any time?

The writer was very much surprised to find that, when he asked married officers and noncoms whether they thought families should be sent home under today's circumstances, a substantial majority replied, after thoughtful reflection, "Yes." Perhaps the staff officers of the European Command are underestimating the integrity of purpose of our soldiers here and their sober comprehension of the situation we face.

As to morals, there can be no denying that very serious strains may be put on the family ties when a husband and father is separated by an ocean and a good many months from his wife and children. It is neither easy nor pleasant to enforce that separation. But today's stresses do not permit us to take the easy and pleasant way out. Do we mean business or don't we? If so, the possible effect on morals is but one of the minor risks we must run. If not, we have absolutely no right to draft boys into uniform, and send them thousands of miles from *their* families as reinforcements for this European Command.

Mass Exodus Is Inadvisable

Once it was conceded that the families must be sent home, only one final problem would remain: how to go about it. It would be physically impossible, as well as psychologically dangerous, to evacuate 45,000 women and children plus household furnishings all at once. If we tried to rush all of them onto the first boats home, then the Europeans probably really would be scared.

We need not, of course, do this. Dependents should be "phased out," calmly and steadily, over a period which might last as long as four or five months. The first obvious step would be to issue an order (as has already been done in Japan) that no more soldiers' families would be permitted to come to Europe. Step two would be to set up a priority system for departures. The sooner a GI's assignment in Europe was to end, the sooner his wife and children would be shipped out. Those men with the longest time left to serve of their overseas assignment would be permitted to keep their families until the end of the "phasing-out" period.

To soften the blow which would be inevitable no matter how sensibly and sympathetically the evacuation were handled, most commanders here agree it would be necessary to shorten the soldiers' tour of duty in Europe. It has been three years; in some cases it has been extended to four. If the families were sent back, the tour should be cut to two years.

This would be long enough to insure the necessary continuity of command, but not long enough to work an unnecessary hardship on those men separated from their families.

Soften the blow we can. Stave it off entirely we cannot. There will be many a tearful departure from the ports of Europe and many a soldier thinking lonesomely in Germany of the wife and babies he has had to send away from him. It will be no fun to order or to carry out "Operation Homebound."

But—let us finally face it—our soldiers are not over here for fun. They are in Europe on the most important mission that can be assigned free men.

A decision to accept that mission without qualification is long overdue. It is high time that we let the world know that we are here to do a job. It is high time for the United States commanders in Germany to make clear they will not let anything (not even the comforts and contentments of family life) or anyone (not even their own beloved wives and children) deflect them from the stern assignment they have undertaken. THE END

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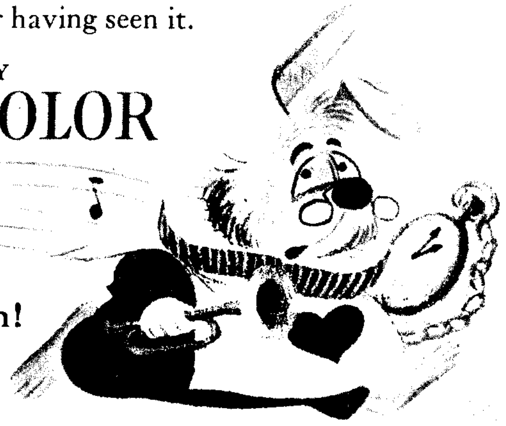

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Patty, the Atomic Pig

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

I haven't seen a fly, a mosquito, a butterfly, or a beetle or a wild bee anywhere. All the birds and lizards sure complained."

"Good gracious!" said Patricia. "You're doubly lucky you prefer shrimp. That was a powerful insecticide. It might have made you very ill."

The rail fluttered his short wings. Suddenly he stopped and stared at the entrance of the lagoon. "Look, they're coming back! They're coming back."

"The Bikinians?"

"No," said the rail. "They're all very happy on the island of Rongerik, where the coconuts are bigger. I mean those big ships that make so much smoke."

PATRICIA sat still and watched the long line of ships moving into the lagoon. Two were snow-white hospital ships. Soon they all stopped and small boats began moving about in all directions.

"It's those noisy sailors again," screeched the rail. "Run for your life!" And he took off, flapping his wings, and quickly disappeared behind a native hut not far from the beach.

Patricia was in a dither about what to do. She had to make up her mind, though, for two landing boats were heading for her. In the bows, sailors were yelling and waving their white hats. She knew they'd seen her. Then she too ran and skidded behind the hut. As she lay stretched out, trying to regain her breath, a voice from behind a pile of pandanus plant branches said, "That was a close one." And out walked the rail.

"Where—can—we—go?" Patricia asked between gasps.

Just then two tall men, each carrying a box and wearing gloves, entered the hut. "It still registers 'sweet' on my Geiger counter," one of the men said. "Yeah, and I expected the whole island to be 'sour.' There's no radioactivity here. Bet that next underwater bomb plays Old Harry with this layout, though," said his companion.

Patricia began to feel horribly overheated and uncomfortable from running and her skin started to tingle. Then, all at once, her body began to crackle and make spluttering noises. The rail became frightened and backed away from her. "What's got into you?" he screamed. Patricia started to roll in the sand and the two tall men came running from the hut. They stopped and held out their boxes toward her. The "tick-tick" was very loud. The rail turned and fled. Patricia stopped rolling, got up and ran down to the beach and splashed into the lagoon. The two men ran after her, yelling.

Patricia swam as fast as she could thrash her little legs, holding her nose high out of the water. It was hard for her to see and she didn't know she was swimming in circles. Before long, she was picked up by a landing boat and brought back to the good ship Burleson. There was great excitement at the tank on deck when they gave her a detergent bath to remove any clinging particles of radioactivity.

"Why, it's Patricia!" the big sailor shouted, as he looked at the tag on her left ear. Soon a group of veterinarians (they're animal doctors) crowded around and stared at her in amazement. And it wasn't long before the generals, admirals, scientists, newsmen and curious people came to have a look at the piglet who had survived the great atomic blast.

"Unbelievable!" wheezed the tall, thin scientist who had asthma.

"Astounding!" said the short, stout scientist.

"There must be some mistake!" said the squeaky-voiced scientist.

"Phooey," whispered the big sailor into Patricia's ear, and he took her down to her pen in the hold and fed her well.

"Humph, so you're a celebrity now," said a voice in the next crate. Patricia turned and was surprised to discover it was the same goat who had talked to her before the blast.

"We both were very lucky," said Patricia and then went on telling the goat all that had happened. For some time then, the gossipy goat kept reminding the piglet what might happen to her friend the rail bird. Patricia felt very sad when she thought of the next undersea explosion, and she wondered if she would ever see the rail again.

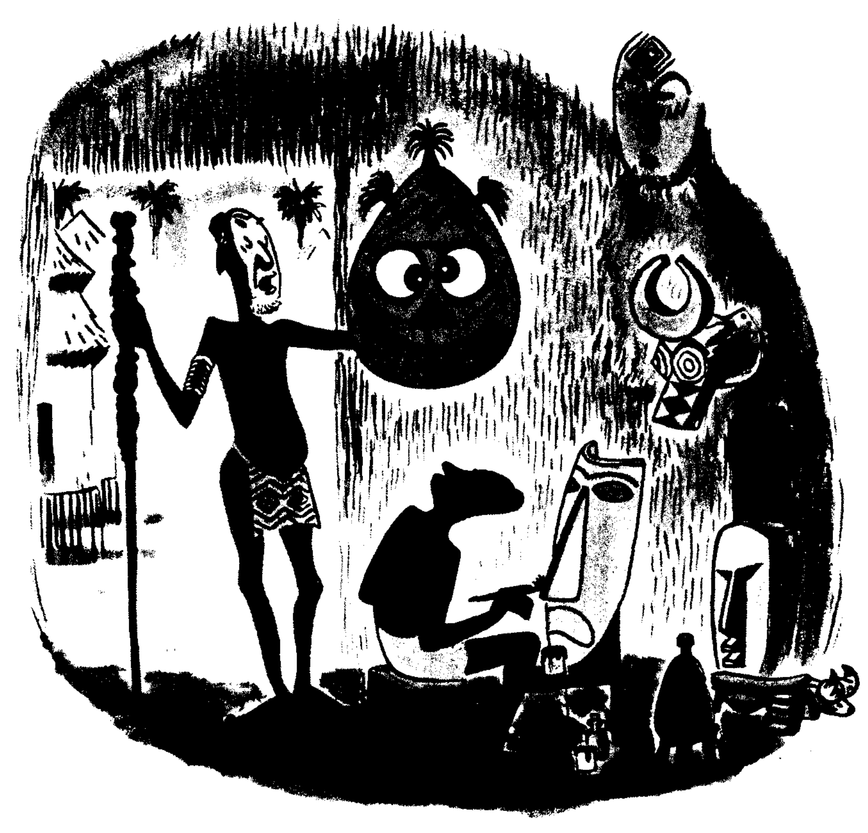
Weeks later, after the ship had left Bikini, Patricia awoke one morning to find that her color had changed back to black and white. She felt wonderful. No longer did she tingle, crackle or splutter. She told her neighbor about it.

"Fine," said the goat, "but have you heard about the second bomb?" Patricia listened in silence. He had been talking with some other goats who had witnessed the great tower of water that had shot up in the lagoon. Truly an awesome sight.

"A column of boiling water rose a mile high, sank two battleships and an aircraft carrier," said the goat. "And huge waves hit the island and sent a radioactive spray far over the land."

That made Patricia unhappy, and she was sorry she'd listened to the gossipy goat.

Then came the day when the ship docked and the goats, pigs and rats were all sent to the Naval Medical Research Institute at Bethesda, Maryland.



"Being the most highly esteemed doctor in this community, I feel that this mask you made for me . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

A YEAR later, the piglet had grown into a 350-pound sow. Now and then she saw the gossipy goat. That was when the generals, admirals and scientists would gather to look at and discuss the animals, and take their pictures. The goat complained because they were always giving him tests, but Patricia was content. She was getting fatter because all she did was eat and sleep. They bothered her now and then for blood counts, but that was all.

Often, she wondered what had happened to the rail and the big sailor, both of whom had been so kind to her.

On a hot June afternoon two years later, she was suddenly awakened by the flashing of cameras. She was invited to wobble out into the yard, where she was soon surrounded by the largest group of generals, admirals, scientists, newsmen and curious people she had ever seen. Her feet hurt, so she sat down and grunted a few times.

"To think she was once so nervous and irritable," said a doctor to a general. "Incredible!" spoke up a squinting scientist, removing his glasses. "She now weighs well over 600 pounds," said an elderly admiral who wore gold braid a foot long on each sleeve. Then he gently patted her on the head. Everyone laughed and crowded closer to touch her, as two sailors helped push her up a wide plank into a truck. After she sat down, snorting and puffing in a corner, everyone cheered her. Patricia was driven slowly to the National Zoological Park at Washington, D.C.

Upon arriving, she was again greeted by another group of generals, admirals, scientists, newsmen and curious people. But among them was one extra-kindly older man, the director of the zoo. He rubbed her behind the ears as she wobbled into a large caged yard of one of the animal houses.

Patricia sat down in a shady spot and looked up at the zoo director. It was very hot and her chin moved up and down as she panted heavily. "I hope you like it here," said the zoo director and brought her a stone basin full of corn. He smiled, looked down at her over his glasses, turned, walked away and locked the gate.

"Nice guy, that," said a gruff voice behind her. Patricia turned around and found herself facing the ugliest pig she had ever seen. He was staring at her from the next cage, through the wire. He had bags under his eyes, four tusks sticking out of his jaws and bumps all over his face. Long, wiry hair grew straight up along his spine, and his eyes were small, shifty and mean-looking.

"I'm Wilbur the Wart Hog," he introduced himself. "Come from the African Gold Coast. They sent me here as a gift from the Ashanti. Ever hear of them?" The ugly fellow shoved his nose through the fence. Patricia didn't like the smell of him, but he was friendly so she said politely, "No, but it's nice to know you."

Later that day, Patricia learned that the other two cages of their particular animal house held two spotted hyenas and a nasty-tempered tapir. Wilbur the Wart Hog told her this in short grunts and deep snorts, all the while blinking his watery eyes. The hyenas made funny barking noises at night, and the tapir walked back and forth all day long, dragging his feet. He kept his head down, too, as though he had lost something and was looking for it.

Across the walk from them was a giraffe house, and back of that a large cage with wading birds. Patricia could hear them jabbering and squawking, but could only see the top of their big cage, through which ran a small stream.

After a few days, the zoo director came back with Patricia's keeper, a short, bald, fat fellow who was always whistling; and on her cage front they bolted a white signboard. That same day a schoolteacher came up to the cage with a group of little boys and girls and she read out loud Patricia's capsule history as recorded on the sign.

"Gee," said one curly-headed boy, "she sure saw sumpn!"

Long after the pupils had left, Patricia went about picking up and munching the peanuts they had tossed to her.

IT WAS not many days before Wilbur the Wart Hog began showing his resentment at all the attention his portly neighbor was receiving. It was a quiet morning. The keeper had just washed down the cages and there wasn't one visitor about when Wilbur crashed against the cage and, snarling, bellowed at her, "So, you're famous—just because you were blown off a boat and can swim!"

Patricia was flabbergasted by the sudden outburst, and also somewhat taken aback at the sight of his ugly tusks when he opened his mouth. But she composed herself and closed her eyes, ignoring Wilbur. For days after that, the two just lay about their cages, completely aloof of each other.

One evening, as it was getting dark, Patricia thought she heard a familiar voice. "*Cutchi-tirrek, cutchi-tirrek*" came a chirping from the pipe frame at the top of her cage. Patricia looked up, and there sat the railbird from Bikini! With a swoop he descended, flapping his short wings, and bowed politely. "A tern saw you and told me you were here," said the rail. "He's with me in the large cage just across the way."

Patricia was speechless.

"They caught us both—the tern and me—after the second explosion. He saw them pick you up in the lagoon," the rail went on.

Wilbur the Wart Hog edged over to the fence to listen.

"Who's your ugly friend?" asked the rail.

Patricia shook with laughter at her old friend's impertinence.

They chatted for a while, and suddenly the rail said, "I just remembered tomorrow is an anniversary. Many people will be here to see us. I've got to get ready."

"How did you get out?" Patricia asked.

"Under the wire by the stream," said the rail and, bowing abruptly, he ran a little way before taking off into the dusk, flying back to his own cage.

And, sure enough, the very next day, a great group of generals, admirals, scientists, newsmen and curious people, along with five congressmen and the zoo director, gathered in front of Patricia's sign and smiled as cameras flashed.

Patricia leaned against the cage and watched it all in silence. "Why all the fuss?" asked Wilbur the Wart Hog, sidling up as close as he could and staring at the assemblage.

"They still want to know how I escaped the explosion—and I won't tell them," Patricia chuckled. THE END

Point Venus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

that you indulged in carnal relations with this—wastrel?"

A wave of color washed across her face. "I will not answer such a question."

His gaze had fastened on her face. "Just what is your relationship with this man?"

Marianna half-rose from her chair. "How can that concern you?"

"Your immortal soul is my concern! And the souls of the children who receive their teaching from you. Sit down, Miss Moore!"

His command had the effect of a blow at the back of her knees, and she sank down into the chair again.

"You must marry this man," he said.

She stared at him. "I cannot."

"What! Why not?"

How could she marry someone who did not want her, didn't love her, who valued his freedom above any human relationship? No, that wasn't a fair way to put it. How could she marry him now, when he would only be acting from duty or pity?

Sharply, Mr. Thomson repeated, "Why not?"

"That is my own affair," she said.

"I don't think so." He looked at her shrewdly, speaking more slowly. "I can guess why. The blackguard has made no move to marry you. That kind never does! Well, let me tell you this, Miss Moore: I can make Tahiti so unpleasant for him if he refuses—"

"You musn't do anything!"

"Oh, but I must! It's my duty. I'll see that you are married within a week."

The anger that had been rising in her suddenly boiled to the surface. "You're talking of something you can't possibly understand. Leave me alone!"

"All right, woman! But understand this; you are never to enter my schoolroom again. Your teaching days are finished." They had both risen, and were staring at each other. "To think," he said, "that I had chosen you to guide my school for fallen women."

She turned away blindly, and he came toward her around the desk. "Think of your father! What suffering his spirit must be enduring now!"

She started for the door. "Leave my father out of this!"

"I cannot forget whose daughter you are. Stay, and ask forgiveness. Repent your sin, and I will pray with you."

"I don't want your prayers!" she said furiously. "And I don't want your pious curiosity!" She opened the door and banged it shut behind her. Outside, the sunshine was like a giant searching eye; she had a feeling that she was naked in it, exposed to any prying gaze.

This had been her world!—a world of bigotry and cant, of meddlesome interference into other people's affairs, but it was hers no longer. The brutal impact of Thomson's words had left her shaken; yet she was curiously reinforced in her determination that Jonas would never be forced by such pious and unfair judgments to a position he might regret.

THE evening star, rising above Papeete Bay on that Christmas Eve of the year 1844, was hugely golden. Marianna sat in the shadows on her veranda watching it.

It was a week now since her dismissal by Mr. Thomson—a week of idleness, of curious unreality. Instinctively as an animal, she spent her time quietly, trying not to think very much, waiting for the aimless hours to pass until the fresh wound of her interview with Thomson might heal over and become only a scar on her spirit. She had seen Jonas frequently during the week, but she had taken the utmost pains to conceal from him the fact of her dismissal.

She saw him now, coming along the road with his long, impatient stride, and as he turned in the pathway to her cottage, it was impossible to keep the joyousness from her voice as she greeted him.

He sat down in the chair next to hers, stretching his legs out in front of him. "Have you been back long?"

"Back?"

"From church."

Her fingers tightened against the arm of her chair. "Oh. Yes. I—didn't go."

"Didn't go?" he said in mild surprise. "I thought the children were to sing."

"So they were," she said, "but I thought they knew it well enough without me. What's the news from town?"

"Not much. The usual gossip, but nothing official."

HER fingers relaxed their grip on the arm of her chair; here was a safe topic. "No statement from the admiral?"

Two days before, a French frigate, the Virginie, had sailed into port, with Admiral Hamelin aboard, and the town buzzed with rumors that King Louis Philippe had repudiated the seizure of the island and would restore the protectorate.

"Not a word," Jonas said. "I don't think it matters, do you? Whether we're a protectorate or a French colony isn't going to make much difference to Pomare or her people."

"It's a curious war," she said. "Like a stalemate." She leaned forward peering through the dusk. "Someone's coming—the Buelles, I think."

"Ah," he said, "prepare for further instruction in the tribulations of innkeeping."

"Sh-h." She got up to welcome them.

Mr. and Mrs. Buelle were rather alike, both small and scrawny, with indeterminate features and faded, continually anxious eyes.

"Do come in," Marianna said. "I'm glad you brought a lantern; I've been too idle even to light my lamp."

The rays of their lantern fell on Jonas as they mounted the steps, and they stopped stock-still at the top.

"It's like they said, Ellen," Mr. Buelle said excitedly. "'E's 'ere! This must 'ave been going on a long time under our very noses!"

Marianna stepped back, her hand to her throat, and Jonas jumped to his feet. "What are you talking about?"

Mrs. Buelle turned on Jonas, her voice sharp. "I'll tell you all right. The blame's all yours, I'll warrant! Sedoocing a Christian young woman like Miss Moore—"

"Watch your words!" Jonas said.

"That's right, Ellen," Mr. Buelle said. "Let's go about this calm and sensiblelike." He turned to Marianna. "We were at chapel tonight, and the minister and 'is wife asked a word with us, after. They—"

"Jonas," Marianna said swiftly. "Please go. This is my affair."

"I'm damned if I will," he said angrily. "Let's hear these creatures out."

"The minister said 'e 'ad it from Miss Moore's own lips that you and she 'ad spent a night together right under our own roof. To think of it! We tries to run a respectable place 'ere, though it's not always easy in this land, and Minister said 'e'd not consider us good church members if we let 'er stay 'ere longer."

"You're throwing Miss Moore out? Is that it?"

"Well, sir, we 'ave to. We don't like it neither; she always seemed a fine young lady—"

"Please," Marianna said, before Jonas could speak. "No more of this. I'll go tonight. I couldn't stay here any longer."

"Not tonight, Miss Moore. We didn't expect that."

"You didn't expect her to go tonight, and yet you couldn't wait to come over here with your smug talk!" Jonas said. He went toward them menacingly, virtually pushing them toward the steps. "Merry Christmas," he said. "A merry, merry Christmas to you!"

They went down the steps rather hurriedly and crossed the lawn without a backward look. Jonas turned to Marianna, putting his arm about her shoulders. "My dear, my dear, don't tremble so!"

She buried her face in her shaking hands. "It's so shameful," she said in a choked voice, "so horribly shameful! I can't stay here, even tonight. I *must* get out of here!"

Gently, he pulled her over to a chair and made her sit down, drawing his own chair close to hers. "This is why you weren't teaching this week, isn't it?"

She turned her head away, and he swore softly. "That devil Thomson! And who else, Marianna? Has the whole sanctimonious crowd been taking pot shots at you?"

"Please, Jonas, what difference does it make?"

"A great deal!" he said. "Remember, this is my concern, too."

She looked down at her hands, and made no reply. After a moment, he said, "We must be married as soon as possible."

"No," she said, without looking up. "No, I won't marry you."

"Don't be a little fool," he said angrily. "It's the only thing to do." He put his fingers under her chin to raise her face to his, and his voice was gentler. "I won't beat you, y'know."

SHE turned her head away. "Please don't talk about it. I've got to think what I can do—where I can go. Tomorrow's Christmas—I can't very well look for a place to live on Christmas Day."

"How about my room at Dr. Ferguson's? And I can live on my schooner?"

"No. Not there. I don't want the doctor mixed up in this."

They were silent, thinking. After a moment Marianna said, "I'd like to go away, far away, out into the wide, clean sea." It was like a cry of longing.

He straightened in his chair. "Marianna, how long will it take you to pack?"

"Not long. A couple of hours. There are only books, and my clothes—most of the things are stored away."

"Good," he said. "You can do that tonight, and we'll leave at dawn."

She stared at him in amazement. "Leave?"

"Yes. In the schooner. We'll sail over to Moorea and stay there a few days until you can decide what to do."

"You can't be serious!"

"Of course I am," he said impatiently.

"Jonas, you must be mad! Think how the town would talk!" She stopped abruptly, then went on ruefully: "But that's absurd, isn't it? The fat's already in the fire." She looked at him directly. "I want it understood," she said steadily, "that you are in no sense responsible for me."

A hint of amusement crept into his voice. "All right," he said. "It's understood. Now let's discuss this thing intelligently." He leaned forward, taking her hands in his. "Look here, Marianna. You must get away for a while. As for me, I need it as much as you do. I want to remove myself from the temptation of breaking a few of the godly heads around town." He tightened his hold on her hands. "Ferguson's got a smoked ham and some salt beef I can take, and there's sugar and flour and salt aboard the schooner. We'll live like kings!"

Her hands jerked a little in his clasp.

"You'll come, Marianna? Please say you'll come."

To get away from Papeete and the prying eyes; to be with Jonas, day after day—it was a dizzying prospect, an irresistible one. Why fight any longer? she thought tiredly. There was no longer any battle she could win against the already formulated verdict of the town. Her hands relaxed.

"I'd love to come," she said. "I'll start packing now."

They cooked their evening meal on shore, and then rowed back to the

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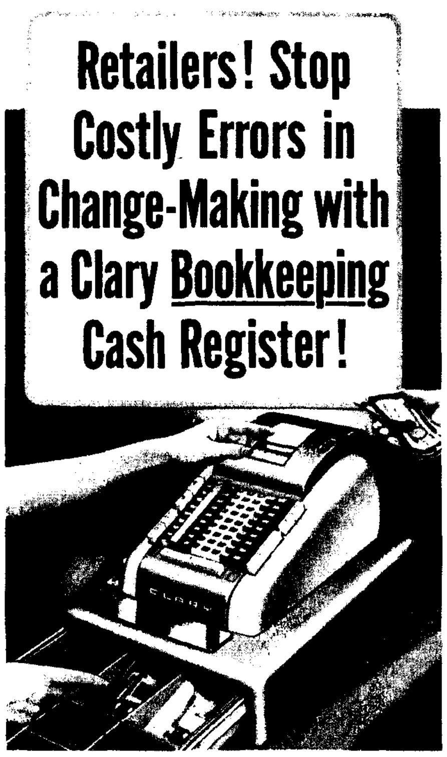

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schooner. Jonas pulled two mattresses on deck, and he and Marianna sat on these, their backs against the bulwarks. In this deep and nearly landlocked harbor, far from the sound of surf, stillness seemed to lie captive in the warm air. From this side of Moorea, Tahiti was not even visible. Less than twenty miles from Papeete, Marianna was thinking, and yet they might well be in another world. She felt herself shivering inwardly. All of her old life was as far away as Papeete seemed to be; there was nothing here that was real.

"I've had worse Christmas dinners," Jonas said, getting up and stretching. "Chicken, roast breadfruit, fresh mangoes. Who cares about plum pudding?"

She had forgotten that it was still Christmas Day. "No one," she said with an effort.

He looked down at her. "You're tired, aren't you? You didn't sleep last night."

She shook her head, and he turned and disappeared into the cabin. When he came back he was carrying two rolls of bedding. "You'll be more comfortable if you bunk on deck," he said. "I'll take my roll on shore and find shelter with one of the natives."

"The mosquitoes are bad here," she said. "You'll be devoured on shore." She had spoken without thinking that it must sound like an invitation to stay with her. She watched him silently as he lighted the lantern and hung it against the mast. "That should keep the ghosts away," he said. "You won't be afraid, will you?"

"My ghosts are all inside," she said. Her voice broke a little on the words.

Jonas looked at her searchingly; then he dropped down on the mattress behind her, pulling her close against his chest. In the silence she could feel the strong, steady beat of his heart against her back. A comforting warmth spread slowly through her exhausted body. He was no longer a stranger, she thought; he was a refuge and a friend.

After a few moments he said softly, "Shall I stay here with you?"

Her reply was so faint that he had to repeat his question, leaning forward so that his ear was close to her lips. Even then he felt, rather than heard, her answer, like a breath against his cheek. "Please stay," she whispered.

THE sun, already high in the sky, was streaming goldenly across her face when Marianna woke up next morning. She got up quietly and went down into the cabin to dress, and comb her hair.

When she came up on deck again Jonas had already dressed and was pulling a bucket of water over the side of the ship. He put it down and came toward her.

"You slept well?"

"Beautifully," she said.

He leaned forward and kissed her gravely on the forehead. For Marianna the day became filled with a kind of magic.

The days that followed were all suffused with it; even the most commonplace activities took on a special and unforgettable quality for her. Jonas had suggested that they live chiefly off the food they could forage from the land and sea, to make the stores they had brought with them last as long as possible. To do so became their main preoccupation, an absorbing game.

They climbed the hills in search of oranges and bananas and nuts; they fished the quiet bay from a borrowed outrigger canoe; they waded along the spiny reef in search of mollusks, with the white surf foaming about their ankles.

They didn't spend all their time in the search for food; often they swam lazily in the river, or paddled around the coral heads in the bay. Sometimes a gray squall of rain would sweep across the bay, and they would take shelter in the hot little cabin, reading or talking. Jonas told her of his life in America and the New England village where he was born; about his mother, who had died when he was very young, and his father, whose stern, intolerant discipline had finally driven him so far from home. And he liked to hear her tell of her childhood, of Tahiti in earlier days, and about her schooling with the other missionary children.

In the evenings they would pull their mattresses on deck and lie there, watching the stars and talking. It was like a dream to her, this idle, unhurried conversation, and the slow growth of companionship.

One day, watching her prepare fish and yams and breadfruit for roasting in the stone-lined native oven she had shown him how to make, Jonas told her teasingly that she would make an admirable wife for a beachcomber like himself.

It was not the only time he had referred to their marriage, as if it were already a settled matter, and each time she let his allusion slide by. What was there to say? Ordinarily, he did not ask an answer, but today he was more persistent. "Did you hear me, Marianna? I paid you a compliment."

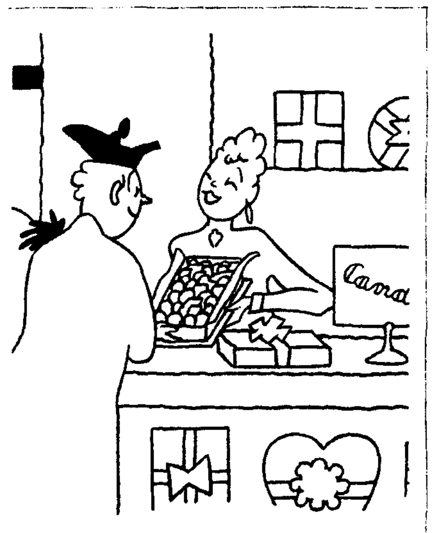
"Yes. I heard you."

"Then why don't you say something?"

"Thank you for the compliment," she said with mock primness.

"Is that all you can say? Don't you like the idea of being a beachcomber's wife?"

"It's a contradiction in terms," she said. "Beachcombers don't have wives."



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"That's because they can't find wives like you. How many women know how to catch bonito on a barbless hook, do you think?"

"All well-brought-up young ladies like myself," she said. She had put the food in the oven, and was covering it with some plantain leaves. Jonas got up to help her, pulling flat stones into place across the top of the oven and sealing it with earth.

"There! Dinner will be served shortly."

Together they strolled down to the beach, kneeling at the water's edge to wash their hands. Then they sat down on the sand, their backs against the hollow, silvery log of an old *purau* tree.

"Ah-h," he said, "this is better than my childhood dreams of a desert island. Did you ever read Robinson Crusoe?"

"Years ago," she said. "It always seemed to me rather a desolate place to be stranded."

"I can see why. But to a New England child it was wonderfully exotic and lush."

"It's curious," she said, "if it were only climate that shaped our points of view, you should be the stern and puritanical one, not I."

"What did you say?"

She started to repeat herself, then glanced at him in sudden suspicion. "You heard me, Jonas!"

"Of course I did," he said blandly. "I only wanted to hear you speak. Can anyone be stern and puritanical, with a voice like that? It has all the tropics in it." He swung around so that he faced her, putting one arm across her body and bracing his hand against the sand at her other side. "Your voice makes me think of the scent of vanilla, Marianna. You should always speak Tahitian, never English."

She felt a flush spread upward from her throat to her cheeks. Sometimes, when the urge to express her feeling for him became more than she could resist, she would lapse almost unconsciously into Tahitian, letting the warm, half-humorous, earthy phrases cover the cry that echoed in her heart, I love you, I love you . . .

"Speak to me in Tahitian, Marianna."

"You are a crazy *popaa,*" she said. "Witless as a sea urchin clinging to the reef."

"Beautiful!" he said. "Tell me more." His head bent closer to hers.

Still in Tahitian, she said a little breathlessly, "Enough flattery. Come and eat."

"In a moment," he said softly. His lips against her own were warm as the touch of sunlight on her skin.

ONE afternoon Jonas borrowed a musket from one of the natives and went up into the hills to hunt wild cocks. After he had gone, Marianna gathered together a bundle of laundry and paddled to the mouth of the little stream at the head of the bay, tied the canoe to the branch of a tree and walked upstream to a wide deep pool. She undressed, wrapped a *pareu* about her body, as the native girls did, and squatted down on a stone at the edge of the stream with the bundle beside her.

Washing out the clothes and watching the white bubbles float lazily downstream, she was idly contented. When she had finished, she spread out the laundry to dry in the sunlight, and went back to the water's edge. For a moment she stood looking down at her reflection in the clear, dark mirror of the pool. During the days in Moorea her face and arms had taken on a rosy brown, and her hair was washed to pale gold by the sun. Jonas had teased her about her reversion to native life, calling her a blonde Tahitian, an unregenerate savage. Once he had told her that her eyes were the color of the sea. Her eyes, her voice—he had created small vanities in her that had never been awakened before.

How strange, she thought, that I should be remembering things like this; and suddenly she was ashamed that she cherished them so. The figure she saw reflected in the water wrapped in a gay *pareu* seemed to bear no resemblance to Miss Marianna Moore. All at once she was washed by a sense of utter dismay.

For the first time the fact of her relationship with Jonas, stripped of all the emotions and circumstances that had brought it about, appeared to her in the same outrageous nakedness it would to Mr. Thomson or the other missionary families. She bowed her head in her hands, but tears did not come. Instead she felt a calmness and peace settling over her. In her heart she knew that she could never have changed the course she had followed.

She squared her shoulders, drew a long breath, and dived deeply into the pool. When she came to the surface she was shivering, and on her lips was the taste of the cool, sweet water.

When she got back to the schooner she was surprised to find Jonas already there. He helped her aboard, smiling at her with a mysterious air of self-satisfaction.

"You've had luck on the hunt, Jonas. I see it in your eyes."

"I got what I went for." He took the bundle of wet clothes from her hands and pulled her down to the cushion-scattered matting on the deck. "I didn't go hunting," he said. "I've been to Papetoai."

She looked at him in astonishment. Papetoai, the next bay to the west, where Mr. Simpson, her former schoolmaster, and one of the few missionaries who had not left, still had his mission station. Jonas had been to Papetoai?

"I went to see Simpson," he said. "Had quite a talk with him, in fact. It's all arranged, Marianna. He's going to marry us—tomorrow."

"Oh, no!"

He laughed shortly. "Now there's a flattering reaction! Not exactly what a man might wish to hear from his prospective bride."

She looked away from him. "Please. Don't tease me. I've told you—I cannot marry you."

"Why not?"

Why not? Because it was not his heart which urged it, but his conscience. Impossible to tell him this; the denial he would think it necessary to make would only hurt them both irreparably.

Jonas' voice was no longer mocking. "Marianna, I know you now—through and through. You love me, don't you?"

She nodded helplessly.

"Look at me," he said. "Look at me, and say it."

Her eyes found his. "I love you," she said steadily.

He pulled her hand to his lips, and kissed it. "That's all I wanted to know."

But have you asked yourself the same question, Jonas? she longed to cry out. Do you love me? Must I answer that question too?

His arms were around her now, and his lips found hers. She closed her eyes and gave herself up to the gentle warmth of his embrace. Perhaps this was what mattered after all—this, not words.

At last she spoke: "Mr. Simpson expects us tomorrow, you say?"

He held her at arm's length, his eyes on hers. "I've won my suit," he said. "The lady has accepted!"

For the rest of the evening, his gay mood persisted. It seemed to Marianna that she had never seen him so jovial, his laughter so ready, his teasing so amused, yet almost tender. Little by little, she let herself take comfort from his good humor. But the doubts that she could not erase still clouded her happiness of the moment. If only I am right, she thought. If only I could be sure that he is really ready.

IT WAS close to sunset again when they returned from Papetoai the next afternoon. Marianna turned to Jonas, breaking the silence that had been between them ever since the ceremony in Mr. Simpson's house. Tentatively, she said, "Would you like some supper?"

"Not now."

He disappeared into the cabin, and when he came up again he had a bottle of rum and two glasses in his hands. "Time for a drink," he said, sitting down beside her. "Marriage celebration, and all that."

There was an elaborate casualness in his tone. It had been there all day. And though it might not have been noticed by one who did not know him well, it contrasted so sharply with his lightheartedness of the evening before that Marianna found it a little frightening. With a conscious effort she tried to push back the doubts that seemed ready to overwhelm her.

Certainly Mr. Simpson, kindly, aging, pleased to see her again, had noticed nothing amiss in the rather stiff formality Jonas had maintained during the simple ceremony in his study. The gossip from Papeete obviously had not reached Moorea, and Mr. Simpson had accepted at face value Jonas' explanation of the previous day that they had come to Moorea to be married because Marianna wanted her old schoolmaster to perform the ceremony.

But now, she was alone with Jonas—her husband, Jonas—and once more he seemed a stranger to her. And the silence that engulfed them was threatening to sweep him away from her forever.

With an effort, she said, "The clouds are beautiful tonight."

"Charming," Jonas said. He was pouring another drink, and had not even glanced up.

She got to her feet, her unhappiness washed away by sudden anger.

"Where are you going?" Jonas asked sharply.

"For a swim."

"No," he said. "Stay here."

She started toward the cabin, not answering him. Suddenly she felt his hands on her shoulders, turning her toward him.

"This is your wedding night, Marianna. Stay here with me. Don't pull away from

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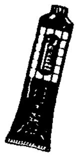

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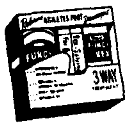

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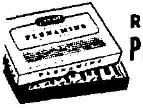

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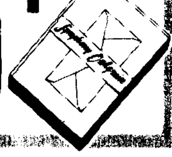

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me," he said. "Think of your wedding night, Marianna, cradled on the broad sea, soon to be lighted by a thousand stars."

She stood rigid under his hands.

". . . a million stars, and all ours."

With a little sigh, she let herself sway toward him. His tendernesses, rough and unpredictable as they were, were all she had left of tenderness in the world.

CAPTAIN D'AUBIGNY stood on the quarter-deck of the corvette, La Meurthe, watching the far, cloud-shrouded peaks of Tahiti slowly merge into the gray horizon. Soon he would no longer be able to see that strange and barbarous land that had been his home for more than a year. Adieu, savage island; with all my heart, adieu, he thought.

Still, for the past few months, since the commencement of the affair with the English Lily Nicholls, it had not been too bad a life. He stroked his trim mustache, remembering her ardor, her passionate pleas that he take her with him to France. Poor little one! No wonder she was miserable, marooned in such a land with that worthless cuckold of a husband.

La Meurthe was racing along as if she were as anxious to reach France as he was. Only a few more weeks and he would be in Paris. He smiled and turned away from the railing. It had been a long and arduous day; now there was time to go down to his cabin and rest a bit before dinner.

The cabin was filled with shadows, and as he turned to the door to call the cabin boy for a lamp a slight movement behind the curtains of his berth caught his eye. He strode across the little room and pulled them aside, looking down at the bed in amazement. *"Mon Dieu!"* he breathed.

There was Lily, crouching on the bed, looking up at him pleadingly. Her face and arms had been darkened with a brown stain, a *pareu* was wrapped tightly around her small curved body, and there was a flower pinned in her tangled hair.

" 'Ow did you get 'ere?"

She shrank back, pulling the *pareu* closer across her breast. "With the other women—to say good-by to the sailors. I hid—behind that box. Nobody saw me when they searched the ship. Please let me stay!"

He sank down on a stool beside the bed and put his face between his hands.

"You're the captain," she said eagerly. "You can do what you like."

He lifted his head and gave her a baleful glare. "La Meurthe is not a pleasure sheep! Thees is the navy."

"You can't take me back! You're too far out at sea."

"I could," he said. *"Dieu,* what an embarrassment!" If he took the woman back to Papeete, he would be the laughingstock of the island. Perhaps he could keep her aboard as far as Valparaiso—no one need know about it except the cabin boy. But could the cabin boy be trusted? He looked at Lily sternly. "What an affair! You will be my ruin, *Madame."*

Her lips were trembling. "You said you loved me! You cried when we parted."

He swept that aside with a gesture. "Conseeder what you have done. And what of your 'usband?"

"Him!" she said scornfully. "What do I care for him? That drunken, stupid beast. Do you know how he spends his days, now that the plantations are gone? Stumbling from bar to bar, cadging drinks from whoever will pay for them. He doesn't think of me!"

D'Aubigny was looking at her thoughtfully. "Suppose I take you as far as Valparaiso. What then?"

Tentatively, she reached out her hand, lightly stroking his arm, her eyes downcast. "Someone would have to help me."

"And who will thees someone be? Henri d'Aubigny, no?"

"Please, Henri. I'll pay you back someday. I swear it." She rubbed her face caressingly against his hand.

A little more kindly, he said, *"Eh bien,* there is nothing else to do. You can come to Valparaiso, and I will buy you passage in a sheep to England."

"Not England!" she said. "I won't go back to England! To France! To Paris, with you."

"After you get to Paris you are no longer my responsibility," he said coolly. "What will you do then?"

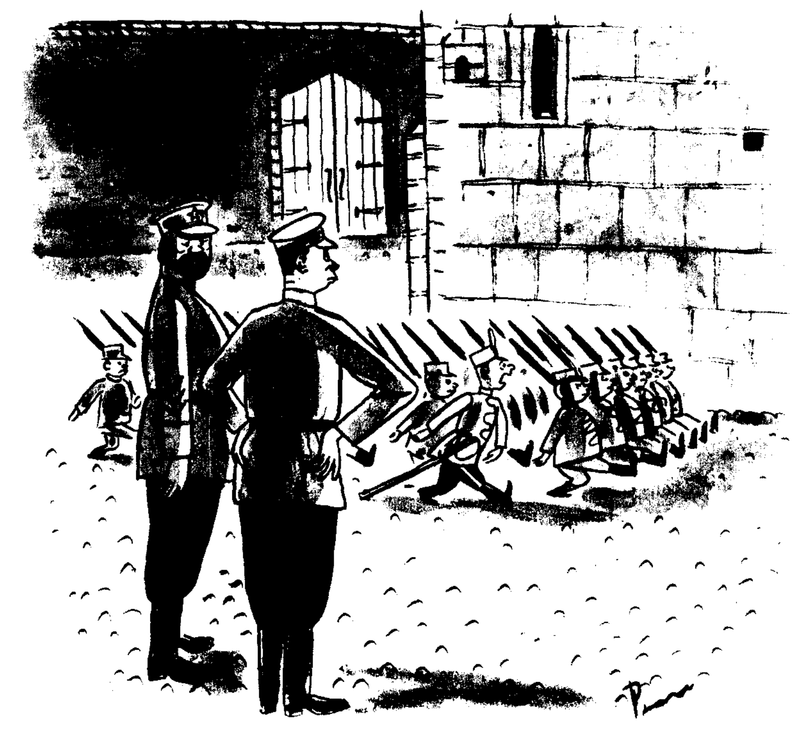
For a moment she hesitated, looking at him sidelong. "I'll be all right. I have—relatives there." Lily was a very poor liar.

"Reech ones, I hope."

She caught the flicker of his smile, and leaned forward from the bed, impetuously throwing her arms about his neck. After a moment she drew away. "But I haven't any clothes. What shall I do about that?"

He looked her over carefully. "Perhaps—yes. The cabin boy is of your size, but, well, not so sweet a shape. Perhaps we can disguise you in boy's clothes."

Far off in the ship a bell sounded, and he got up reluctantly. "It is necessary that I go. I will send you something to eat later." In the fading light he looked at her appraisingly. "You are a good sailor? *Bon."*



"If they don't get military training until they're eighteen I don't understand how Americans fight so well"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

He closed the door carefully behind him, and stood for a moment in the passageway, complacently patting his mustache. It would not be so boring after all, this passage to Valparaiso.

DR. FERGUSON, virtuously conscious of his own sobriety, turned his clumsy, ponderous steps up the pathway that led to the weather-beaten bungalow Marianna and Jonas Burkham had rented on a shaded road. Nailed to a tree was a small, neat sign: MARIANNA BURKHAM DRESSMAKING. Probably too proud to accept Jonas' money, he thought, scowling at the sign. Fine state for things to be in, and them only married a few months, too.

He found Marianna on the veranda, sewing ruffles along the hem of a billowing skirt. She put aside her work as he came up the steps, and pulled forward a chair for him.

"Uh-h," he said. "Good to sit down. Thought perhaps I might surprise a couple of charmin' Tahitian ladies in dishabille in your front room."

Marianna laughed. "Is that why you came?"

"Not altogether." He pulled out a cigar, and studied her carefully for a moment. Amazing what love could do for a woman, he thought. Marianna had blossomed like a rose. It wasn't just that her hair was dressed more loosely and becomingly, or that her gown was cut in a way that even an old islander like himself could recognize as having style; it was a kind of softness that lay on lip and cheek, a luminosity that shone from the eyes. Perhaps the little lecture he was about to deliver was unnecessary. Still—

Playing for time, he said, "Passed Anthony Nicholls on the street just now, so drunk he could hardly navigate."

"Disgraceful," she said demurely. "Did you give him a temperance lecture?"

"Don't sass an old man," he said. "I came here to have a talk with you, and I want your respectful attention."

"It's all yours," she said. "I'm delighted and flattered. What is the talk about?"

"About you," he said gruffly.

"Oh." Her voice was guarded. "That's rather a dull topic. There's nothing to say."

"There's plenty, if you'd only say it. I know I'm a meddlesome old man, Marianna, but I've known you since you were a child, and I'm concerned about you."

"There's nothing to worry about, Dr. Ferguson."

He snorted. "Nothing to worry about! What about Jonas? How much have you seen of him since you were married?"

She looked away from him, apparently studying the purple flowers of the bougainvillaea vine that swayed down from the roof of the veranda. As the silence between them seemed to stretch on interminably, Dr. Ferguson felt a growing uneasiness. But when, at length, she turned to face him directly, the peaceful calm of her expression both surprised and reassured him.

"So the townspeople are worried about Jonas and me, even now," she said, but there was no trace of resentment in her tone. "And they've even made you worry, too." She reached out to touch his hand affectionately, and then went on:

"I know our marriage may seem a strange one. Jonas has been away so much of the time since we returned from Moorea. There was that month he spent in Raiatea helping Queen Pomare. And ever since the French blockaded Raiatea and the other Leeward Islands he's spent much of his time aboard his schooner, or up at the encampments in the hills, or consulting with the officers aboard the Collingwood. But don't you see that has nothing to do with our marriage. Jonas is good to me. He's kind, he's always courteous—"

"That's just it," Dr. Ferguson broke in impatiently. "There's too much courtesy in this marriage. See here, Marianna. You love that worthless Yankee, don't you?"

She nodded. "I love him, and he knows that I do. But that's not the important thing, just now."

"I think it is," he said flatly. "Jonas needs you, Marianna—needs your need for him. Show it! Let me talk to him—"

"Oh, no, you mustn't! Not now."

"Why not?"

"Can't you see how restless he has been lately? How he chafes at the long stalemate between the natives and the French, and at his own inactivity while other people are suffering? He's obsessed with the idea that he must help, and there's nothing he can do. Talking to him now would only make things worse."

Dr. Ferguson sat studying the toe of his shoe. Perhaps she was right. The situation for the past few months had been enough to generate restlessness in any man.

IN JANUARY, restoration of the protectorate had been declared by order of the King of France. But Queen Pomare still hid in her mountain encampment in Raiatea, and would neither see nor make treaty with any French officers, until they were prepared to surrender complete restoration of her rights. At this refusal, the first act of the protectorate had been to announce the formal deposition of Pomare, and the appointment of a puppet regent to replace her. Other than this, there were no signs of any change in Tahiti. Martial law was still in force, and recently the French had imposed a blockade that forbade any communication between the Leeward Islands and Tahiti, except by French vessels.

The latest blow to Tahitian hopes had come from the source they had most eagerly looked to for help—from Britain. When, a couple of weeks ago, Admiral Seymour, commanding H.M.S. Collingwood, had dropped anchor in Papeete Bay without so much as a by-your-leave to the French, the Tahitians had been wildly excited, supposing that he had been sent out from England to spearhead a concerted action against the French. On the contrary, it was Admiral Seymour's unwelcome task to report to them that England now recognized the French protectorate, and that they must not expect any assistance from the Collingwood or any other English ship.

Even the finality of that pronouncement had not changed their determination to defy the French. Without hope of aid they still endured the hopeless stalemate; the men of Tahiti still rotted out their lives in the incessant rains and mists of the valley encampments at Papenoo and Fautaua and Punaavia, living on roots and berries, sick and half hungry, but still patiently waiting, waiting, just as the Frenchmen waited for them to give in.

"Jonas' life—our lives—aren't our own just now. Don't you see that, Dr. Ferguson?"

Dr. Ferguson threw the stub of his cigar across the railing of the veranda. "I've little use for people who would save the world, and at the same time hurt the one soul who is closest to them."

"Jonas can't hurt me, Dr. Ferguson, unless I allow myself to be hurt. I know he needs me, needs my love. But he also needs my understanding. I didn't realize this myself, at first. But now I know that our happiness together depends a great deal on what we can do for this island and these people we both love. Right now Jonas must be busy, somehow, and feel he is helping them. And I must wait and hope and be patient. You mustn't worry about it, please. Jonas can't be wholly mine right now. But someday, he will."

"All right. I'll not interfere in your affairs. I'll not say anything to Jonas."

He pushed himself to his feet, bade her good-by, and started down the walk. At the gate he hesitated, then with a hunching of his shoulders, turned in the direction of the Boar's Head grogshop. There was nothing quite so thirst-inducing as to watch people refuse reasonable help and pursue their own determined course toward unhappiness.

(To be concluded next week)

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

information we've received from a lad in the Air Force. He says the Army now has a bomber so fast that enemy antiaircraft guns would have to open fire on Wednesday to hit it on Thursday. Doesn't say what time Wednesday. Top secret.

★ ★ ★

Despite vacations and the normal lassitude of summer, bright ideas flow in with satisfying regularity. We can tell you that Mrs. Jo Hathgood, of Roswell, New Mexico, has worked out a nice solution to the 1952 Presidential election should both parties nominate General Eisenhower. She suggests that we have two election days. On the first, the Democrats will offer the general. On the next day, the general will stand as the Republican candidate. "Whichever party gets him the most votes wins," says Mrs. Hathgood. "I haven't figured out what to do about Vice-Presidential candidates. But who cares?"

★ ★ ★

In the unlikely event Congress runs out of things to investigate, they could do worse than dig into the cost of passing a law. We have no Washington figures to go on, but we'll bet anyway it wasn't worth it. In Ohio, the latest legislature passed 256 laws costing more than $3,000 apiece to enact, exclusive of the appropriations some of them carried. To that should be added the cost of rejecting bills that didn't become law, a statistic that defies our informant, Mr. Sol Wiendek, of Dayton. Mr. Wiendek has a law he would like to see passed. It would limit the number of laws to be passed by future legislative sessions to 100. "Even if it cost us taxpayers $5,000 to get my law passed, we'd win," he points out. "For the first time, too."

★ ★ ★

Bannack, Montana, reports that restoring the old Vigilantes' gallows in nearby Hangman's Gulch was a star idea. Tourists in profitable numbers are making the scene a must stop, leaving behind them a lot of hot-dog and souvenir money after listening to the harrowing tale of the execution of such badmen as Henry Plummer and his associated road agents. Plummer and company were hanged in the bitterness of a January morning in 1864 and no evidence has been found to deny that justice was done. It's a pretty stark and forlorn scene and many tourists suggest that the old gallows be "decorated" a bit. The local folks are looking for suggestions. It seems that they haven't been able to think of any way to make it gay.

★ ★ ★

A young but disillusioned secretary to an ambitious but incompetent young executive told a clerk to make a train reservation for the boss. A few minutes later the clerk asked: "Which train?" Replied the young but disillusioned secretary: "Find out if they have one named Gravy."

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

our example to the world will need no spark plug. It will speak for itself.
WILLIAM B. HENDERSON, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . On reading your article by David Lilienthal, I could not help but reflect on my own feeling that we are losing Japan. Such an article as Mr. Lilienthal's reaches well beyond the confusion and smoke screens of military personnel and military decisions. This is the approach so urgently needed toward Japan.

I hope you will interest yourselves in a similar article on Japan by as prominent and sound-thinking a nonmilitary personage. MACDONALD SALTER, Bethesda, Md.

. . . Perhaps you would appreciate knowing that the picture at the bottom, right, of page 14 of our June 23d issue is not titled correctly. The machine being operated by the workman is a plain milling machine and not a lathe.

Also, according to my roommate, the man you describe as a Hindu is a Sikh, as are several others in your beautiful color pictures. My roommate was born and raised in Calcutta, and has traveled extensively over all of India, partly during duty with the Indian army as an officer. I think the article was very good and very informative.
GORDON L. DAVIS, Fort Wayne, Ind.

No RFC Fans Here

EDITOR: In reference to your editorial A Ship Worth Sinking (June 23d), I find it sickening to read day after day what our government is doing with our tax money.

As a mother of a family of four I find it harder each day to balance a small budget with certainly nothing left over to *save* or *loan*. Yet those bigwigs in Washington have the guts to take the people's money and use it for such purposes.

I'm certain thousands of people feel as we do, and something might be done about it if only they would voice their disapproval across the nation in more magazines and newspapers.
MRS. H. A. SEVEGER, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

. . . I was amazed to read that it was not an assured fact that RFC was out. True, not much has been written in the papers about it recently, but I thought that fact was due to the wealth of other material. What can be done?

If RFC is allowed to remain it will only be a few years—and after the hue and cry has stopped—until we will have the same practices as heretofore. If a project is too bad to be financed by private capital or banks, the government certainly should not spend the taxpayers' money.
RUTH M. SHEELER, Lancaster, Pa.

. . . Your editorial certainly hit the nail on the head. If the RFC were completely demolished, and its capital used for a worthy cause, we taxpayers would at least feel that our money was justified. We smalltime people don't have a chance.
MARGARET TATUM, Jackson, Tenn.

. . . Your editorial on the RFC is not tough enough on this gang in Washington.
HARRY C. BURNS, South Duxbury, Mass.

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Enjoy the finest-tasting whisky in the world
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What Scientists Believe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

he spent five years trying to make living matter out of nonliving.

He took a combination of salts such as is known to exist in living organisms; he took material to furnish carbon; he took several materials to furnish nitrogen. By heat and filtration he rendered all his ingredients perfectly sterile. He put them in flasks, put some of the flasks in incubators and some in a room subject to normal conditions. At intervals he "harvested" the flasks to see if he had produced any life. Over the five-year period he varied the experiment in dozens of ways, correcting errors, trying new methods, new conditions, new variations. "But in the end," he said, "we were not able to establish any change even to give us the hope of living material."

"In other words," I said, "you put all the necessary ingredients of living matter together—"

"Exactly."

"But it wouldn't live."

"Correct!"

This has been the cul-de-sac of the scientists for a long time. But for Dr. Duggar the failure to create life was not a negative experience. It was a building block in a scientist's philosophy. In 78 years Dr. Duggar (he was seventy-five when he discovered aureomycin) has seen a good deal of the wonders of science. He said to me:

"I feel it doesn't matter much whether there is a creator of 'all this' or whether God *is* 'all this.'"

"But—scientifically—why allow for God at all?" I questioned.

He replied, "I *can't* conceive of nothing. I *can* conceive of something. Something can't come out of nothing."

At Wayne University, in Detroit, anthropologist George Lechler spoke of two widely held theories of how life began on this earth: (1) heterogenesis—inorganic matter, at some point in time, turned into organic matter; (2) the Theory of Inoculation—organic matter came to the earth in splinters from other planets, via meteors. But after a bit Dr. Lechler wheeled in his chair and blurted, "All this begs the question. The real question is how to explain the spiritual and the material. What is behind the origin of life? What is life? So many fall back on the explanation—'the law of chance.' But even this presupposes a 'law.' Whose law? For me, I prefer the belief in a creator, divine, supernatural. I cannot accept chaos."

In the parapsychology laboratory of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina, I found that Dr. J. B. Rhine, pioneer in extrasensory perception, went even a step further. He was the only scientist I met who felt he could "prove" a spiritual concept by laboratory methods. For two decades Dr. Rhine and his staff have been experimenting in such nonphysical potentialities of the human mind as precognition, clairvoyance, telepathy and psychokinesis. Today, Dr. Rhine feels he can prove man has a soul.

"The question of the human soul," he declared, "boils down to this: Is there anything extraphysical or spiritual in human personality? We have proved in our laboratory that there is. We now have experimental evidence that such an extraphysical factor exists in man."

By an "extraphysical factor" he meant the strange ability of the human mind to reach out beyond the senses and without regard to time and space, as in the Duke University extrasensory perception experiments on which he has collected mountains of data.

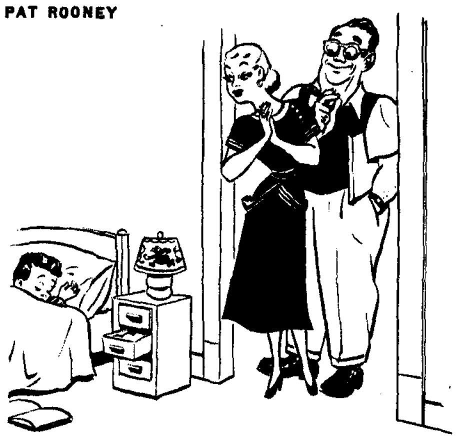
"In the sense that we have found evidence of nonphysical properties of the mind, we have sustained the soul theory of man by experimental research," Dr. Rhine asserted.

Not all the scientists I met believed in God. A few were atheists. Many were confirmed agnostics. One young physicist said frankly, "You either feel it or you don't feel it. I just don't feel it. I suppose it's like being in love.

"The supposition of God is a fine thing," he continued, "because it can't be disproved. But it can't be proved either. That's why I won't take a position one way or the other. As for science, the physical tinkering I do is like a kid playing with an alarm clock. I see no reason why I should believe in a Supreme Being."

A physiologist declared, "When I ask, 'What is life?' I'm up against a blind alley. I acknowledge that blind alley. But I am not going to use faith as a way out. I wouldn't call myself an atheist, because that in itself implies a belief. As a scientist, I have no more evidence that God *doesn't* exist than I have that He does exist. I would label myself an agnostic.

PAT ROONEY



The Perfect Child

Observe our quiet-mannered child:
He isn't shouting, screaming, weeping;
You'll notice that he isn't wild—
He isn't tumbling, running, leaping.
You'll notice that he's gentle, mild;
You'll notice, also, that he's sleeping.

—RICHARD WHEELER

"That's the only position my scientific training would support. It means, 'I don't know.' I'll go further and say, 'I don't think I'll ever know.'"

A chemist insisted, "I'm not an agnostic. I'm an atheist."

"On what grounds?" I asked.

"We are told that God is love," he replied. "Yet the world has gone through strife and horrors of ever-growing ferocity. If there were a God, it would have been perfectly possible for Him to have made the uranium-235 nucleus nonfissionable. Then there could not have been an atomic bomb. In the laboratory where I work I see things governed by statistical law. There is no need for spirit, no need for divine power. I do not believe life has any purpose. Man has not been on this planet very long, and he won't be here much longer."

At Brookhaven National Laboratory, the atomic research center on Long Island, I heard two nuclear physicists debate the issue.

1st Physicist: I've always worried about death. I wanted to do something about putting off death. That's why I went into science. I feel death is the end of everything.

2d Physicist: Why?

1st Physicist: Because death is the total end of the organism. All of its functions have stopped. It couldn't possibly live again.

2d Physicist: But you're seeking a natural explanation of a supernatural thing. You're forgetting all about God.

1st Physicist: Is there a God?

2d Physicist: There *must be* a God.

1st Physicist: You can't prove it.

2d Physicist: Well, how did the world come into being?

1st Physicist: I don't know.

2d Physicist: Do you know that it did *not* come into being by supernatural power?

1st Physicist: I have an open mind.

2d Physicist: Then why don't you accept the belief in supernatural power?

1st Physicist: I'm right in the middle.

2d Physicist: No you're not. You've taken the opposite position. You say death is final. Why is it final?

1st Physicist: I go by the proof of my own senses.

2d Physicist: But you cannot prove by the senses that which is *beyond the senses.*

I heard many such discussions among the scores of scientists who have descended upon old Camp Upton, the scene of Brookhaven, since it donned its atomic dress. Even the young lab workers were intent on finding meaning as well as microbes beneath the microscope. Twenty-five-year-old Rosalind J. Du Bow, a junior cytologist, remarked: "I went into science on account of my desire to understand life. I want to believe in God because of the order in nature and the greatness of the whole universe. But I cannot accept the idea of God that was taught to me in my childhood."

Perhaps, on that remote Long Island site where science is being pushed to its furthest limits, a few clashes with faith are inevitable.

The most fantastic machine I saw at Brookhaven was the new cosmotron. I lost balance for a moment when I stepped out on a balcony and peered down upon this awesome gadget looking like the inside of an electric motor swollen beyond all belief. It gave me the dizzy feeling of suddenly stepping out of reality. After a second or two I became aware of men working around the huge machine, so small they looked like lead soldiers.

I talked with one of the physicists involved with this new machine. What were they trying to do with it? Well, they didn't want merely to split atoms. They were after the infinitesimal particles inside the nuclei of atoms.

And how did they propose to do that? The physicist explained that they'd get about 10,000,000,000 protons whirling around the huge magnetic circle of the cosmotron. They'd whirl them around 3,000,000 times, which would take all of one second. That would speed them up to a velocity of 176,700 miles per second (nearly the speed of light). Then they'd bang the protons into a target of atomic nuclei.

In this way, the physicist said, a good deal more would be learned about the protons, neutrons and mesons within the nucleus of the atom.

"All very well," I commented. "But tell me—do you feel there is any ultimate purpose in what you are doing?"

"Purpose?" he questioned. "What is purpose?"

"Why are you doing all this?"

"I'm a physicist. I like physics because it is fun."

"I mean, is there any ultimate good—any spiritual side—to all of this?" I inquired.

The physicist replied, quite solemnly, "As a scientist I have to distinguish between questions which have meaning and those which do not. Vague terms like 'spiritual' and 'good' roll off the tongue very nicely—but that's all."

I asked, "Do you think there is any ultimate purpose in life itself?"

The physicist replied, "That's meaningless because there is no way of checking. Anybody's answer is as good as anybody else's."

There was a long, uncomfortable pause. And then the physicist added, "I was always told as a child that I should have faith, and all that. But I examined those things and found they didn't hold water. So I threw them out. I feel better now."

Laboratory Tests for Faith?

I met a few other scientists who had done likewise. They didn't want any truck with "faith" unless it could be laid out upon a laboratory table, analyzed, proved or disproved.

But more typical was Seymour Block, a young Brookhaven physicist. He was very much the pure scientist when he developed the "Block model" ionization chamber, for collecting air samples in June, 1950. But while he was waiting publication of his invention in the scientific journals he became uneasy. What if someone else beat him to the punch?

"I began to get worried," he said. "I was really conscious of the God factor then. I sure hoped God would let me publish first!"

The scientist had come to the end of his controls.

I wondered what the men at Brookhaven's atomic pile thought about God, these scientists who sit all day at the esoteric controls of the huge reactor while the formidable process of nuclear fission goes on. Do they see any place for God in these mighty machinations?

John J. Floyd, the reactor research coordinator, stepped out of the highly secret precincts of the pile into an anteroom and the two of us sat down on a wooden bench.

"Sure, as I work at the atomic pile I feel God is there," he said. "I have faith that in the long run atomic energy will be beneficial."

An engineer at the pile added, "If man developed a bomb capable of destroying the world, I don't think God would suddenly appear and stop it. No more than God stops forest fires."

Atomic energy, the engineer implied, is man's baby. Man is responsible for what he does with it.

I asked him if he regarded it as "scientific" to speak of God. Did a scientist feel he could account for God "scientifically?"

"Certainly—by the physical laws of mass and energy," he replied. "Up in the pile we see mass disappearing and becoming energy, but nowhere can we add to or subtract from the total of mass and energy. Where did mass and energy come from? We know we can't make it. We have found laws to prove we can't make it. Yet it must come from somewhere. There must be a Higher Power who *can* make it."

I noted when I went to a party on the Brookhaven site one evening that all the scientists—agnostics, doubters and true believers—sang with equal gusto when the accordion and guitar played, "Atomic power, Atomic power, *It was given by the mighty hand of God.*"

In many scientists I met in my travels I sensed a new mood of humility. Ten or 15 years ago science thought it held the world by the tail. It was going to solve everything. As one elderly chemist remarked, "We thought science was magic." But today the best scientists know *how little* they know. They have pulled aside the veil of mysteries—only to find deeper mysteries.

I sat in on a bull session of scientists at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburgh, and heard even the champions of mathematics—the "absolute" science, the "exact" science—admit that science is neither absolute nor exact.

"We even could make different types of mathematics if we accepted different axioms to start with," remarked Dr. George H. Handelman, assistant professor of mathematics.

The old conundrum, "When is a fact not a fact?" has dogged science for centuries. For while science, flourishing its lorgnettes of "fact" and "proof," often has looked down its nose at other fields of knowledge, it also has had to swallow, on occasion, such "facts" as that the world is flat and the sun travels around it.

If science has had its comeuppance, it may be because a number of "facts" have backfired in recent years. What science called a "solid" turns out not to be a solid, but a collection of empty spaces. Matter, which science regarded as "indestructible," turns out not to be indestructible—but convertible into energy.

John Dalton, English chemist, gave science the "fact" that the atom was "indivisible, eternal and indestructible." Actually it has none of those three qualities. Euclid gave science the "fact" that the whole is always equal to the sum of its parts. But the whole of an atom weighs less than the sum of its parts. Physics has had as its very backbone the principle of *certainty* (physical laws would guarantee a given result from a given cause *every time).* But today physicists have a new toy: the *uncertainty principle.*

New Angles on Evolution

In northern Iran last April, a University of Pennsylvania anthropologist dug up human bones dating back to the ice age—evidence that modern man, Homo sapiens, apparently lived at the *same time* as such subhuman species as the Neanderthal man. This rocks the whole theory of evolution. At the University of Arizona, Dr. Edwin F. Carpenter last December even upset science's idea of an evolving universe. He had found, he said, new evidence that the entire universe was condensed out of a primeval gas in *one, single act.*

No wonder Dr. Schilt quizzically remarked, "We knew more about the universe 10 years ago than we know now."

In his laboratory at Wayne University, Dr. Charles W. Creaser, professor of zoology, sat beside a table on which reposed in rather unprepossessing circumstances (floating upside down in a jar of formaldehyde) a frog of the variety known as "Burnsi."

It was, in the language of science, a Mendelian mutant, inasmuch as it was a spotted frog without spots. As such, this unfortunate fellow was useful for teaching students Mendel's law of genetics.

But Dr. Creaser quickly dispelled any notion that the "Burnsi," or any other of the trappings of science, provide an open-sesame to truth. "We call it Mendel's law. Mendel discovered it. Who wrote it? Who decided that frogs should have spots in the first place?

"We speak of the 'scientific method,'" commented Dr. Creaser. "People think the scientist comes into his laboratory and starts in methodically to make his discoveries. Actually, he finds out a lot of things by indirection. He backs into them. He follows clues and tip-offs. He has a few facts to start with—then he draws on insight, even revelation, to leap beyond the facts."

The things which science calls "facts," Dr. Creaser referred to as "almost true." He said, "They are very useful and very interesting—but they are not like the philosopher's truth."

One of his colleagues, Dr. Katherine M. Chamberlain, professor of physics at Wayne, recalled that Newton had likened himself to a child playing on the seashore while the ocean of truth lay undiscovered. "We are still on the seashore," Dr. Chamberlain said. "What we *know,* is just the tiniest fragment. For the whole, we depend upon faith."

The new mood of humility becomes science, even in the view of scientists, far more than the erstwhile attitude of Mr. Know-all. Dr. Nassau, the Cleveland astronomer, commented, "It is too bad the public has regarded scientists as makers of gadgets, as magicians. The best scientists are philosophers. Science is an art, like poetry, and it too seeks to reach the higher truth. It is interested in ethical matters and moral matters and the eternal aim of life to bring about more human happiness."

I met a few scientists who were too bashful to admit they were after such lofty goals.

Take Dr. Redginal Hewitt, parasitologist. His entire life, virtually, is devoted to the war against three tiny worms, *Wuchereria bancrofti, Onchocerca volvulus* and *Loa loa.* These worms cause a tropical disease known as filariasis, the symptoms of which may be the grotesque swelling up of parts of the body (elephantiasis) or blindness.

Dr. Hewitt has sweated through the tropics on the trail of these parasitic worms, worked doggedly with natives in Central and South America to rid them of the disease, performed innumerable experiments with animals, tracked the worms to their breeding places in tropics all over the world. On the back of his desk at the Lederle Laboratories you can see a scientist's "war map"—colored pins sticking in it wherever he has found his enemy, the worms, in action.

Finally, during 1945-'47, Dr. Hewitt developed a drug which destroys the worms and cures the disease. Four hundred million people in the tropics, one fifth of the world's population, need no longer fear this scourge of deformity and blindness.

Humanitarian Motive Denied

"What egged you on to do it?" I said.

"Well, I certainly wasn't spurred on by any burning desire to be of benefit to humanity," Dr. Hewitt replied. "I don't regard myself as any kind of do-gooder or humanitarian. I just did it because I was interested in it. It was a challenge."

"What about Ehrlich and Pasteur? Don't you think they were humanitarians?" I countered.

"No," he replied. "I think they were just scientists. I think they just had a problem and were interested in licking it."

But a few moments later Dr. Hewitt told of the surge of joy he felt when he first used his drug among the natives and saw an eighteen-year-old girl's enormously enlarged leg return to normal and a blind boy's sight restored.

"Is it just a coincidence," I asked, "that you discovered a way to help those people? Why not devote your energies to spreading the disease, to making it worse?"

He laughed, "Hell, I'd never do that."

"Why not? You said you weren't a humanitarian."

"Well, I just can't explain it."

A few days later I repeated the story to Dr. Nassau, raising the question, "Just why do scientists want to do good anyway?"

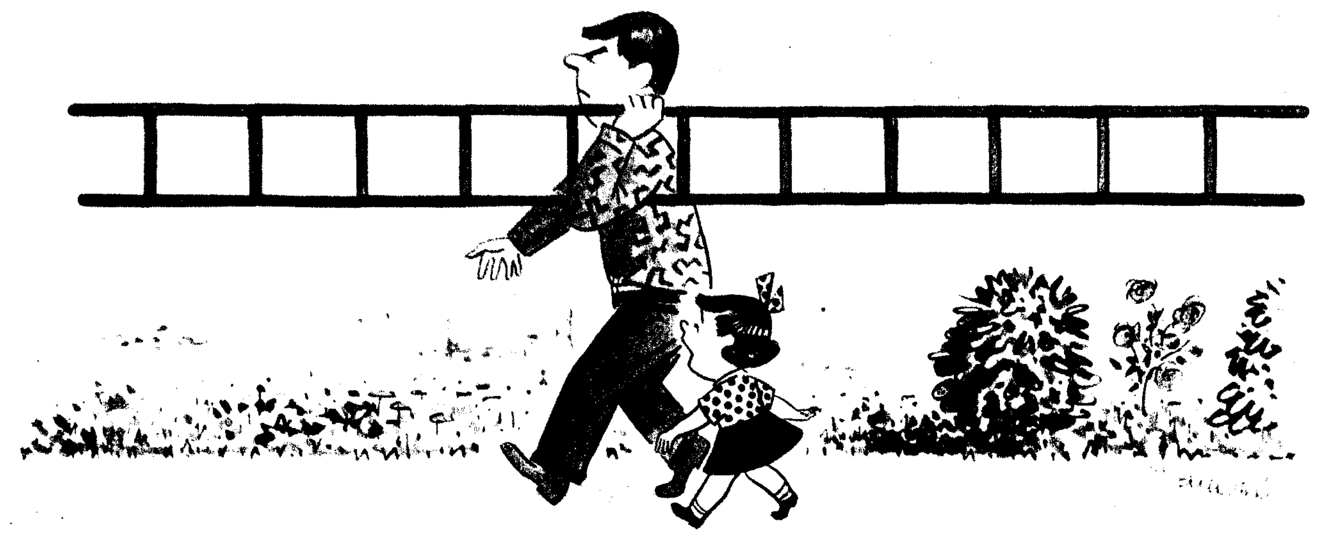
"Maybe that's the God in us," Dr. Nassau responded.

The venerable Robert A. Millikan, dean of American scientists, said recently, "Just how we fit into the plans of the Great Architect and how much He has assigned us to do, we do not know. . . . But fit in we certainly do somehow, else we would not have a sense of our own responsibility."

The elder scientists, I found, had the deepest spiritual awareness. Most of them had gone through the phase of agnosticism. They had moved on. As one elderly geneticist remarked, "When we think we know a lot, we're agnostic. When we learn how insignificant our knowledge is—we return to God."

While the young man, cocksure in his laboratory says, "How wonderful I am! Look what I've found in the atom!" the old man says, "Isn't God wonderful—look what He's put in the atom!" THE END

SISTER



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The Fence Around Murphy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

who creates a legend wherever he goes. He had a curly black beard in those days, and he weighed close to two hundred pounds, none of which was fat. He was good at everything, and he got along with everybody, male and female—female especially—up to the time he got married and quit chasing around.

After he left us for a big construction project, it wasn't many years before we began to see his name in the papers. He was State Prosecuting Attorney for three years, and did a whale of a job. Everybody at the mine voted for him when he ran for governor, and he brought in the best administration the state ever had.

What could have come between a father like that and his son? I couldn't figure it out.

AS JOEL and I finished watching Louise, and were walking away, Red Killian, Louise's operator, pulled a fast one. I knew what was going on as soon as I heard the squeak of pulleys straight overhead, but Murphy didn't suspect a thing. And it was too late to warn him.

There was an ear-splitting *clank,* a foot above our heads, followed by the sound of Red Killian's distant laughter.

We looked up and saw the dragline's bucket—all three tons of it—hanging in the air not more than six inches clear of the tops of our heads. Red had let it fall free, right on top of us, and stopped it at the last split second. I'd seen other operators pull the same stunt, just for a laugh.

So I laughed. Then I looked at Joel Murphy.

His face was as white as a lily, and there was sweat all over it. He was still staring straight up, his eyes about a foot from the gleaming steel teeth that Louise did her digging with. Murphy was scared half to death. He stopped reminding me of his father right then.

We walked on away, and Murphy didn't say anything until we were a hundred yards from the big dragline. He seemed to be thinking hard, and his face had turned red. When he finally spoke up, he said something I couldn't help admiring, pathetic though it was: "What would I have to do to get to be operator of that machine?"

"Ever run a dragline before, son?"

He nodded. "Smaller ones. My dad used to let me help, up at Grand Coulee. When do you think I could get a trial?"

I said I'd see. I said I thought it might be a long time. . . .

I thought it would be never, but as time went on, I wasn't so sure. Murphy turned out to be full of surprises.

For his first six months, we used him on the sampling crew, prospecting the river bed ahead of the barge. That job gave him a chance to show how well he could drive a truck and place an occasional shot of dynamite, and he did fine. But he hadn't forgotten Louise. He hardly ever spoke to me without asking about the possibilities of working on the dragline.

"Why do you have such an itch for that job?" I asked him one day, when we were alone in the cookshack.

He grinned. "I like machinery."

I was pretty sure that wasn't the whole answer. "Your father got his start on a machine pretty much like Louise. Has that got something to do with how you feel?"

I had him there. I could see it in his eyes. Suddenly he frowned and said, "Pop, do you mind if I talk to you for a while?"

I didn't mind a bit. Much as I liked the boy, there were a lot of things I needed to know about him before I could ask the boss to put him on a responsible job. In particular, why had he been so easy to scare, on that first day, and why did he still seem timid and unsure of himself sometimes?

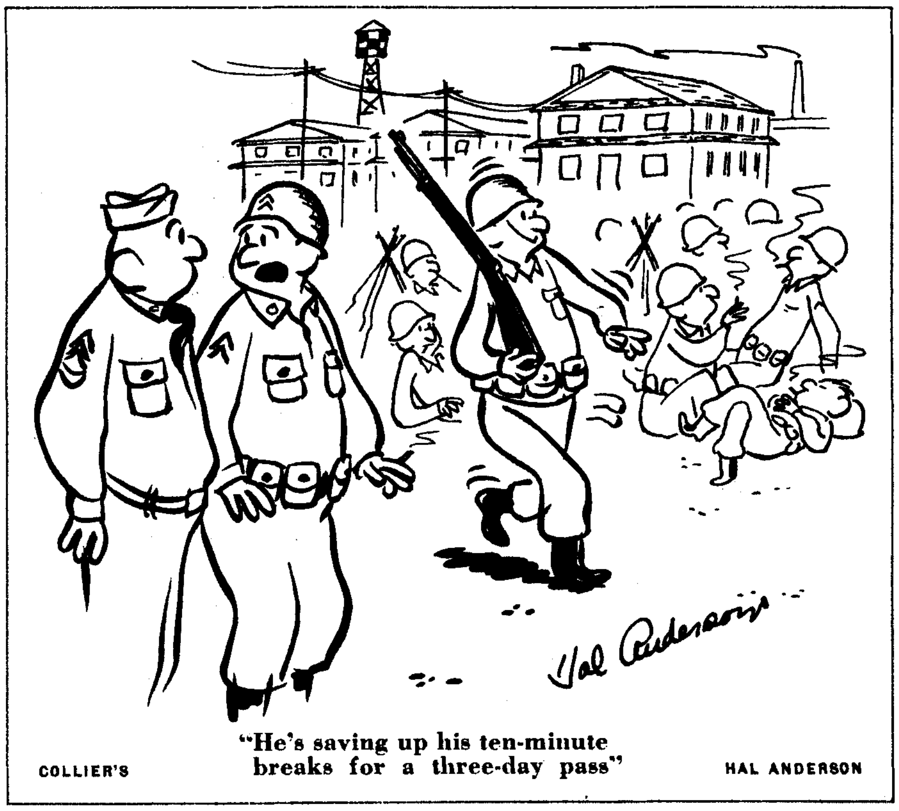
Murphy talked, and I got my answers without asking the questions at all.

Joel's mother, I learned, had died when Joel was six, and Chan Murphy had taken over the job of mothering the boy. That was the root of the trouble. Chan was a wonderful father, but as a mother he was no good at all. He meant well and he tried hard, but that was just it; he leaned over backward. Along with his quick temper, Chan had a streak of gentleness a mile wide. He protected the boy too much. "I've taken enough hard knocks in my life to last us both until we die," he had said.

Joel never went to public school. His father taught him everything he could, and that was a lot, but it didn't take the place of the normal rough-and-tumble that gives a kid self-confidence.

Joel reacted just the way you might expect. Fenced in as he was, he grew up wondering if there was something wrong with him. And being raised in the shadow of a great man didn't exactly help his own self-esteem.

All he needed was a chance to prove himself, but he didn't get it—not even when he went to college. His father sent him to a little college five blocks down the street, and watched over him like a hen.


"He's saving up his ten-minute breaks for a three-day pass"

COLLIER'S HAL ANDERSON

At the age of twenty, Joel made his decision. He'd heard all about Cat Creek Mine from his dad, and he decided to go there while he still had the nerve.

"You can't do it," Governor Chan Murphy *told him.*

"Why not?"

"Miners have been killed out there, and they will be again. It's too dangerous."

Joel got mad. "You don't think I'm as much of a man as you. Is that it?"

Then, maybe because he considered his son ungrateful, Chan got mad. "Yes. I guess that's it!" he shouted, and brought his fist down on his desk.

Joel left home that same day.

THAT was the story, and it made me wonder what was ahead for young Murphy. I was all for him, but his father was right about the mine. It was a rough place, and sometimes dangerous. I'd have to watch the boy a little longer before I'd feel free to trust him with heavy machinery.

After his six months on the sampling crew, we put him on the barge, working as oiler on the Diesels that spun the caisson and ran the conveyer belts. He was disappointed at not being moved any nearer to Louise, but he didn't complain—just reminded me that he was still available as dragline operator. Then he settled down to learn all he could, where he was.

There wasn't much to learn. Except on its topmost level, the barge was a maze of steel sluices, where the water and gravel flowed over riffles that held pools of quicksilver. The quicksilver was there because it would swallow the gold and let everything else run by. Once a week, roustabouts like Murphy collected the mercury-gold amalgam in pails and carried it up to the crucible shack on the top story. In the crucible shack, a man who had been to college cooked the amalgam in a furnace, to drive off the mercury and get the gold.

Murphy took a healthy interest in all that, but he was just biding his time. About eight months after the boy was hired, I finally got him onto the dragline, as oiler and helper to Red Killian, the operator. That wasn't exactly the job he was after, but it was a big step in the right direction. Louise never looked better, or ran more smoothly, than while Murphy was taking care of her. My faith in him began to grow.

At first I thought the new arrangement was perfect, but I'd forgotten what a jealous scoundrel Red Killian was. He hated Murphy from the start.

Whether Red had learned whose son Murphy was, I'll never know. Maybe Red was just afraid of losing his job. Everybody else had always liked Murphy well enough, and being hated was something new for the boy. Joel kept out of Red's way as much as possible, but the two of them had to tangle sometime, and it was almost a relief when they did.

It happened as we were walking out of the cookshack after breakfast. I didn't see who started the fight, but I'll bet it was Red. Anyway, they suddenly started trading punches.

Murphy took a hard right, over the eye, and almost went down, but he kept his head and came back swinging. Maybe Chan had taught him that. From then on, Murphy gave as good as he got, right up to the time the boss walked up behind us and hollered, "All right, men, that'll be enough!"

The fight stopped right away, and Red Killian pulled a typical trick. He put his arm around Murphy's shoulders and said, "I want to apologize, Mr. Graham, for the both of us. Next time he starts something, I'll try to keep my temper."

Later on that same day, the boss made a big decision that happened to affect Murphy quite a bit. "I've decided to retire," the boss told me.

That was quite a shock. When Chan Murphy and I had come to work at the mine, the boss had been a young man. Now he had a son in medical school, but I'd never realized that he was getting old. "Who'll take your place?" I asked him.

"I've decided on Red Killian."

I didn't say anything to that, although I didn't like it. Red had been apple-polishing for years, and now the boss was falling for it. But I couldn't prove that. "And who'll take Red's job on Louise?"

"That's up to you."

"All right," I said. "I'm going to give Joel Murphy a trial."

"Pretty young, isn't he?"

"He'll do all right," I said. "I give you my word." I was never sorry I said that.

The boss figured on staying on the job a couple of months, but he took Red Killian off the dragline right away, to let him get better acquainted with the rest of the mine. I put Murphy on Louise as operator.

I watched him the first day he handled her, and it was a pleasure to see. He was like Chan that way; he understood machinery, and somehow machinery understood him. Sitting up there in that big cab, he could ask Louise to pick up some five-ton morsel of earth, a good thirty yards beyond the end of her boom, and she'd do it. Other operators had been able to throw the bucket beyond the boom, but without accuracy, and never so far. In my opinion, he was almost as good as his old man.

With a few weeks' practice, he got better and better. He could pull the trip line and dump his load into the hopper without even slowing the swing of the boom.

MURPHY had been on Louise almost a month when Sam Graham, the boss's son, quit medical school and came back to the mine. This was a surprise to everybody, including Mr. Graham. "I was raised on this job, and this is where I belong," Sam said, and his father didn't argue with him. But with Sam Graham's return, all our plans exploded.

It was only natural that Sam should run the mine for his father if he wanted to. And he wanted to. That left Red Killian out in the cold, and it was the beginning of something that had a terrible ending, for Sam Graham and Joel Murphy both.

"Shall I put Red back on Louise?" I asked the boss. Much as I disliked Red, it seemed only fair.

"Murphy's doing a better job than Red did, seems to me," the boss said. "Better put Red somewhere else."

"He won't like it."

The boss had an answer for that: "Give him a raise."

I wasn't sure a raise would make much difference to a power-hungry man like Killian, but I gave him one and put him to tending the caisson on the barge.

The boss began moving Sam Graham around, on a different job every week, getting him ready to take over. And Murphy stayed on the dragline.

I got a big kick out of watching that boy Murphy as his confidence grew. The bang-up job he was doing on Louise was the answer, for him, to the question that had been in his mind when he came. Gradually he began to loosen up with the rest of the men. His doubts about himself began to fall away, and it showed in everything he did. If things could have gone along smoothly, I think Joel's troubles would have been over in less than a month. But a few tragic seconds changed everything.

It happened on a sunny afternoon, about two weeks after Sam Graham's return to the mine. Sam was tending the hopper on the top story of the barge that day. The hopper was the square funnel into which Louise dropped her huge bites of mixed gravel and rock, and the hopper man had

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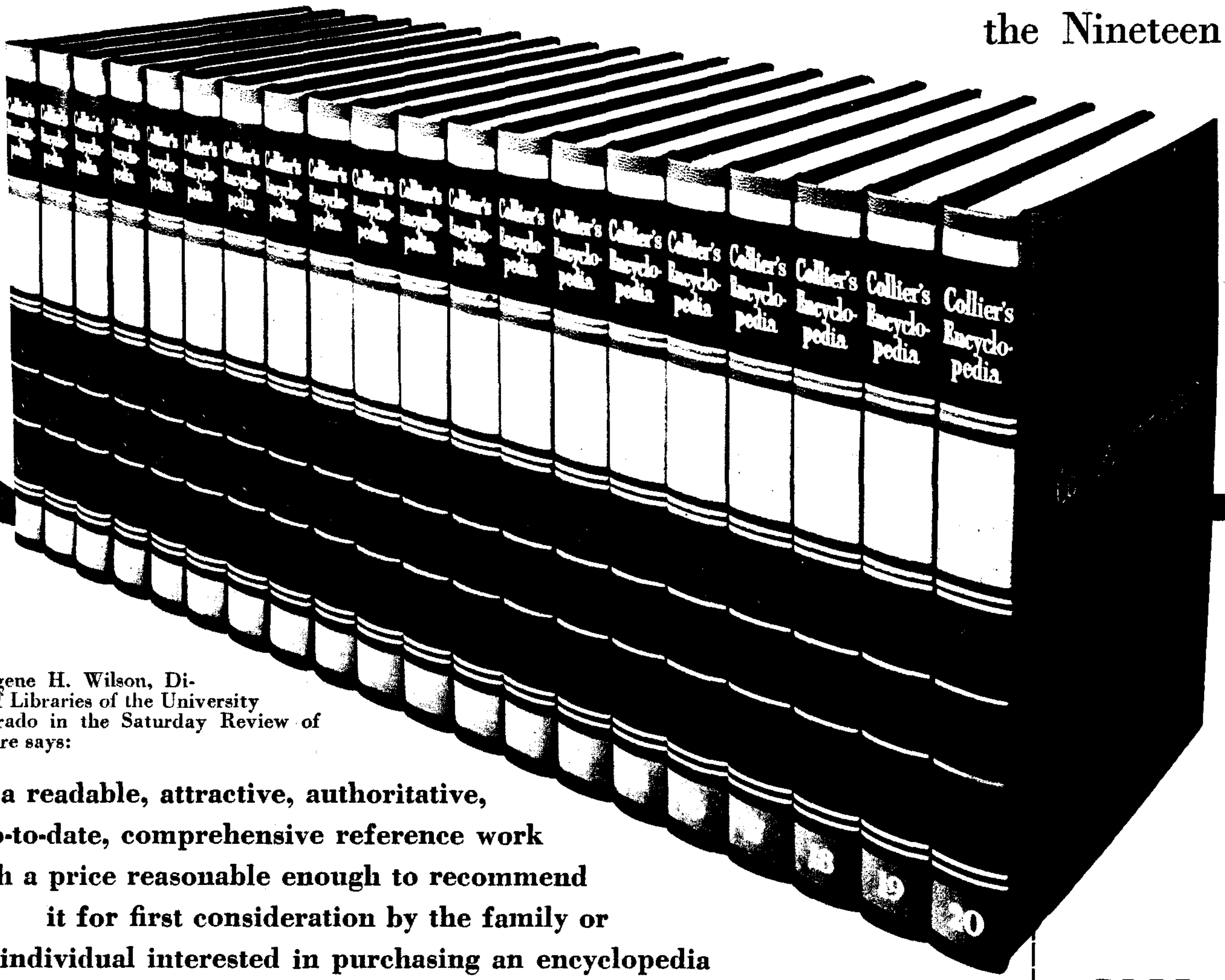

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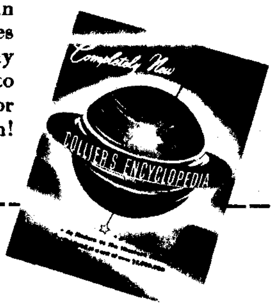

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one of the most dangerous jobs in our whole operation. Dozens of times in every hour, oversize rocks would get jammed between the rails of the sloping grizzly that covered the funnel. The man on the job had to work the rocks loose so that they would either fall through or slide off and be carried away by the highest conveyer belt. Sometimes the man could do it with his long steel hook. When he couldn't, he had to walk out on the wet rails of the grizzly and wrestle the rock free with his hands.

Since a man on the high grizzly was invisible from the ground, we had a warning system. Before going out on the grizzly, the hopper man always pulled a rope which raised a red flag high above the hopper, to a point where the dragline operator in the cab below could see it. When the flag was up, Louise was supposed to wait. But this time something went wrong.

Sam Graham died instantly under a full load from the bucket of the dragline. He hadn't forgotten to raise the flag. When we dug his body out of the caisson under the hopper, the flag was still up.

I felt as if I'd been clubbed. I thought of Murphy right away, as soon as I saw that Sam was beyond help. Running down the stairs, I stepped off the barge and hurried over to Louise. Murphy was still in the cab, perfectly calm. He didn't know anything had happened, so I told him about it. I hope I never have to carry news like that again. I saw all the joy of the last year and all the hope for the future die in his eyes.

He wanted to see Sam, but I wouldn't let him. "I saw the flag," he kept repeating. "I saw the flag, and I *waited*—but I guess it was already too late. I guess I saw the flag too late."

There didn't seem to be any other possible explanation.

I SPENT the next three days with the boss. First I went with him to arrange for his son's funeral. Then I went with him on a silent, two-day pack trip in the mountains. After that, I stayed by him for the funeral itself. I got back to the mine at breakfast time on the day after the funeral.

I wanted to talk to Murphy, but he wasn't in the cookshack when I walked in. "Where's Murphy?" I asked.

Nobody answered. For a full minute everybody ate in silence. Then Bud Larsen said gruffly, "He don't eat with us no more." And when nobody said anything to that, Larsen went on: "He don't sleep in the bunkhouse no more, neither. We don't see much of him." Larsen giggled nervously. "Maybe we're safer that way."

The lean man whose nickname was Diesel said, "Shut up, Larsen."

Then Red Killian, with his mouth full, said, "Maybe Larsen's right."

Diesel put his fork down deliberately and turned on Killian. "What's that you said?"

"I says maybe the fat boy was right."

I'd started an argument, but I still didn't know where Murphy was, so I asked it again. "Where's Murphy?"

Diesel got up and led me to the door. He stood in the doorway and pointed out over the pyramids of waste rock from the mine. I saw the barge, a quarter of a mile up the river bed, with Louise's long boom towering over it. I saw the bunkhouse much nearer to us. Then I saw Murphy, about a hundred yards away. He was carrying a piece of lumber, and I wondered why. As I watched, he put the long board on top of a pile he'd already carried, and turned back toward the carpenter shop.

"I wouldn't go out there," Diesel said. "The kid wants to be by himself." Diesel spoke sarcastically, as he always did, but I sensed an undercurrent of real sympathy in him for Murphy. I guess there's nobody who works with heavy machinery who hasn't at one time or another had nightmares about killing somebody.

I took Diesel's advice and let Murphy alone, although I hated to think of what might be going on inside him. I waited almost a week. And I doubt if there was an hour of that time when I didn't give some thought to Sam Graham's death.

Mostly I thought about the warning flag. It hadn't done its job, and I still couldn't entirely believe that was Murphy's fault. I kept searching for some explanation that would take the blame off Murphy.

I don't know when I first got the idea that Sam's death might have been no accident at all, but murder. I know I examined the idea from all sides before I hit on anything I could do about it.

Meanwhile, I began to see what Murphy was up to, out on the desolate sea of rocks between the mine office and the barge. He was building a house.

The job only took him a few days, because what he was building was only a shack. He worked on it from dawn to dark, living on sandwiches he made for himself.

As soon as the house was done, he went to Prescott and got a kerosene camp stove. After that, hardly anybody saw him. He went back to his old job on the sampling truck, and he told the boss he never wanted to touch the big dragline again.

88
88
Frank Owen

"Hey! Will you kindly keep those clippers of yours out of my salad?"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN

I decided that if my new plan was going to work, I'd have to put it into operation very soon. Six days after Sam's funeral, I went out to Murphy's house. It was after supper, and the sky was already getting dark. There wasn't any path; the only way to get there was by climbing up and down over the mountains of waste rock from the mine. A couple of times I started rock slides with my feet, and once I fell. I didn't get my first good look at the house until it was right in front of me. Then I saw that Murphy was still outside, building something. What he was building was a fence.

He was making it about five feet tall, of rough boards, and it went all the way around his house. It was almost finished.

I didn't like the fence. I didn't like the house. I didn't like the whole idea. "Murphy," I said, "I need you for something."

He put down his hammer and stood up. "Why don't you get somebody you can trust?"

I ignored that. I said, "I'm thinking of setting a trap for somebody. I want you to be the bait."

"I don't get it."

I said, "Murphy, did you know the boss was about to retire—up until Sam got killed?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Sam had been expected to take over as superintendent?"

"Everybody knew that."

"Who do you think will get the job, now that Sam is dead?"

"Red Killian, I guess. Or Diesel. Why are we talking about it?"

"Murphy," I said, "there's a chance that Sam's death wasn't your fault. The only catch is, you'll have to risk your life to prove it. Will you do it?"

For the first time, I saw a flicker of hope in his eyes. He wasn't afraid. The way he scratched his chin and said, "Tell me about it," reminded me of his dad.

AFTER I left Murphy that night, I went to see the boss. My interview with the boss went slower, and he took a good bit more persuading. He finally agreed to go along with my scheme, though, and the next evening we had dinner with the men in the cookshack.

When everybody had finished eating, the boss stood up and said, "Men, I have a little announcement to make. You all know I'm retiring next month. Maybe you know who's getting my job, but I want to make it official. It's Joel Murphy."

That was the end of the main announcement, but it wasn't all of the trap we were trying to set. In the general conversation that followed, I heard the boss explain that, for tomorrow only, Murphy would act as hopper man on the big rig, since that was the only job around the mine he hadn't already done, at one time or another. The boss said all this good and loud, and I was sure everybody heard it.

I spent a couple of busy hours, later that night, putting an extra hoist rope on the red warning flag. And I went back to the barge again before daylight, and stayed there. I didn't want anybody to know where I was. I climbed to the top story and hid in the crucible shack.

I'd been there about half an hour when the day's work began. The first man I saw through my little window was Murphy. He climbed the stairs up to the platform where the hopper man always stood to watch the grizzly for boulders.

A minute later, the dragline started operating, and Murphy went about his job. The first time he had to raise the flag and go out on the grizzly, my pulse was pounding. I kept my eyes on the flag until it started to go down, and then I looked quickly to see if Murphy himself was the one who was lowering it. He was.

During the next two hours, Murphy raised and lowered the flag many times. Everything was normal, and my attention began to wander a little. From my window I could look out over the miles of tailings from the mine. Everywhere the barge had been, it had left an unholy chaos of heaped rocks, where nothing grew. Out in the middle of it all stood Murphy's fenced-in house—which was an ugly thing, no matter how you looked at it.

The next time Murphy raised the flag, I saw it go down again a little sooner than I had expected, and when I lowered my eyes to see who was hauling on the rope, I saw Red Killian.

A second later I saw the bucket of the dragline, which had been waiting, start to swing over the hopper.

The first thing I did was to haul on the rope I had in my own hand. I was relieved to see the flag go back up, and the dragline's bucket swing away again, without tripping its load. The rope I had attached the night before had been crudely rigged, but it had worked. Murphy's life had depended on it, and it had worked.

Red Killian didn't know that, though. He was coming down the stairs like a shot, and I knew what he was thinking. As soon as he heard the crash of rocks in the hopper, he would rush back up and raise the flag. Murphy's death would be a second "tragic mistake," and Red would be back in line for the boss's job.

I leaped out the door of the crucible shack, hollered, "Murphy!" as loud as I could bellow, and then made for Red.

But when Red jerked around toward me I discovered he had something I hadn't counted on. He pulled out a flat automatic and pointed it at me, and my whole plan fell to pieces.

Murphy came rattling down the stairs from the hopper. Red turned toward him, then changed his mind and darted down the stairway toward the level below.

I was a little slow to follow. You think twice when there's a gun. But Murphy wasn't slow at all. He went down the stairs on Red's heels, yelling, "Stop him! Stop Red Killian!" I was just starting down the stairs myself when I heard the shot.

I found Murphy on the second level, with a bullet in his arm. The wound wasn't much. I tied it up with my handkerchief and we went on down together.

The delay for first aid had cost us about ten minutes. Everything was still now. The caisson had stopped, Louise was idling quietly without an operator, and all the men were gone. Just as we stepped off the barge onto dry land, we heard another shot.

"That come from over by your house!" I said to Murphy, and he started to run. He went scrambling over the mountains of tailings, almost faster than I could follow.

FIVE minutes later we found the men—all but Red. They were standing in a group on a slope of rocks, just behind a ridge from Murphy's house. The boss was with them.

"Where's Killian?" I asked him.

"He's holed up. We chased him this far, and he ducked into Joel's house."

Murphy said, "Let's get him."

"How?" the boss asked.

He had a point. Killian was the only one with a gun. He'd used it on Murphy and he might use it again, if anybody got near.

"Why not fix up some kind of bomb, with dynamite and a fuse?" I suggested. "We could throw it."

Diesel spoke for the first time. "I don't like that idea," he said. "Let's do this without lousing up Murphy's house." It was a friendly thing to say, and several of the men nodded their agreement. I saw Murphy look at them in surprise. I think it was the first time he realized that he wasn't being blamed for Sam's death any more.

"I told the boys what Killian did to Sam," the boss explained. Then the thought of Sam darkened his face. He said suddenly, "Here goes," and started moving.

We watched as the boss tried making an open approach to the house. He started walking toward it at a steady pace, watching the one window that was visible over the fence.

It was a nice try, but Red had gone a long way beyond authority. When the boss was thirty yards from the front door, Red rose up in the window and shot.

He missed, as it happened, but it looked as if he might not miss again. The boss did what anybody else would do. He turned around and came back.

It was about that time that I noticed Murphy wasn't with us. A second later I heard the noise of a heavy engine. Murphy had said he'd never touch Louise again, but when I looked back toward the barge, I saw the long boom of the dragline shudder and start to move against the sky. A moment later, the whole bulk of Louise came in sight as she climbed one of the cones of heaped rock, her Diesel roaring.

Nobody but Joel Murphy, or maybe his old man, would ever have tried to put Louise over the rock pile. She wasn't built for it. She was coming toward us now at full speed, her boom whipping up and down and sideways in jerky arcs that reminded me of something I'd seen before. What I'd seen was an ant, struggling across rough ground, carrying a long straw held up at an angle. Louise's boom was flapping back and forth like that straw.

I saw the whole machine skid sideways a couple of times, and once her cab was half buried by a rock slide, but she kept on churning, getting nearer all the time. When she came rocking and crashing down at us over the last ridge, we scattered in all directions.

"Murphy must of went nuts!" I heard Diesel yell.

Joel drove Louise straight past us toward the house. In the little window beyond the fence, I saw Killian rise up and take careful aim. The gun went off and I heard the bullet *spang* against the steel over Joel's head and go whining off over the hill. Red shot again and the same thing happened. Louise didn't even slow down. Red's face changed then, and he ducked behind the window frame and disappeared.

I thought Joel intended to grind right on over the house, but I was wrong. He stopped before he got there. I couldn't see why, until I saw the bucket start coming down. Murphy lowered it until it just cleared the ground beside the wall of the house. Then he locked his cables.

A second later, Louise started to turn on her treads. The treads stayed where they were, but the cab and boom, the whole upper part of the machine, began to turn, so that the hanging bucket moved away from the house in a smooth arc, just clearing the top of the fence. I got the idea then. Louise was doing what a man does when he hauls off to swat somebody.

WHEN the bucket was twenty yards from the side of the house, Joel reversed the direction of the turn and speeded it up. The bucket swung on away for another twenty feet and then began to swing back, picking up speed. It skimmed over the top of the fence and hit the house with a wallop that must have been heard all the way to the state Capitol. There was a splintering of wood and a wrenching of nails, and the little cheesebox of a house rolled over on its side. The floor stayed right where it had been, and I saw Red Killian lying face down on it. His gun was beside him, where he'd thrown it. When we walked through the gate in the fence and picked him up he was blubbering like a baby. He wasn't hurt—just scared.

Murphy didn't climb down off the machine. "Watch out!" he yelled, and started Louise moving forward, right at us.

We got out of the way again.

Louise advanced until her right-hand crawler smashed into the fence. Then she turned majestically and made a complete, slow circle of the house, keeping her tread on the fence, grinding it to splinters.

Lumber cost a lot of money, even in those days. But I got a good look at Joel Murphy as he headed the dragline back toward the barge, and I can testify that some things are more important than money. For the first time since I'd known him, that boy looked as big as his dad. THE END

World's Most Shot-at Air Line

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

and 16 C-46s out of U.S. Army surplus. We called ourselves CNRRA Air Transport, which was how we got to be CAT."

CAT officially became an air line late in October, 1946, but it was almost another three months before it became an air line with planes. General Chennault and Willauer had hoped to get CAT into operation in time to participate in the relief of millions in Hunan Province, which was then being swept by one of the most terrible famines in China's history. The delaying tactics of the government air lines prevented this. (Both the China National Aviation Corporation and the Central Air Transport Corporation, incidentally, later deserted to the Communists. After their defection, CAT bought the Nationalist government's interest in the two air lines—an issue which has been the subject of several bitterly fought, still undecided, international court cases.)

The practical start of CAT came in early December. Colonel Richard W. Wise, of Trenton, New Jersey, short, chain-smoking associate of General Chennault when he was in command of the U.S. Fourteenth Air Force, called five pilots into his crowded bedroom-office at Cathay Mansions Hotel in Shanghai. They were still in the uniforms of the U.S. Marine Corps, the Navy and the Army Air Force. They had been waiting for jobs for many weeks after obtaining their discharges in China. No bunch of pilots was ever more eager to get going.

The colonel addressed the pilots, who sat on the edges of a couple of scarred desks:

"Here is $500. I want you to take this list of surplus C-47 planes and go to the Philippines. The planes are somewhere down there. I don't know where. Pick out the five best, hire any mechanics necessary to put them in condition, pay your expenses, buy gas, hydraulic fluid, have them painted with our design, fly the planes back here and (the colonel emphasized this point) bring back the change because we're short of cash."

CAT had the credits for the surplus planes but, in its first days, it had to dig deep for folding money. What CAT had beyond credits and a few hundred dollars in ready money was a collection of first-rate pilots just as determined as General Chennault and Willauer to get into the flying business in China. These pilots were no seat-of-the-pants adventurers hoping to pick up some quick money. Nor were they do-or-die characters out of a comic strip. They saw a career out here, and they have stuck with CAT.

The five pilots Wise talked to that December day were:

Curly-headed Alvin Lewis (Lu) Burridge, from Cadillac, Michigan, ex-Marine C-46 instructor and now a CAT executive; a dark-haired, drawling ex-U.S. Army avia-

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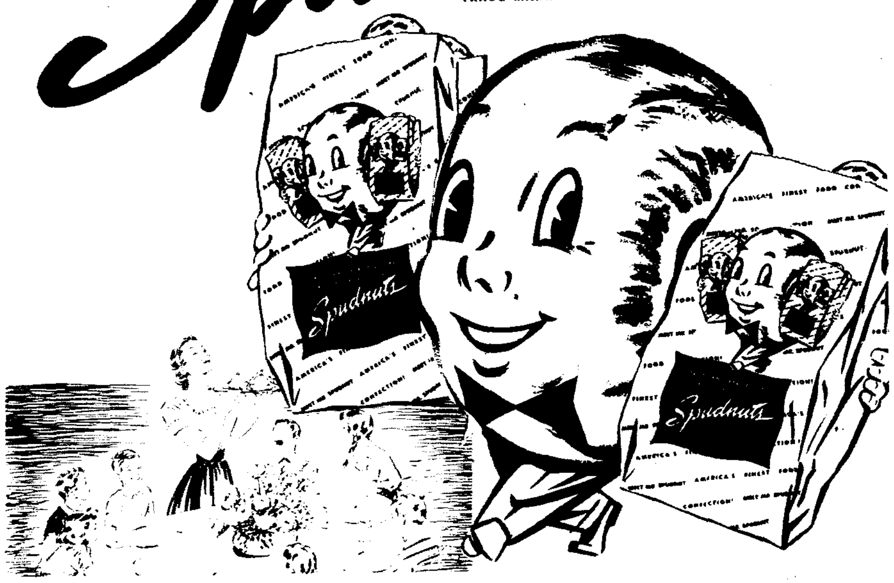

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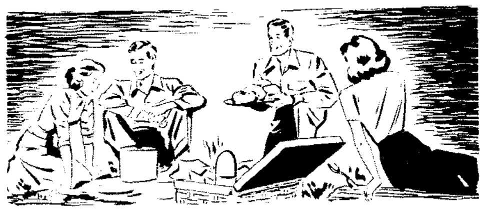

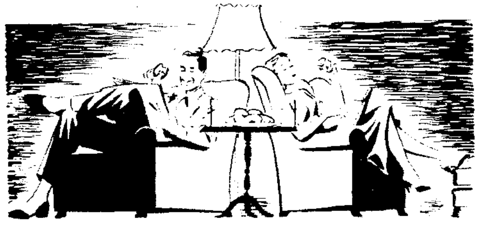

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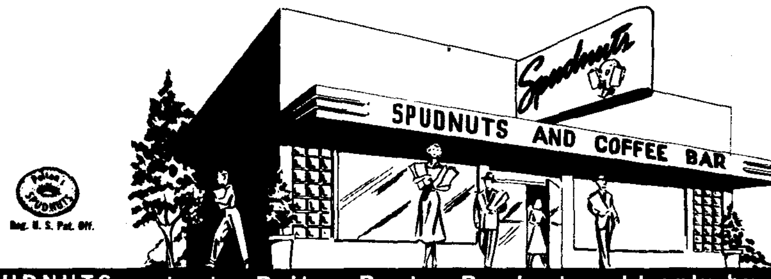

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tor from Hamburg, Arkansas, Stuart E. Dew, who piloted General George C. Marshall around China while he was trying to end the civil war; handsome Paul Holden from Greenleaf, Kansas, a former U.S. Army troop carrier pilot; Var M. Green, whose home town is Pima, Arizona, a Marine buddy of Burridge's and also a CAT executive now, and Willis Hobbs from Arthur City, Texas, a Navy pilot.

The five headed for Clark Field near Manila with the $500. Other CAT pilots were to follow. Lu says:

"We were so short of cash that we stayed in uniform so we could eat at the Clark Field mess for less money.

"But even with short cuts, our $500 was dwindling fast. To get the planes in shape, we hired a couple of Filipino mechanics, partly because they said they were good mechanics but mostly because they had a jeep. We couldn't afford transportation. All of us worked on the surplus planes and we got the first three C-47s ready just after the middle of January. But we only had enough money to paint the CAT insignia—a Disney-like feline—on one of them.

"The first three of us headed for China. (The others followed in a few days.) After touching down in Canton (where gas was not available), we landed in Hong Kong to fuel for the flight to Shanghai. We nearly got ourselves impounded. Nobody knew anything about CAT. Nobody could understand why pilots in the uniforms of the three U.S. air services would be flying one plane with CAT markings and two others with the military markings still on. Things got so hot at one stage of the argument that we thought we were going to be arrested. Bill Peace, a Kansas City oil company man, helped us talk our way out of Hong Kong."

Many and Varied Cargoes

Without enthusiastic ceremony, CAT was in the flying business—and it was there to stay. From 128 employees and five planes at the end of February, 1947, the air-line fleet grew quickly to 18 C-47s and C-46s and 822 employees by the end of the year. During 1947, CAT flew 1,930,558 miles with cargo which included New Zealand thoroughbred sheep to improve Chinese flocks; cotton (by the hundreds of bales), vegetable seed, food for the relief of 5,000,000 Chinese marooned by floods in Kwangtung Province, hog bristles, wool, anticholera serum, Jersey and Ayrshire cattle, 138 baskets of silkworm eggs, Yunnan hams, coal, tobacco leaf, horses, pigs, fish for spawning, all manner of medical supplies for missions and the remote provinces, and ammunition—from hand grenades to heavy shells—for cut-off Nationalist troops.

With the rapid expansion of CAT's operations all over China, the air line was making an important imprint on the economy of the country. It was meeting, with a staff of resourceful and daring pilots, the need for some dependable—and more or less safe—transportation in a nation disrupted by the long war with the Japanese and even more torn by the civil war between the Communists and the Nationalists which was beginning to move toward a decision by the time CAT got started.

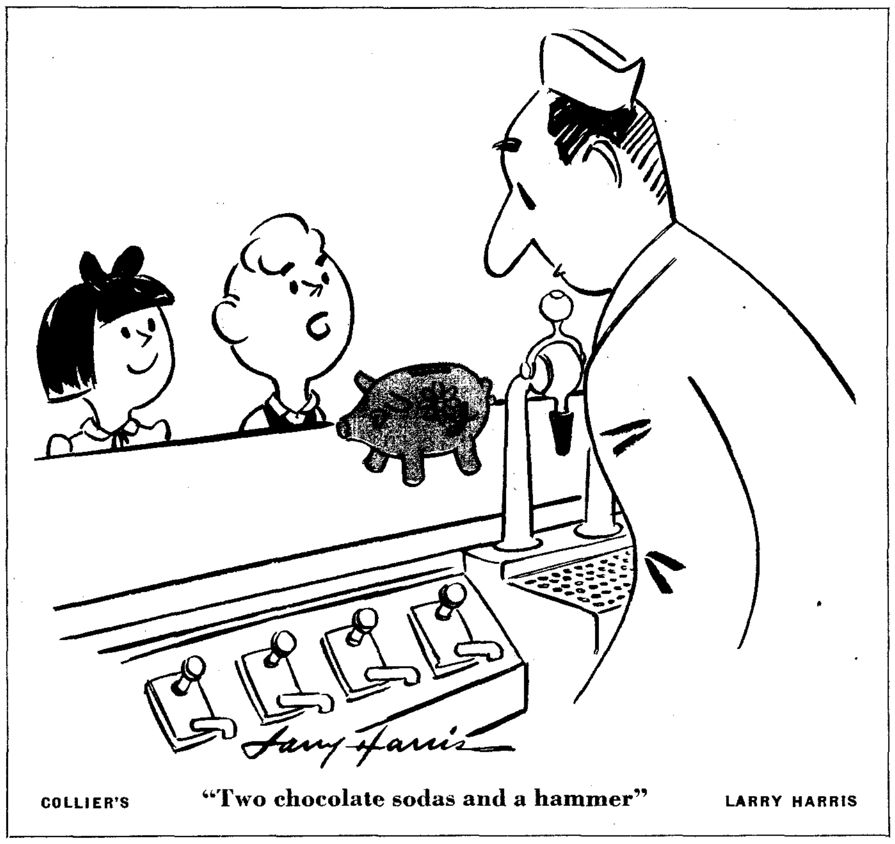
Chennault and Willhauer also were introducing to China a brand of American private enterprise which might well serve as a model for all Western business once the Chinese are freed from the Reds, and free trade is re-established. The basis of the Chennault-Willauer method was to perform a service to the Chinese themselves with nothing of old Oriental exploitation—taking much and giving little—about it. At great danger, CAT linked supply with need and very often the air line determined the need and then found the supply.

A Chinese general in Taipeh told us:

"CAT probably delayed Communist conquest of the northern and central areas of China by many weeks, perhaps months. And it flew thousands of tons of relief supplies to areas where an airplane had never flown before. Certainly, the dangerous air lift to cities being attacked by the Communists staved off many retreats."

Nobody can be sure when the first shot was fired at CAT by the Communists. With two engines roaring against the wind, it's hard to hear machine-gun fire, but CAT wasn't a year old before maintenance men began finding bullet holes in the wings of the transports. (CAT's bosses take the same chances their pilots do, and both General Chennault and Willauer have had narrow brushes with disaster.)

Particularly dangerous were the evacuations just ahead of the Communist invaders, which started early for CAT. Mukden in Manchuria was among the first CAT bases to fall, and then Tientsin. Harry Kaffenberger, from Dayton, Ohio, landed near the battle lines at the Tientsin field about 10 miles from the city, blowing out a tire. He stood on the field for not more than five minutes when the Communists swarmed down the road. Thoughts of doing something about the tire were quickly abandoned. It's supposed to be impossible, but he took his C-47 off anyway, flat tire shredding on the corrugated strip, as the Red troops overran the field.



COLLIER'S "Two chocolate sodas and a hammer" LARRY HARRIS

And at Tientsin, ex-Marine pilot Johnny Plank, of St. Louis, performed what CAT men believe to be still another miracle of flying. Johnny was on a mercy mission, flying medical supplies, while the city was under attack. The field was the center of a racecourse, surrounded by two- and three-story buildings. After the plane's cargo was discharged, the Reds started lobbing mortar shells into the field. The runway was 2,000 feet long, the very minimum considered necessary for C-46 take-offs—and Johnny was parked right in the middle of it. But he didn't have time to think about the ordinary rules of flying: when the shelling started, he and his copilot jumped into the transport and without even warming up the engines, started moving—fast. The plane's wings almost scraped the top of the three-story American Consulate building on the edge of the racecourse.

"A C-46 can't take off and climb in 1,000 feet," Lu Burridge pointed out, "but this one did."

Despite all the perils CAT has faced, the line has had only one casualty from bullets—a Chinese passenger on a C-47 cargo flight from Tsingtao to Weihsien.

Burridge himself probably got into one of the tightest spots in all CAT's violent history. This was at Red-surrounded Tsinan. The Communists were applying plenty of pressure to the city, and it was doubtful how much longer the field could be held. Lu flew to Tsinan from Tsingtao, where he was in command of CAT's northern China operations, to look over the situation. Lu came in on a plane piloted by Ray Carlton, of Proctor, Texas, and immediately consulted the Nationalist general in charge. Lu says:

"I was assured by the general that the field would be safe for a week or so. I went up to the control tower to ask about weather for our return trip. The bullets started flying while I was in the tower.

"I ran to the plane and so did everybody else, including the general. The plane was still loaded with rice. The general grabbed hold of the tail while others—there must have been 30—tried to catch onto the ladder, which was still hooked on. We were dangerously overloaded. We threw out rice and pulled some of those hanging on the ladder into the plane. We got started. I don't know how. I don't know what happened to the general."

Chinese Red ground troops were not the only enemy of CAT, which, incidentally, flew almost entirely over Red-occupied territory in northern China and Manchuria. Near Port Dairen, in Russian hands, Lu says, American-made Airacobras with plainly marked Russian insignia fired on a CAT transport three times. The Russians got so they would dive on nearly every one of CAT's planes on this Tsingtao-Mukden route.

Bob Buol, from Stockton, California, chief of CAT's operations later on, was buzzed continually by the Russians. Buol was one of two American CAT pilots captured by the Communists toward the end of the fighting on the mainland. He is still being held. The other was one of CAT's most fabulous pilots, James B. (Earthquake McGoon) McGovern, from Elizabeth, New Jersey, who started out as a fighter pilot in the Army Air Force.

The Communists seized McGovern when he made an emergency landing—without casualties—on Liuchow Peninsula in early January, 1950. He was held incommunicado, but CAT, wise in the ways of the Chinese, began pulling mysterious strings in Shanghai and passing Hong Kong dollars to the right people, and in May, McGovern was released.

The Reds won't free Buol, on the technicality that, as chief of operations, he was an official of CAT while McGovern was not. Naturally, the Reds do not like CAT, and the air line's executives have been fearful for Buol's welfare ever since his capture at Mengtsz, where he had been sent to reopen the CAT base. But so far as they know, nothing has happened to Buol. His pretty wife, who is Sue to all of CAT's personnel, is secretary to General Chennault and in her spare time manages the CAT-owned "Friends of China Club," headquarters for Taipeh's foreign colony. She is an American, but many CAT pilots have followed General Chennault's lead and married Chinese.

CAT calls itself the "Orient's Own Air Line" and its personnel at home and at work is certainly international. Employees of at least 10 different nationalities work for the company. Still, the hard core of CAT is American. All but one of the flight captains are Americans. The exception is British. Most of the copilots are Chinese.

Bank Notes Thrown Overboard

In the CAT saga are many incidents involving bank notes. Bob Rousselot, of Joplin, Missouri, chief pilot—an ex-Marine and an inspiring leader of his crews—was flying 12,000 pounds of Chinese bank notes (worth about $4,000,000 in U.S. currency) for the Nationalist government from Liuchow to Chungking when his port engine failed. To maintain altitude, Bob had to jettison the entire shipment over the rugged hills of Kweichow Province, and even then just barely made it to Liuchow with his empty plane.

The Chinese treasury department was suspicious. They couldn't understand why he didn't jettison his gasoline instead, and simply figured that Rousselot wanted to get rich. Chinese agents hurried to the spot where the bank notes had been dropped. They spent 10 days scouring the area on foot, while the deeply concerned Rousselot, flying an L-5, a plane badly suited for the mountainous country, searched from the sky. They recovered some of the bank notes, but not all.

Despite countless time- and money-consuming incidents like this, plus evacuations in many of the Communist-held areas of China, CAT got into its stride in '48 and '49. It paid off all its debts. In 1948, the first full year of operation, CAT transports flew 5,901,011 miles with total revenue from cargo and passenger traffic revenue of 30,652,252 ton-miles. In the spring and summer of '49, CAT became the largest air cargo carrier in Asia. That fall, it slumped slightly because of the retreat of the Nationalists from the north and ended up the year with 4,729,034 miles flown and 21,964,570 ton-miles of cargo and passengers. CAT's assets are now worth $5,500,000 and the Korean War jumped its income to between $500,000 and $1,000,000 a month.

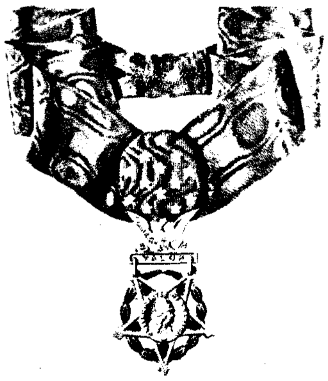
But statistics tell relatively little of the story of CAT. We heard another part of it here from aging Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, former governor of Shansi and later Premier of China. Marshal Yen is celebrated as the defender of the once-great north China city of Taiyuan, where, two years ago, 500 key citizens carried out en masse a solemn vow to swallow poison before surrendering to the Communists then entering their beloved city.

Seated in a chill, sparsely furnished house, whose walls trembled in the wind, the old marshal told us how CAT pilots, flying the longest air lift since V-J day, staved off the capture of his city for months on end.

His voice was hoarse with emotion. "For months we lived from day to day for the song of American planes over Taiyuan," he told us. "I wasn't bothered so much about the sound of Communist shells or rifle fire—I was sure we could hold our own; but if I couldn't hear the planes, then I really worried. Planes meant rice. Rice meant the survival of the city. But finally no more planes came. The rest you know."

Wind blowing through the shoji flicked at a long candle tilted in a grimy, smoke-blackened coffee tin. Marshal Yen set his glass of tea down on the oilcloth-covered table and drew the long sleeves of his plain cotton Chinese gown or *ch'ang p'ao-tze* down over thin, wrinkled wrists. Gone was

Medal of Honor



Private First Class Melvin Brown, of Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor for valor in action near Kasan, Korea, September 4, 1950. Stubbornly holding an advanced position atop a wall, Pfc. Brown stood off attacking North Koreans until all his rifle ammunition and grenades were gone. When last seen he was still fighting—with only an entrenching shovel for a weapon—rather than give up an inch of ground.

Never forget the devotion of Melvin Brown!

Now, this very day, you can help make safer the land he served so far "above and beyond the call of duty." Whoever you are, wherever you are, you can begin buying more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense* Bonds. For every time you buy a bond you're helping keep solid and stable and strong the country for which Private Brown gave everything he had.

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Remember that when you're buying bonds for defense, you're also building a reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. So go to your company's pay office—now—and sign up to buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Don't forget that now *every Series E Bond you own* automatically goes on earning interest for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 as before. This means, for example, that a Bond you bought for $18.75 can return you not just $25 but as much as $33.33! For your country's security, and your own, buy more United States Defense Bonds now!

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the soldier's uniform worn through a lifetime of wars; gone were the trappings of office; and gone, too, were the Oriental treasures (gifts from some of Asia's most important personages) which adorned the marshal's previous residences. The last of China's great war lords and onetime ruler over one of its largest empires, Yen now lives in seclusion with a few trusted servants in his mountain retreat and spends his days working for a free China. Taiyuan is a long way away—possibly 1,500 miles even as planes fly—but the city, its 300,000 people left behind, and the American airmen who supported him in his long fight against staggering odds are close to heart and memory.

"They were wonderful, those boys," the marshal said. "They were shot at almost every time they came in, but they came in just the same because they knew how much it meant. As you know, the Communists finally took all the hills around Taiyuan, and consequently all the hundreds of gun positions and pillboxes we'd built in them—and from this high ground their batteries could zero in on our airfields. We had three fields when the air lift started; we had nine when it ended. When one field was being shelled too heavily, we'd bring the planes in on another: it would take the Reds a little while to adjust their guns, and that was time enough for a pilot to land. If he did it fast, of course.

"Toward the end, all nine airfields were either captured or under fire, fire so heavy the planes couldn't land, but the pilots brought our rice anyway," he went on. "They would come in over a field as low as 300 feet and, in spite of the bullets, would stay until all the bags of rice had been dropped. And as I say, they kept it up for months. They would have kept it up for months longer if they hadn't lost their bases. The air lift stopped and Taiyuan fell a few days later."

Of all CAT's China operations, none was as prolonged nor as hazardous as the Taiyuan lift. Today, when CAT pilots encounter some uncomfortably familiar Communist planes they are reminded—much too vividly—of those hundreds of flights into old Marshal Yen's besieged citadel.

Winter Scenes in Operations

If one had walked into *any* of CAT's operations offices during the grim winter months of early 1949 following the fall of Peiping (as one of the writers did on several occasions), he would have experienced a queer feeling of having got his years all mixed up, of having stumbled back into the early forties at any wartime American military air base in the China theater. For it was all there: the same crude operations hut whose thin walls afforded almost no protection against raw Chinese nights; the same oil stoves; that weird but familiar cacophony: high-pitched wails and screeches of radio static, a half-dozen telephones ringing at once, the strained voices of operations officers shouting alternately and ineffectually in both English and Chinese, trying desperately to make themselves heard above the deafening roar of engines revving up outside; the same breezy American pilots wandering in and out with the latest jokes—and underneath it all that same atmosphere of urgency and tension which, more than anything else, meant that operations here were not in the "milk-run" class.

Outside a CAT operations shack, on any night during the Taiyuan show, you could see the airfield's flickering kerosene flares casting an eerie glow over old war-weary C-46s and 47s parked on runways, their olive-drab paint considerably the worse for wear. You could see mechanics standing on A-frames, stomping their feet to keep warm and holding torches to airplane engines for final checks, and trucks laden with soldiers and cargo backing up to the planes' open hatches. You could hear the familiar singsong chant of coolies hard at work loading rice; or cutting across the wind, an American voice with a Midwestern twang: "Hey, hurry it up, you guys. Damn it, we're already late."

Not only were the conditions under which CAT's pilots had to fly hazardous, they were so bad that many a CBI Air Transport Command veteran was heard to remark that, compared to flying for CAT in north China, "the Hump" was a picnic. Except for about 45 minutes, the entire 9½-hour nonstop round-trip flight from Shanghai to Taiyuan, for instance, was over enemy-held territory; and a forced landing for the American pilots, many of whom were already on Communist war-criminal lists for allegedly dropping a few bombs out the doors of their civil transport planes, was one of those "mental hazards" they tried to avoid thinking about. There were no navigational aids or alternate landing fields, and even at best, a C-46's fuel supply left almost no safety margin for these long flights. It was not at all unusual for transports to return with less than 30 minutes' gas left—even in good weather, a rare condition in north China in winter.

In spite of the usual gripes, none of CAT's airmen did much complaining: CAT's pilots were being handsomely paid (at least on paper; sometimes there was no cash for three months) for jobs which took into consideration the risks involved, and they knew it. Most of them averaged about $2,000 a month. Base pay was $800 for a minimum of 60 hours; beyond that, pilots received $10 for each additional hour of flying time, a situation, incidentally, which gave time a new meaning. "At $10 an hour," one pilot would say to another, "what the hell are you sitting on the ground for?" And a plane was never "an hour north of the field"—it was always "$10 north."

However, it wasn't nearly as mercenary as this indicates. After being exposed to a whole host of defections, surrenders, deals and compromises on the part of Nationalist generals in China that winter, there was something about Marshal Yen Hsi-shan's *tenacious stand in Taiyuan which inspired* the all-out effort CAT's people gave him, both executives and pilots.

"The guys took flights for Marshal Yen they wouldn't have taken for anyone else in China," said Lu Burridge. "In Tsingtao, for instance, I had three planes in the air all at once with engines cutting out due to carburetor icing. Nobody would fly in that kind of weather just for money. Yen Hsi-shan ran things the way old Yankee ship captains must have operated: there was something very American in everything he did, and we couldn't help responding to it."

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

The longer the old man held out, the more determined were the Americans to help him. The fact that it was *all* the outside help Yen got is a matter of record, however surprising. The marshal not only had to battle Communists, but had to fight with the Nanking government to get even token support.

Under ordinary circumstances the Taiyuan air lift, like that in Berlin, would be properly considered the responsibility of a government's military air force. But for reasons not yet clear, the Chinese air force, which had scores more cargo planes at its disposal than did the commercial companies, with very few exceptions refused to fly in even moderately bad weather, refused to fly at night, and very often refused to fly at all. The CAF did fly two army divisions from other areas into beleaguered Taiyuan over a period of 20 days, but that represented almost the sum total of the tactical support to Marshal Yen's forces. Yen maintains a discreet silence on this touchy subject today, but it was fairly common knowledge that he was justifiably bitter about the whole situation.

Marshal Yen held out against Communist armies longer than any other commander in China's long civil war. His was a bloody and obstinate defense. After V-J day, the Communists were in control of one third of Yen's Shansi Province. In the winter of '45, they cut off Linfen; in 1946 they started cutting roads and rail lines in and out of Taiyuan and captured the important center of Tatung. By the spring of 1947, Taiyuan was completely isolated from the non-Communist world and Yen called on China's air lines to fly in the supplies needed to keep the city's factories going. This was the beginning of the two-year air lift.

As the Communists pressed closer, Yen moved some of the city's factories outside Taiyuan to locations within the city walls. To keep these plants running, Yen needed nickel, oil, chemicals and other raw materials. All of this had to come by air. The air lines flew in long brass and copper rods, ECA flour, bales of wire, piece goods, tobacco, money—just about everything. In the days when they could still land on Taiyuan's fields, they brought out gypsum, cement, bales of pig iron, carbolic acid, caustic soda—and occasionally some passengers. Jim Bledsoe, a prematurely gray New Mexican, now the executive vice-president, once flew 106 passengers (Japanese repatriates) in a C-46 from Taiyuan to Peiping, thereby undoubtedly setting som sort of record.

For a long time farms within the are still held by Yen's armies were able t supply Taiyuan with its food. But by Au gust, 1948, the momentum of Communis attacks had pushed the marshal's troop back to a 10-kilometer perimeter aroun the city. And by the end of November, *al* of the city's food, in addition to material for its war factories, had to be air-lifted.

Risks of Air Lift Increase

Yen begged the air-line companies to increase their tempo and give him at leas 250 tons a day. Although the smallest o China's three lines, CAT was air-lifting a least half the drop-supplies for Taiyuan a this time. Its fleet of 18 cargo planes averaged 28 round trips a day from coasta bases in Nationalist-held territories. Th fall of Peiping (which was only 250 mile northeast of Taiyuan) in early 1949 was a serious blow to the air lift, for that meant CAT had to shift its main northern headquarters to Tsingtao, almost twice as fa away. Shanghai's Hungjao field was als used as a point of origin, although thi necessitated an even longer flight.

Even by using both fields, it was impossible for CAT with normal daylight operations to meet the marshal's urgent demands; so in January it inaugurated regular night flights and the air lift went on a full 24-hour schedule.

This made for additional tonnage for Taiyuan, but also longer hours, more hazardous flying and a lot more work for everyone. Pilots, operations and communications personnel, and ground crews pushed themselves almost to the breaking point. On March 3d, for instance, one CAT pilot, Randall Richardson, of Norris, Tennessee, put in 21 hours and 45 minutes of flying time. But the combined effort paid off. By March, CAT was exceeding its Taiyuan quota by 40 per cent. Required by contract to deliver 6,390 pounds on each flight, CAT actually delivered 8,400 pounds per plane.

Pilots will tell you these night flights were "murder." Radio compasses, affected by night climactic conditions, would often give false bearings, and since there could be no visual check points, planes had to reach their target strictly by DR (dead-reckoning) navigation. As they neared Taiyuan, they would "home" on the signals of one of Marshal Yen's local radio stations which transmitted on a 24-hour basis for this purpose. The only trouble was that the Communists had a radio station some miles to the north which operated (quite deliberately, the pilots believed) on the same frequency as Taiyuan's. Consequently, it was easy for an airman to overshoot Taiyuan completely—an extremely risky business with gasoline supplies which allowed no margin.

There were other night problems, too: pilots were instructed to turn out their navigational lights as they neared Taiyuan so they wouldn't make such good antiaircraft targets. But after the night when Felix Smith, of Milwaukee, came perilously close to colliding in mid-air with Weldon Bigony, of Ben Franklin, Texas, the boys decided ack-ack was the lesser danger. The lights stayed on. Similarly, a few close brushes with other transports above Taiyuan when "traffic control" was being handled by a Chinese officer on the ground prompted the three air lines to arrange their own control along direct but informal lines: "I'm at 6,000 feet," one pilot would announce over his radio. "Okay, I'm at 5,000 feet," another would say. And so on.

Flying was cold enough by day during that long bitter winter but it was almost unendurable at night. Because 150 bags of rice had to be kicked out in a matter of seconds while planes were over drop zones, the two large doors on the plane's side hatches had to be removed—which meant that the cargo compartment was virtually the same temperature as the outer atmosphere. Thirty-five degrees below zero was not an uncommon thermometer reading.

Theoretically the pilots' cockpit was supposed to be heated; but CAT pilots underlined the word "theoretically." More than half the time, the heating system didn't work at all. Elevator trim-tabs would freeze, oil pressure gauges would freeze—and so almost would the pilots.

But what used to bother the boys on these runs almost as much as anything else was the incredible loneliness and boredom of those long night hours. To break the monotony and try to keep themselves awake, pilots would talk to one another over their VHF sets. One enterprising CAT man flew in a supply of American phonograph records for Marshal Yen's radio station which they played during the night after the station's regular programs had ended.

Once pilots neared their destination, tracer bullets streaking across the sky and orange-yellow flashes of artillery shells left little opportunity for boredom. Upon a signal from the pilot, the "kicker crew" (seven soldiers for each plane) would begin to stack heavy bags of rice in front of the open hatches. As the plane descended over one of the city's previously designated fields, the soldiers would kick the heavy bags out both sides. Then the pilot would go around again for four or five similar passes until all the rice was out.

When the weather was too bad to permit low flights, CAT planes dropped on instruments from 10,000-foot altitudes. (The mountains around Taiyuan were 9,000 feet.) Since the planes had no radar, the accuracy of the rice drop was dependent upon simple navigational measures: planes were instructed to go directly over the radio station, take a 320-degree bearing, proceed for one and one-half minutes—and drop.

Co-operation with CAT and the marshal sometimes came from unexpected and unpublicized sources. "We would probably never have been able to continue our night operations if it hadn't been for the Marines at Tsingtao," said ex-Air Force pilot Roger Fay, of Ithaca, New York. "They weren't supposed to keep their tower open after sundown, but they volunteered to take turns staying on night duty just so they could bring us in when we returned from these Taiyuan flights. This wasn't official, you understand, and maybe the brass doesn't know about it yet. But they were just a bunch of good guys trying to help out."

Unfortunately the odds appeared to be against *all* the good guys trying to help out. By April, the marshal's food reserves were completely exhausted, and even with all three air lines flying maximum schedules, Taiyuan citizens were limited to 15 ounces of rice a day. The morning air drops meant that Yen's people could have lunch; the afternoon planes represented another small bowl of rice for supper.

Generous Bonuses for Pilots

In spite of the double gunny sacks which held the rice, about 20 per cent of the bags burst open when they hit the ground. Although every cupful was hurriedly scooped up by starving families, it was naturally preferable, for purposes of equitable distribution, to have the rice unloaded on the ground rather than from the air. Yen's staff used every means available, including the one which they thought would appeal most—extra dough—to induce pilots to land for even the few minutes required to get the loads out intact. The arrangement was strictly a personal one between the pilot and the men on the ground, who quoted the day's landing bonus to incoming planes over the radio. This started off at about $25, then went up to $50, $80, and finally hit $100. Payment was in cash, payable immediately upon landing. It is not surprising that some of the fliers couldn't resist the temptation of picking up an extra century-note or two a day for a few moments' risk.

But many of them landed not for money but for the marshal. (And they continued to do so until air-line executives, who had already lost a few planes in Taiyuan, forbade it.)

"Most of the crews, after a few firsthand experiences watching thousands of people scrambling for spilled rice, didn't have the heart to take the marshal's money," said Lu Burridge. "A lot of guys landed just to help these people out, and proved it by refusing the hundred bucks. Those who did accept it (it was an awfully hard job trying to give something back to Yen) usually split it up among the flight and kicker crews."

Burridge, incidentally, was having almost as many troubles as the marshal that terrible April. One day, not long before Taiyuan actually fell, Lu started getting frantic radio messages from Yen—one every 30 minutes all day long. They were practically all the same: they implored him to step up the air lift; they announced that Yen was desperate and that his people had had no food for three days. Nobody knew this better than Burridge himself. Everything had gone wrong: the weather had been so bad that even CAT couldn't fly, which meant it was pretty bad indeed. They were out of gas, and CAT was fresh out of cash. Its profits of late consisted of several million gold yuan owed them by Marshal Yen whose own treasury in turn was by now conspicuously lacking in funds. But that wasn't all. Tsingtao was about to fall any minute, and fearing that CAT would take off and leave them stranded, the Chinese ground crews went on strike. It was one of those times when you couldn't make a nickel.

The marshal decided to take things into his own hands and fly down to Nanking and do some spirited desk-pounding with the central government. The reason he gave everyone outside Taiyuan was that he was called to Nanking by Acting President Li Tsung-Jen to give his suggestions for peace terms in connection with pending cease-fire negotiations with the Communists. However true this might have been, Yen's principal reason for going was that he promised the people of Taiyuan he would get them more food, more money and an expanded air lift.

Finally, he pledged that he would return. This was important. One of the famous "501 poison capsules" was earmarked for Yen, and everyone in Taiyuan knew it. These capsules, containing potassium cyanide, had been prepared for Taiyuan's "Five Hundred" by a German chemist on Yen's staff. The organization was a violently anti-Communist society made up of five key members from 100 different groups who, months before, had decided they preferred death to capture. Actually, the membership numbered 501, including Yen himself.

The old marshal flew to Nanking 10 days before Communists took his city. He had his talks with Li Tsung-Jen, and even went down to Funghwa to see Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, then in retirement. Yen has never divulged all that occurred during these conferences nor what, if any, commitments he got from the central government.

In any event, the problem shortly became academic. The situation in Taiyuan had "rapidly deteriorated." Communists had captured all the city's airfields except one, and it was under heavy fire. The city's fall was only a matter of days and Yen was frantic. He *had* to get back and carry out his pledge to the "organization of 500."

Marshal Yen, who fought Reds to bitter end, now lives in Formosa

He asked CAT to fly him back at once. CAT refused, pointing out that it was now too dangerous to try to land. The marshal appealed to China National Airways Corporation and Central Air Transport Company, the other two lines. Their answer was the same. Yen finally made a trip to the home of his good friend Lu Burridge and personally appealed to him. He begged, cajoled, pleaded with Burridge to fly him back. Burridge was adamant.

Marshal Wasn't Expendable

We heard both sides of the story later, both Marshal Yen's own account of his frustrated attempts to return to Taiyuan, and the CAT men's own "reasons" for refusing the marshal's request. They talked of the dangers, the shelling, and the fact they couldn't risk loss of their valuable aircraft. But their arguments would have been more convincing if we hadn't known these boys so well. Burridge will not admit that what it amounted to was a virtual kidnaping of a man whom they did not consider expendable (regardless of *his* views in the matter), but we were free to draw our own conclusions.

Lu *will* admit that the marshal gave him a lot of trouble. "When I told him we couldn't risk losing the plane, he offered to *buy* it. When I told him I wouldn't risk the crews' lives by landing, he insisted on being parachuted in. We were beginning to run out of excuses."

Yen had tears in his eyes as he told Burridge: "You don't understand. If I don't go back to Taiyuan, even my ancestors won't look at me!" Lu was moved, but he'd lived in China long enough to learn a few passive-resistance tactics of his own, and Yen got nowhere. He stormed out of the house in a fury and wouldn't speak to Burridge for three months.

There were others who also believed the marshal was too valuable a person to be sacrificed merely to save face. On April 24, 1949, Marshal Yen received a telegram from the "five hundred" in Taiyuan. They said: "Don't worry and don't come back. Remain where you are. You can help China more by staying. We will never surrender. If the city falls, we will take the poison as promised."

The next day, the Communists took Taiyuan. It was a long time before the outside world could learn what had happened on that fateful evening before. Then, one by one, verified reports filtered through the bamboo curtain, sometimes by means of secret radios, sometimes from people walking through Red territory. The 500 leaders had swallowed the poison capsules and more than 500 others had shot themselves. The city itself was almost completely leveled. It is said that no house in the entire place was left with a complete wall. Victorious Communists, entering the city with public banners to display, could find nothing to hang them on.

And of the marshal?

He became Premier of Nationalist China a few weeks later, took the government over—and ran it—at the lowest point in its history. He literally held it together until Chiang Kai-shek came out of retirement in the spring of 1950 and again assumed personal control.

Now the old marshal sits in his mountain eyrie and writes hundreds of words a day, warning the Chinese people of the dangers of world Communism. He has patched up his feud with Burridge and once more looks on him as a favorite son. CAT men are among his most welcome visitors, and Yen reminds them, as he looks down toward a monument erected to the 500 Taiyuan martyrs, that there's probably some mystic symbolism in the fact that almost the only thing that ever rustles the branches of the willow trees in this quiet grove these days is the roar of CAT engines and the slip stream from the same old Taiyuan planes returning this time to Taipeh from missions to all the Orient's latest "areas of trouble." THE END

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The Sitter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

you really must go now. Get your clothes on and run straight home," or they wouldn't be getting ready to leave. They stayed, wherever they were, as long as they were allowed to.

The children's hands were cold and rough, and they had no mittens and no boots, and their snow suits looked like old Civil War uniforms found on the battlefield. Lucy had a wistful charm, even through the dirt, but she was a white-faced, whining, tired little girl tonight. She was sure to get on Honey's nerves. It was lucky they had a sitter coming in.

But Alan looked like a weary man for whom things were too tough right now. His eyes were remote, and he stumbled along, making no protest at the long walk.

"I'm sorry about the car," their father said. "It's still down at the garage, being repaired, and they were closed."

He was aware, as they reached the house, that he was reluctant to open the door, and that what he felt was a seasoned despair. He stripped the children to their overalls and smelly jerseys, and they began to quarrel, senselessly, like punch-drunk fighters.

"Stop that!" he said. "Supper'll be ready soon. Behave yourselves!"

It was unfair. He knew it. They knew it. But they only gave him exhausted, heavy-lidded glances, and went on quarreling because they were too tired to stop.

"Oh, for God's sake!" he said sharply. He could speak to them, direct from annoyance or worry, as he could never speak to Honey. Looking at his orphanish children, he knew why. They were at least on their way to growing up; they already accepted a great many things, and made their own arrangements, which might include supper at other people's houses, impatiently offered. At least they were aware of their world. "Stop that!" he said again.

"Shut up!" Alan said.

"Shut up, shut up!" Lucy screamed.

He reached out and slapped her. It staggered her and she cried until she literally could not stand. She flung herself on the dusty stairs and then Alan turned and cursed his father with Biblical malevolence. "I hate you!" he said. "You *father!*"

Fraser heard footsteps and looked up, expecting to see Honey, frightened at the commotion. Instead he saw a quiet-looking woman, perhaps thirty or so. She stood still, listening and looking, unperturbed, sorting out her impressions. Finally their eyes met; she smiled and said, "It's a bad time of day, sometimes," with absolutely no disapproval in her voice for anyone.

Then she turned to the dazed children. "I'm Rose Allen," she said. "Your mother wanted me to get some supper for you. It's in the kitchen. If you're quiet, I'll read to you while you're eating."

"A story?" Alan asked.

"Yes," she said, nodding. "Just get me the book you want, and then Lucy can choose a story, too."

BEFORE Fraser and Honey left to get something to eat in the village, the house was calm; the children were soothed; and Honey, putting on her pale blue coat, said, "Rose, how did you ever do it?"

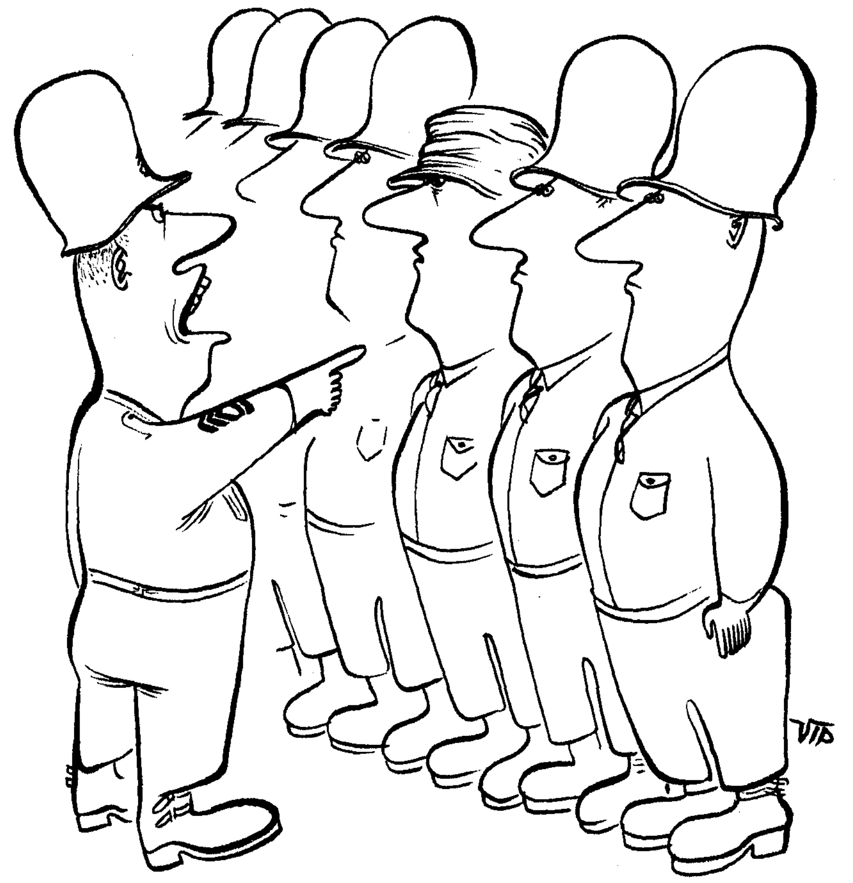
"I've been a teacher," Rose said, smiling. "There are tricks to every trade."

That was all she said, but Fraser felt she had spoken of doors once open, and now deliberately closed because she had made this dismal return to the deteriorating farm as the unmarried and dutiful daughter. He remembered hearing that the Allens had had one superior child who had gone away to study and then to teach at some school. Rose's voice was not that of a dispirited countrywoman, but that of a woman of proud vigor: she was handsome, and she wore a red wool suit that cast warm shadows up onto her face. Yet she was poor enough to go out and sit with other people's children, in other people's houses.

The Dunnings had a gay evening. They met some friends at the movies, and went and had drinks and a little dancing afterward. Honey laughed and chatted, and, seeing the way her pretty face reflected the attentions of others, Fraser felt a pang, remembering his first sight of Honey, at another party, which she had left early because of him. When they were first married, Honey was always gay, and the war's own excitement had quickened meetings and separations, and how could she know what it would be like later? Poor Honey, he thought; it hasn't been much fun.

Honey talked all the way home, and when they got there the house was in order, the dishes were done, and Rose was quietly reading, with a pile of mending folded up on the table beside her books. She was drinking coffee, and she got up, smiling, to get them some.

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Straighten up that helmet!" VIRGIL PARTCH

"I hope you had a pleasant evening," she said. "I've enjoyed mine. It's good to get out sometimes."

"*Isn't* it?" Honey said.

While Honey fumbled for money, and Fraser helped Rose on with her things, she turned, and their eyes met again. They looked at each other as though they had been separated for a long time. Something struck Fraser like a blow he was not prepared for: he caught it, undeflected.

This explains everything, he thought, and Rose closed the door after her, slowly and carefully.

He accepted the reality of his love for Rose, sudden as it was. He had to. But as the weeks went by, and Rose became part of the household, he struggled against his own disloyalty. The main symptom of his complaint was that everything seemed to last so long. He set out in the morning, and when he came home at night, it seemed to him he had been gone for months: the weeds had grown, the lawn was shaggy, he must paint the shutters. He felt exiled among strangers, and the only person he knew—and could not have—was Rose.

On the surface, things had never been so pleasant. His home seemed like one with a wife in it when Rose was there; and Honey was the casual, careless, pretty young high-school sitter. She played with the children, and they tumbled around her gratefully, as though she were new to them. Fraser never knew when Rose was coming, because Honey arranged their social life, which was gayer than it had been, now that it was easy for them to get out. He told himself he could be glad when Rose was there, and it would do no one any harm.

Yet, from brief minutes of conversation and occasionally driving Rose home if it was very late and the weather was bad, he knew a great deal about Rose. He knew she was a passionate, impatient and scholarly woman, controlled and secure in herself because she had been happy. Her present dependence was hard on her, and yet she made the most of many pleasures that came her way: what she felt about country life, the children, hearing the family chronicle from her aged parents. She was expertly domestic because, she explained, she could not read or relax in comfort unless everything else was done first. "Help me," she said to the children, "and we'll get through sooner." And she was compassionate. When, after some months, her mother died, she was bereaved, but came back, quietly, to sit, in a week or so.

"It's good to be with children," she said.

Fraser never asked when she was coming, but he knew when she was there, before he entered the house. The tricycles were drawn up together on the porch, and the shades were down to keep out the cold night, and all the lights were on. When he opened the door, the rooms were warm, and he heard the clatter of silver as seven-year-old Lucy set the table for supper, saying, "Which side do the knives go on?" Rose and Alan were talking in the kitchen, and the baby was pounding with her mug on the tray of her high chair.

He listened for a minute, then went upstairs to find Honey drying her pretty hair.

But his unhappiness was sharp and real and pressing. It was as real as his love. He thought he was putting up a good front, but at parties people said, "My God, you look as though you'd lost your last friend. What's on your mind?"

"Nothing," he always said. "Not a thing."

Then he went to look for Honey, and stayed near her, and she even seemed glad to have him there, welcoming him with a smile in which, for the first time, he noticed a shadow. Yet he felt that Honey was never going to grow up, and that, as the children grew older, there would be trouble between their mother and themselves, on unreasonable grounds. Honey did not know how to be responsible, or unselfish, or even much interested. And he could never leave, or certainly not without the children.

HE DID his best, and nothing came of it but more misery and a feeling of guilt. He tried not to be alone with Rose. Even with three children in the room with them, they seemed to be brought into an intimacy he feared, because he so longed for it. His unfaithfulness was all in his mind, but it bothered him there.

Sometimes he tried to get over his feeling for Rose by reminding himself that his was not an uncommon dilemma, but he also knew that what he felt, he felt.

One night he drove Rose home, because it was raining, and after two. He left Honey taking off the gold dress like mermaid skin and removing the small gold barrette from her smooth, fine, fair hair, pleased because the party they had been to had been fun. They rarely entertained, themselves, but Elmville liked the Dunnings, and opinion was divided, by sex, about whether it was Honey with her charm who added so much to a party, or Fraser with his quick, sympathetic mind.

Fraser was almost dazed with fatigue—partly the result of his long misery, which he had to deal with alone, day after day.

Tomorrow's the day I can't face, he thought.

He helped Rose into her shabby tweed coat, which she had bought in London, long ago. The rain beat down, and Rose slipped on the wet wood of the porch steps. He put out his hand, but she caught herself, and the minute she did, he groaned aloud, unable to stand being deprived of the innocent gesture of touching her at last.

They walked through the yard, closed the gate, which still hung on one hinge, and stood silent by the car. Fraser could not bring himself to unlock the car and get in, and stood with the key in his hand. He didn't move until Rose put her warm hand on his, releasing him.

"Don't you know I feel the same way about you, Fraser?" she said.

"I didn't," he said.

"I do," she said. "These things happen to people, and never to just one."

He looked at her and saw that her face was wrenched, and her tears did not come gently, as Honey's did: she fought them, and a great sob, made up of many suppressed, smaller ones, sounded like a clap of thunder in his ears.

He turned and took her in his arms in as violent and natural a motion as had ever possessed him. At that moment, he belonged to love, not it to him.

"It will make things worse," Rose said.

"Will it?" he said, and kissed her.

The embrace took away all his grief and guilt, because he loved where he should, and was loved in return. He was not mistaken, not crazy: the thing was real, and had to be dealt with. In his own mind, he settled for knowing Rose existed, and for being sometimes able to see and hear her.

She came and sat, as usual, but what they knew, they knew. She had done a wonderful thing in giving herself away on that one occasion, and he knew he could go on acting as he must, like a decent man stuck in a situation there was no way out of. Someday Rose would go away. But meantime, he and Honey got along better than they ever had. And he was no longer worried about the children.

"They're going to come out all right," Rose said. "You'll see."

Rose, he thought; Rose.

He was no longer divided in himself. The human heart had its own laws, and they did not by any means conform to those laid down by generations of civilizers. The way the heart felt was its own business, but the way a man behaved was his most important concern. Now Fraser could see that perhaps he had needed what he had, and must abide by decisions he had made before he loved. Actually, he was doing well in his work, and had a feeling of accomplishment there. He had friends. He and Honey had a place in a community that offered a lot to their children. Rose had let them get to know the community.

Fraser and Honey were due at a supper party one spring evening, and as he walked through the yard, he thought: I must paint the house this summer. Once he had not been able to look even that far ahead.

Honey was standing on the porch, looking disconsolate and young, and he knew at once that Rose wasn't coming.

"We can't go," Honey said. "It's Rose's father."

She spoke as one outraged at the inconvenience of death. Rose's father had been failing rapidly, and this was really no surprise to either of them. But there was no indication of sympathy in Honey's voice.

Fraser said slowly, "That's too bad. We ought to send flowers. I'll order them on the way to the train in the morning."

There was desolation inside the house, too: not just disorder, but a feeling of departure. Rose will go away now, Fraser thought; of course.

BUT she did not go at once. She came back after the funeral, and sat as usual, returning to the lonely, slab-sided farmhouse which Fraser, for some reason, detested. She would never stay over in the guest room, though Honey asked her.

"I have things to see to," she said, and walked home, or was occasionally driven by Fraser. He went and came as quickly as he could, because he knew Honey hated being alone in the house, and the three children counted for nothing as comfort.

Perhaps, he thought, Rose would stay on the farm; at any rate, for a while, until it could be sold. Yet he knew she had been offered a teaching job in Oregon.

It was still light when he got home this time, and Honey was again on the porch, beside the baby who was purposefully lurching around her play pen. Alan and Lucy were busily building something with boxes and blankets out under the trees. The light was only faintly colored by approaching sunset, and everything had a fixed, immovable, memorable look.

"Hello," Honey said. She handed the baby a pink rubber hippopotamus. "How nice it's still light when you get home now." She paused and then said, "Rose had a wire from that Oregon place today. She telephoned."

He went into the house, and Honey followed him. He stood, carefully putting down the paper, and wondering what it was he usually did next. "She's leaving tonight on the nine-o'clock train," Honey said.

He had known this would happen, he told himself, but not so soon. The time is never right.

"I don't see how we'll get along without Rose," Honey said, sadly. "Everything's so much better when she's here. But I suppose she's restless. Elmville isn't good enough for her."

"She has a right to go back where she belongs," he said; and he thought: Rose, Rose, Rose.

He stood at the window and ground the palms of his hands together. But you can't end things this way, he thought. I have to see her once before she leaves!

HE THOUGHT of rushing out and away, crying: Rose! Wait! Wait! But there was no need to. Rose was walking in along the path, and the children were shouting and running toward her, reminding Fraser that they would lose her, too.

"I came to say good-by," Rose said. In the unwavering light, she looked pale and very tired. But she smiled at Honey. "And I came to ask if Mr. Dunning could possibly drive me to the train," she said. "I have suitcases and a trunk. Would you?"

She looked at Fraser, and he could have blessed her for saving him again, by trusting both of them to say a decent farewell, in decent privacy, without hurting anybody's feelings. They would go on doing what they ought to be doing.

"Of course I will," he said. "You know that. Shall I come for you about eight?"

"Yes," she said, and when she had made her farewells all around and was gone, Fraser glanced at his watch. He noticed that everything was beginning to take a long time again, but there wasn't anything he could do about that.

He stood there, and saw his children just where Rose had left them. Alan's attitude told of losses quietly accepted. Lucy wept. After a while, Lucy began to pluck daisies, hurrying from one place to another, gathering flowers Fraser knew he was to take to Rose. Alan went back to the playhouse under the trees and, returning with a hammer and nails, began to nail on the long-neglected hinge of the gate.

Honey came into the room with a tray of sandwiches in her hand, and some bottles of Coke. "Maybe the children would like a picnic in the yard," she said.

"Yes," he said, seeing again that faint and touching shadow of comprehension in her eyes.

He looked back at Alan, who was carefully testing the gate's opening and closing, as Fraser was testing the comfort he had found, the comfort he had to have: the children were going to be all right. THE END

Their Harried Host Is Huskey

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Nevertheless Huskey was expected to do something about it—and did. He birddogged the town until he found a merchant who obliged with the needed shoes.

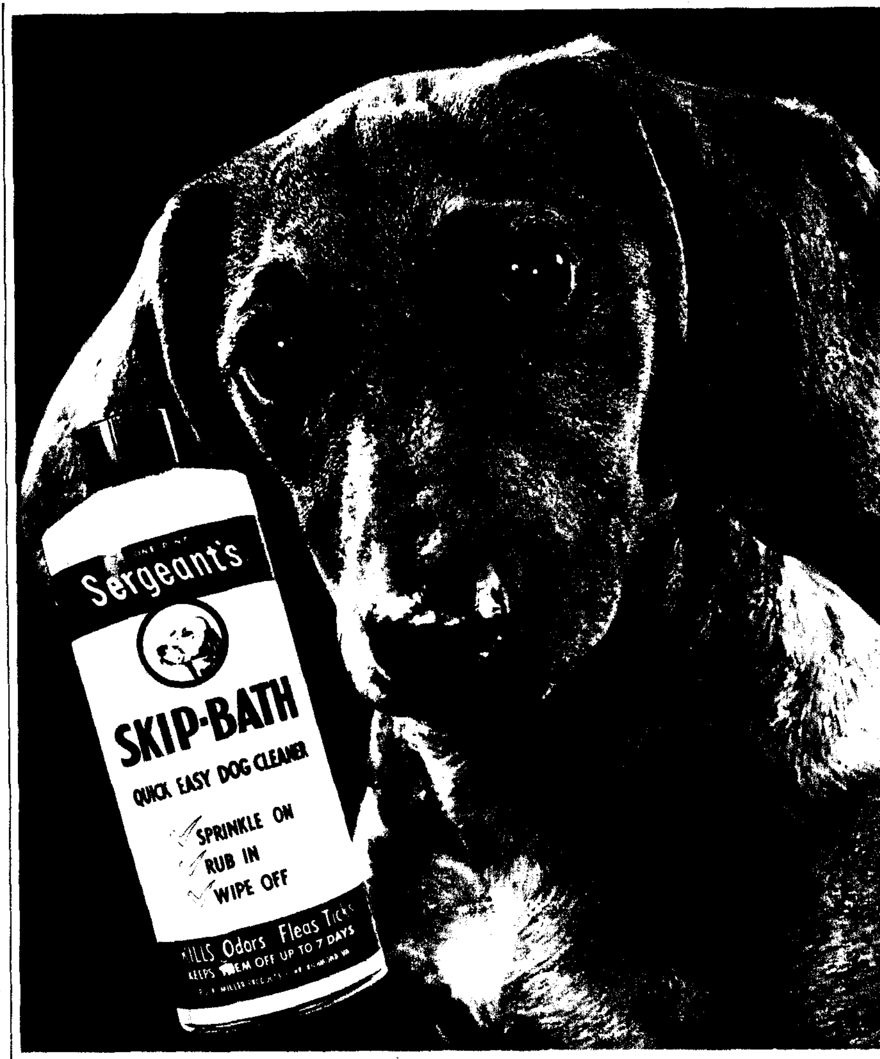
If the situation calls for racing horseback, going swimming or making dates for the visiting brass, Huskey does it. All of that—and more—he did for the Shah of Iran during the latter's 1949 visit.

The shah challenged Bill to a friendly horse race in the Arizona desert. Huskey's experience with horses up to that point was, at best, a nodding acquaintance with the $2 mutuel windows. Bill not only obliged but, in deference to the king's privilege, saw to it that the young monarch won (which, for Huskey, wasn't too difficult).

It was the same when they went for a swim. The shah was always a couple of strokes ahead. And if His Royal Highness would dive and belly-bust, Bill would dive and belly-bust worse. All in the line of duty.

In San Francisco, the shah confided to Huskey that he'd like a date—a blind date. Bill telephoned the daughter of a family acquaintance, asked if she'd like to go to dinner with a "regular guy and a good dancer." She would. The shah asked Huskey, "What do I do now?"

"Get her some flowers and a box of candy," Huskey tutored. The young king dined and danced his date and told her she could call him by his given name, Reza. He learned quickly, too. Next night he had



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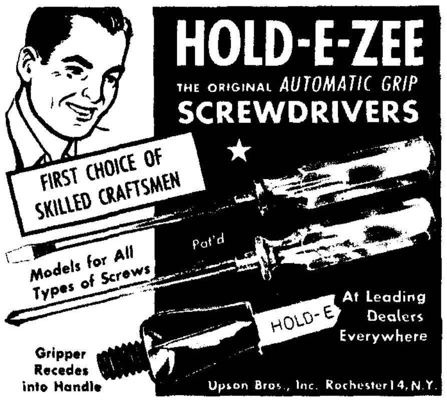
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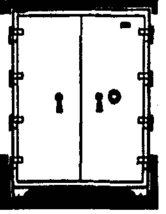

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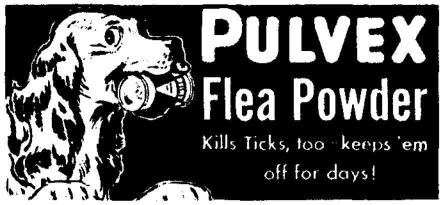

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a date with the same girl. This time he arranged it himself.

The shah also liked to make the rounds of night clubs. Invariably, he'd order a bottle of champagne, stay a half hour and move on to another spot, tipping the headwaiter $100 wherever he went. Under these circumstances, good manners dictated that Huskey at least pick up the hat-check tab. When your guest is tipping headwaiters a C-note, you don't drop coins in the hat-checker's plate. You peel off a five- or ten-spot—an invitation to bankruptcy for a man living on a government expense account. Huskey gets a substantial allowance, running from $200 to $1,000, for each trip, with provision made for moderate tipping—but on occasions such as this, he often had to dip into his personal per diem of $9.

Before leaving San Francisco, the shah wanted to visit an average American home; would Huskey fix it up? This was something of a challenge in a strange city, but Bill was equal to it. Across the bridge in Oakland, he knew a family with one son in college, another in high school, living in a bungalow with inside plumbing, a refrigerator, a telephone and an FHA mortgage. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ratto took the shah's visit in stride—although their sons were greatly impressed—and their royal guest enjoyed himself so much that instead of staying 15 minutes, as he had intended, he remained for two hours. Mrs. Ratto added the final touch by serving the king apple pie and coffee. The shah afterward commented enthusiastically that his visit to the United States would have been incomplete without his meeting with the Rattos.

He Learned in Hard Schools

Not all problems are so easily solved. Sometimes it takes all of the ingenuity and resourcefulness Bill has accumulated in his nine years on the job, a hitch in the Navy and six years before that as a beat-pounding cop in Washington, plus the security tricks he's learned from such agencies as the U.S. Secret Service, Britain's Scotland Yard and the French Sûreté.

He had to apply most of this knowledge during the 1948 visit of ex-King Michael of Romania. Huskey had received advance information that political assassins might try to liquidate the onetime boy king. This called for tight security measures—extra details, close assistance from local police, and special co-operation from every hotel where Michael was a guest: no room with a fire escape that might tempt an assassin; no room on any of the lower floors; guards on the back stairways, a special checkup on all hotel help; a 24-hour personal guard. With such precautions as these, Michael completed his tour unharmed.

Security is a constant headache. But at least once it was no problem—when the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia and his party visited Hollywood. No one paid any mind as the distinguished visitors toured the studios in their flowing robes. Not that people wouldn't have been impressed—had they known. But they apparently thought the members of the royal entourage were extras reporting to a movie set.

Shepherding chiefs of state around the country and being responsible for their safety is a king-size task. It's more than a one-man job. It takes close teamwork.

Detailed preparations start the moment the President of the United States, through the Secretary of State, issues a formal invitation. As soon as it's accepted and the date is set, the State Department's Protocol Division, headed by John F. Simmons, works out a schedule and itinerary, in consultation with the ambassador of the invited guest's country. Huskey, the Security Division's top Washington agent in matters involving visiting firemen, gets a copy from the division's chief, Donald Nicholson, and goes to work making all of the security arrangements. While the important visitor is in Washington, Bill co-operates closely with such other security agencies as the Secret Service (whose main job, of course, is to protect the American President), but on the road, he's pretty much on his own. While things are still in the arrangement stage, the State Department assigns writers and cameramen to exploit the visit propagandawise, and Department Press Officer Michael J. McDermott names a press relations man to accompany the entourage. All hands get a thorough briefing on the "do's" and "don't's" of protocol. Plans are drawn so painstakingly that, theoretically, there shouldn't be a hitch. Nine times in ten there isn't. But there is that rare exception when the best-laid plans come unstuck—as they did during the visit last spring of French President Auriol.

M. Auriol's First Mishap

Preparations were knocked askew even before Auriol left France. The schedule called for him to address a joint session of Congress March 30th. But Congress inadvertently pulled the switch on the delicate diplomatic machinery by declaring an Easter recess. The damage was quickly repaired by rescheduling Auriol's Congressional appearance for April 2d. But his New York itinerary had to be trimmed and rescheduled. That was only the beginning.

The French Embassy, famed for its elegant receptions, arranged the granddaddy of 'em all for Auriol. Only two things went wrong: somebody had invited more guests than the embassy could accommodate at one time; and the night turned raw and cold. The result was that many shivering upper-case diplomats found themselves forced to queue up and wait their turn to get inside. In this situation, Huskey came to the rescue. He raced up and down the two-block line and, with all the dispatch of a traffic cop and the finesse of a career diplomat, steered the right people into the right places at the right time.

But there was nothing Huskey or the entire State Department could do to abate the siege of flu that dogged the Auriol party or to unravel the mix-up in protocol at a New York dinner for the French president.

Auriol had scarcely arrived in Washington when protocol chief Simmons was sidelined with the flu. Ray Muir, the State Department's ceremonial officer, stepped in to pinch-hit for Simmons. But within two days, he, too, was stricken. Then the bug bedded French Ambassador Henri Bonnet. To top it off, Auriol himself was stricken on his arrival in New York for the traditional ticker-tape parade and Mayor Vincent Impellitteri's dinner in his honor at the Waldorf-Astoria. But Auriol went on with the show—with a doctor tagging along wherever he went.

The niceties of protocol got a severe kicking around at the Waldorf-Astoria dinner. Somebody committed a blunder by assigning United Nations officials and delegates too far away from the honor guest. UN Secretary General Trygve Lie, for example, ranks second in seating priority only to the General Assembly president. But Lie was seated six places from Auriol. Some UN delegates with ambassadorial rank found themselves seated below those with mere ministerial rank. Lie made a friendly complaint to official greeter Grover Whalen. It was passed on to State Department officials, who allowed they were sorry about the foul-up but noted pointedly that the dinner was strictly a city affair. They were happy to leave it just that way.

Huskey is quick to improvise when the ground rules don't cover a given situation. Before Auriol debarked from the Ile de France, he was besieged by American photographers. The popping of flash bulbs was pleasing to the French president—until the band played the Marseillaise. Then it became something just short of heresy. Huskey quickly and quietly circulated word among the cameramen that Auriol disliked being photographed during the playing of the French national anthem. Thenceforth, the photographers held their fire. In his best English, Auriol expressed his thanks. (Auriol's command of the English language is considerably less than expert. But during his brief American visit, he made a number of brief speeches in flawless English. Huskey soon learned the secret of this. The French chief of state had made recordings of the talks in advance; then he played the records over and over—until he had memorized each speech to perfection.)

In his many-sided role, Huskey also is charged with keeping tabs on the visitors' baggage. This is frequently a major project. Not many of the nation's official guests travel light. The Auriol party brought along 150 pieces of luggage, much of it for Madame Auriol's lavish wardrobe. And the Shah of Iran, for his five gaudy uniforms, numerous business suits and other accouterments, needed 25 pieces of hand luggage and 13 trunks—one for shoes alone.

Occasionally, a foreign dignitary gets himself into an embarrassment of his own making and Huskey is summoned to bail him out. Anthony Eden, then British Foreign Minister, found himself in just such a predicament during a Washington visit in 1943. Eden made an appointment at the Navy Department but neglected the very necessary wartime formality of arranging for a pass. At the doorway to the Navy building, he was confronted by a tough Marine guard who demanded that the visitor show his pass. The Foreign Minister said he had none, but tried to explain that he was Anthony Eden.

"I don't care if you're Napoleon," barked the guard, "you gotta have a pass to get in here." The flustered diplomat put in a call to the British Embassy, which spread the alarm to the State Department, which dispatched its Mr. Fix-it. Huskey produced the credentials that got Eden through.

An important part of Huskey's job is to know the taboos of the visitors—such as that Moslems must not be served ham.

But of course this doesn't apply to non-Moslems, and a ham was the high spot of then Brazilian President Eurico Gaspar Dutra's visit to the United States in 1949. Dutra had received huge welcomes in Washington and New York. Nothing, however, touched him as deeply as the reception he got in Brazil, Tennessee.

The whole town (pop. 200) turned out to give him a good neighborly welcome. Dutra was so overwhelmed that he stepped out of his limousine and walked down the main street. As he did, an old farmer who probably could ill afford it stepped up and presented him with a Tennessee ham.

A Gift Graciously Accepted

Now, Maine and Idaho may jest about the merits of their respective potatoes; California and Florida may engage in friendly feuding about oranges. But with a Tennesseean his succulent hams are something almost sacred, never to be mentioned in the same breath with a Virginia Smithfield. It's one of the finest gifts a Tennesseean can bestow. Dutra was aware of that. He knows his protocol—and his hams. He accepted the gift graciously, and later confided that it was the one part of his tour he wouldn't have missed for anything.

One of the most colorful, and controversial, figures to visit the United States in the past decade was Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India and number one disciple of the late Mahatma Gandhi. The Indian leader is famed, among other things, for his trigger temper. But whenever he blew a fuse, his devoted daughter Indira Gandhi (no relation to the Mahatma) was his great balance wheel. She'd pat him on the arm and scold: "Now, Papa!" And Papa would cool off.

Among Hindus, the cow is sacred; accordingly, Nehru does not eat beef. But somebody forgot that one night at a party in Madison, Wisconsin. Just before Nehru arrived, Huskey discovered that beef sandwiches had been set out. He arranged a quick switch to ham and cheese.

But the boys weren't quite quick enough in Detroit in 1946 when the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia sponsored a reception for industry magnates. The hotel, taking it for granted, had set up a bar. When His Royal Highness arrived and saw liquor, he froze n his tracks, whirled around and returned o his suite, remaining there until fruit juice was substituted for whisky.

The prince was not offended, it was explained to the guests. But he could not, under the Mohammedan code, be host at a party where liquor was served. At receptions where he was not host, it was different. Then he accepted as one mode of American living what, in his land, would be a three-in-one taboo—an unveiled woman, smoking a cigarette with one hand and juggling a Manhattan cocktail with the other.

Shah Solves Smokers' Problem

Once in a while, Huskey has trouble with a taboo that doesn't exist, as when the Iranian shah was the U.S. Navy's guest at a big luncheon in San Diego. The host officials, aware that most Moslems frown on tobacco (but unaware that the shah is a heavy smoker), banned cigarettes at the meal—much to the distress of many of the diners, including Huskey. Bill hurried to the head table, and whispered to the shah, "Whether you want one or not, your Majesty, please light up a cigarette. We can't smoke unless you do." The shah promptly obliged, to the relief of all concerned—including the Navy brass—who immediately followed suit.

One of Huskey's first assignments, back in 1942, was to guide Latin-American heads of state on a tour of the country under a program to prove to them that the United States could win the war—even when it sometimes didn't look like it. The itinerary was pretty much the same. One at a time, the Latin Americans would arrive at Miami. There Huskey would meet them, bring them on to Washington for a state reception, then to New York City and on to Niagara Falls and Buffalo to see fighter planes in production, over to Detroit to get a look at the huge Willow Run bomber plant and other examples of the nation's industrial might; then through the cattle and wheat country and down to Brownsville, Texas. There, Bill would see them off at the airport and shuttle back to Miami to start over again with another dignitary.

Some of the Latin-American leaders—with little to guide them but reports of the confusion that attended much of our war effort—arrived in Miami convinced that the United States was on the verge of collapse. By the time they got around to Brownsville, they were sure that the United States would win. Talks with President Roosevelt and a look at the bombers pouring out of Willow Run usually sold them.

General Fulgencio Batista of Cuba was among those who didn't need much selling, but he made the tour, anyway. Batista strove mightily to cultivate a drawing-room manner, but never quite succeeded in stepping out of character as a rough, tough, colorful—and uninhibited—figure. One night in Buffalo, he was honor guest at a dinner in the swank home of an aircraft company executive. Batista's aides had made a miniature snowman and placed it on his plate. Batista couldn't resist the temptation; he ripped off the snowman's head, palmed up a big snowball and, to the astonishment of his hosts, smashed it on the well-groomed head of his bemedaled and beribboned chief of staff.

During his nine years on the job—less 18 months of wartime service in the Merchant Marine—Huskey hasn't had to draw his .45 once to defend a dignitary against bodily harm. It wouldn't be very healthy for anyone to tempt Huskey, for he's a deadeye with a shootin' iron. He all but teethed on one in the hills of Haywood County, North Carolina, where he was born thirty-nine years ago.

Bill had to hang up his musket when he was a sharpshooter of twelve because his father, Rageau Huskey, a Methodist minister, was called to preach in the cotton-mill district of Spartanburg, South Carolina. There, Bill worked part time in a cotton mill while attending high school. He put in a year at Wofford College before the depression forced him to quit.

After a four-year hitch in the Navy, Bill signed on with the Washington, D.C., police force, pounding a beat by day and studying law by night at the Washington College of Law. (He passed the bar examination in 1939.) It was in the alleys of Washington's slums that Huskey got his basic police training; where he learned that the brass buttons and authority of a cop notwithstanding, problems are man to man—with one's life sometimes depending on his ingenuity, sternness and cunning.

Huskey, a country boy at heart, is nonetheless urbane. But the accent is on affability rather than suavity. With his native courtesy and charm, he can shoo away a flock of autograph hunters besieging a dignitary—and make them like it. But, beneath that breezy, easygoing manner is a barbed-wire resoluteness that spells "tough guy" when the occasion demands.

Mostly, though, Huskey is a "nice guy" with a rare talent for making friends among the mighty and the humble. He overlooks no bets in selling America to the distinguished visitors or to the visiting servant personnel. To the latter he gives a sympathetic attentiveness because he knows that any unhappiness or displeasure on the part of the lower echelons soon reflects itself in the feelings and attitude of the top man. And he goes out of his way to be helpful and accommodating to the press, realizing that the impressions of the visiting reporters are of utmost importance because they are the ones who tell the story of the United States to the people back home.

Between trips, Huskey enjoys the life of a typical American suburbanite in a modern rambler he owns in Arlington, Virginia, just across the Potomac from Washington. After making the rounds of the country's best hotels, he finds it relaxing to putter around his own house—and to eat home cooking. He ate so much lamb while escorting the shah and the crown prince of Saudi Arabia that he laid down a flat ban on that meat in his own home and lived on virtually nothing but ham for a week.

One of his big difficulties after a junket with visiting dignitaries comes when he drives his own car around Washington. Accustomed to going through stop lights under police escort while on tour, Bill has to restrain himself from doing the same when he's on his own.

Rulers with Human Traits

In the years Huskey has been crisscrossing the United States with the foreign big brass, he's made many observations about them. All of them, whatever their nationality, are intensely human; all have common problems; they laugh at the same things. All generally like to visit the same places—Washington, New York, the Military and Naval Academies, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the Roosevelt grave at Hyde Park, the industrial and agricultural centers. They all cherish "keys to the city."

What impresses the visiting chiefs most? Washington? Not usually. They think it is a pretty city, and they look forward to a White House visit. But the endless round of diplomatic functions leaves them tired, and somewhat cool. New York? They love a parade, and they're awed by the skyscrapers. But the tempo frightens them.

With most of them, it's something they've experienced out in the grass roots.

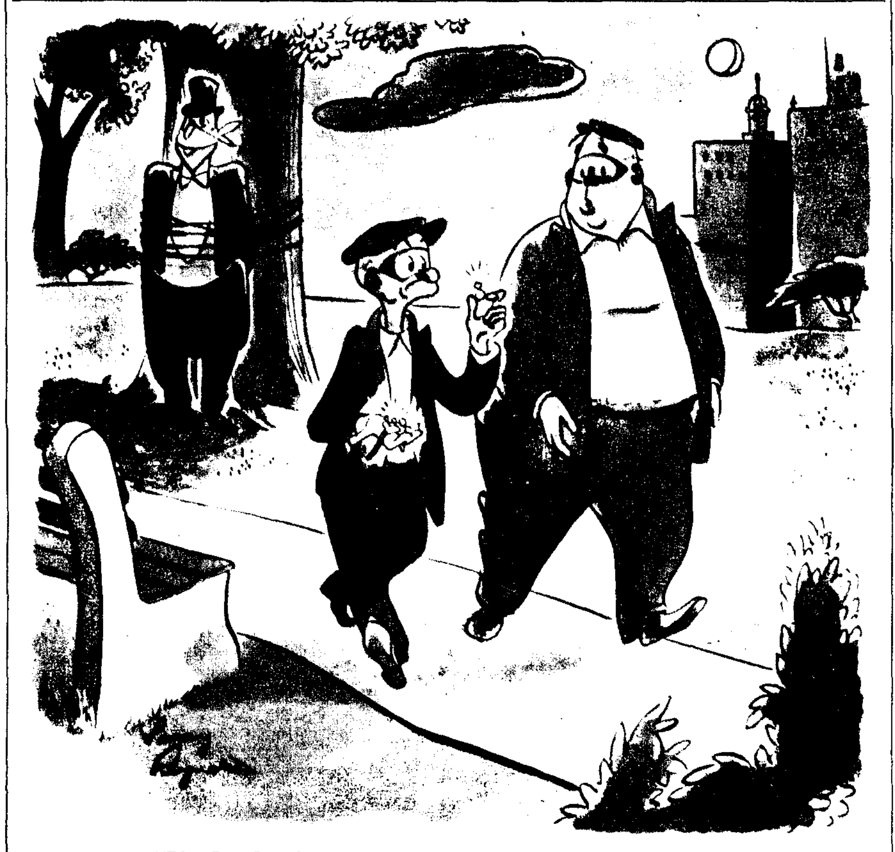
With Dutra, it was the reception he got in Brazil, Tennessee—and that Tennessee ham. With Nehru, the enigmatic intellectual who stands on his head for his morning exercise, it probably was the time at Madison when several thousand University of Wisconsin students stood outside in the bitter cold just to hear a word of wisdom from him. (He obliged with a 45-minute speech—off the cuff.) The shah? Perhaps the genuine hospitality of the average American family. Batista? His first glimpse of snow at Niagara Falls. With President Miguel Alemán of Mexico it doubtless was the shower of baby gifts he received for his newborn child.

Virtually without exception, they are awed by America's industrial might, by the marvels of irrigation found in California's Imperial Valley, by the nation's great agricultural system and by TVA.

Above all, says Huskey, they are impressed by the friendliness of the American people—the spontaneous spirit of good neighborliness that springs from every grass root. "That," he says, "is America's best seller."

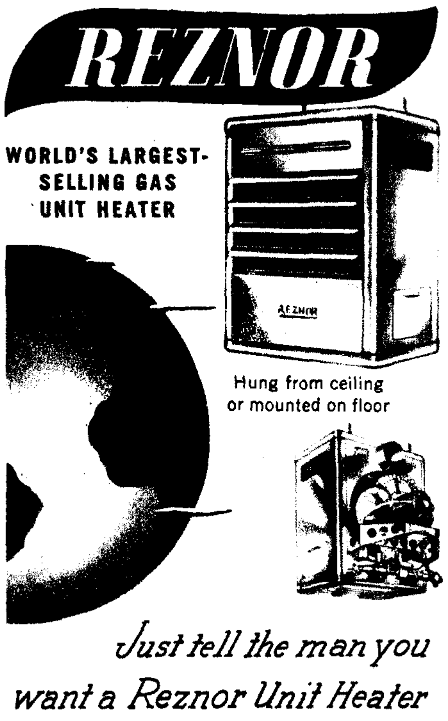
THE END

BUTCH



"Yeah, they're pretty, but couldn't ya find nuttin' wit' which t'buy a chocolate soda?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS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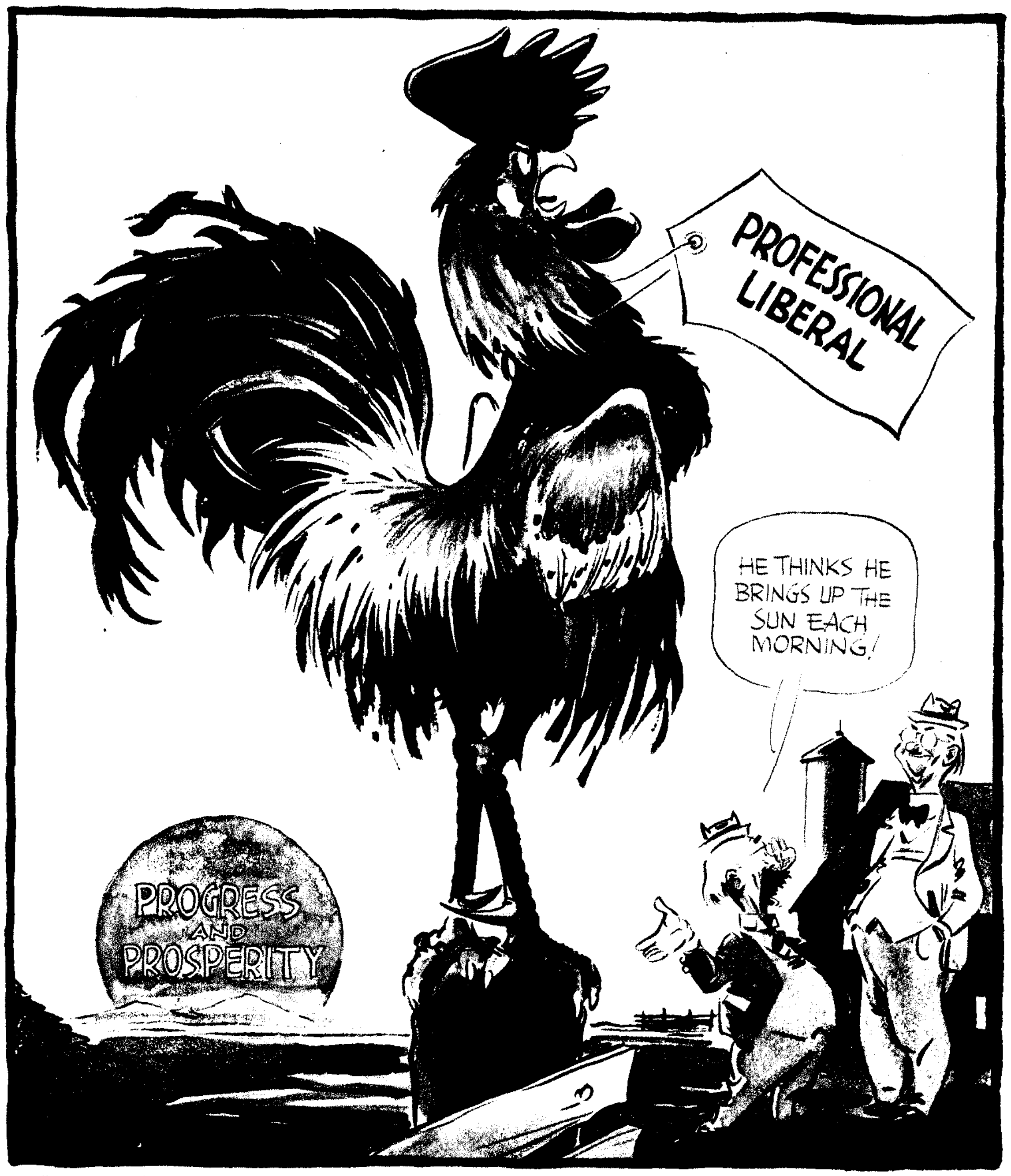


DORMAN H. SMITH

More Sound Than Substance

WOODROW WILSON once gave this definition of the four principal species of *homo politicus Americanus:* "By 'radical' I understand one who goes too far; by 'conservative' one who does not go far enough; by 'reactionary' one who won't go at all. I suppose I must be a 'progressive'—which I take to be one who insists on recognizing new facts, adjusting policies to facts and circumstances as they arise."

Since Wilson's day, however, an important subspecies has developed which we might call the "professional liberal." He has a highly developed sense of his political importance and political rightness. He is not only very positive but also very vocal about it. And since he has a store of scornful invective at his command, he often scares less positive people who are more truly liberal than the professionals.

The only reason for discussing those professionals here is our conviction that they receive a deference and inspire an uneasy fear which is out of all proportion to their contribution to the country's political life. It seems to us that too many decisions, in and out of politics, are made with an eye toward pleasing the professional liberals, or rather of avoiding one of their broadside attacks in the public prints.

The professional liberals developed from a group who helped create the New Deal program of the prewar Roosevelt administration, or who helped rally and maintain its public support. They were hardly liberals of the old-fashioned Jeffersonian school, who held that a government governs best which governs least. But the change was understandable, for they appeared at a time of economic crisis when the federal government, as in any time of national crisis, had to step in with a lot of extraordinary controls.

But even progressivism can grow old and stodgy. Some of the most crabbedly conservative isolationists of New Deal days, men like Senators Burton K. Wheeler and Hiram Johnson, had been leaders among the "radicals" who bolted the major parties with the first Roosevelt 25 years earlier. The jump from extreme left to extreme right, or vice versa, isn't really a very big one.

So now the professional liberals have become about as hidebound a cult as the reactionaries. Part of the routine is a half-apologetic, half-distrustful attitude toward free enterprise. Times and domestic and world affairs have changed, but the professionals haven't. They are cliché-thinkers in their own right and, like their political opposites, name-callers and labelers. They favor what a friend of ours calls "compulsory tolerance." Those who differ with them are not simply wrong. They are maliciously wrong, the reactionary tools of the selfish interests, and enemies of the people.

The one big difference between the two groups of extremists is that rightist reaction has been repudiated by a majority of the American people. That majority includes a great many Republicans. And, by logical multiplication of our circle of acquaintance, we think it safe to say that there is a large number of Democrats, in the North as well as the South, who do not see eye to eye with the professional liberals. After all, there are some other reasons besides the professionals' brand of liberalism that have moved the voters to keep the Democratic party in power for almost 20 years.

In 1940 and 1944, for instance, there were many who felt we shouldn't change horses in midwar and midcrisis, even though they weren't 100 per cent New Dealers. In 1948, a lot of Democratic votes were certainly as much anti-Dewey as they were pro-Truman. And, of course, the South has stayed pretty solid, in spite of the Dixiecrats.

Yet the extremists of the non-Communist left wrap themselves in a shining garment of political virtue and infallibility and pose as the only true interpreters of the gospel of liberalism. We think that their pose is pretentious and their liberalism phony. True liberalism is neither so unselective, so unyielding nor so invariably cocksure as the professional variety. And it pains us to see so many people of good sense and good intention taken in by the phoniness.

We hope the time is not far off when more of our intelligent leaders of public opinion and action will dare to act according to Wilson's definition of a progressive, and will state their convictions with as little fear of the loud cries of "reactionary" from the left as they have for the now discredited accusations of "radical" or "Communist" by the extreme right.

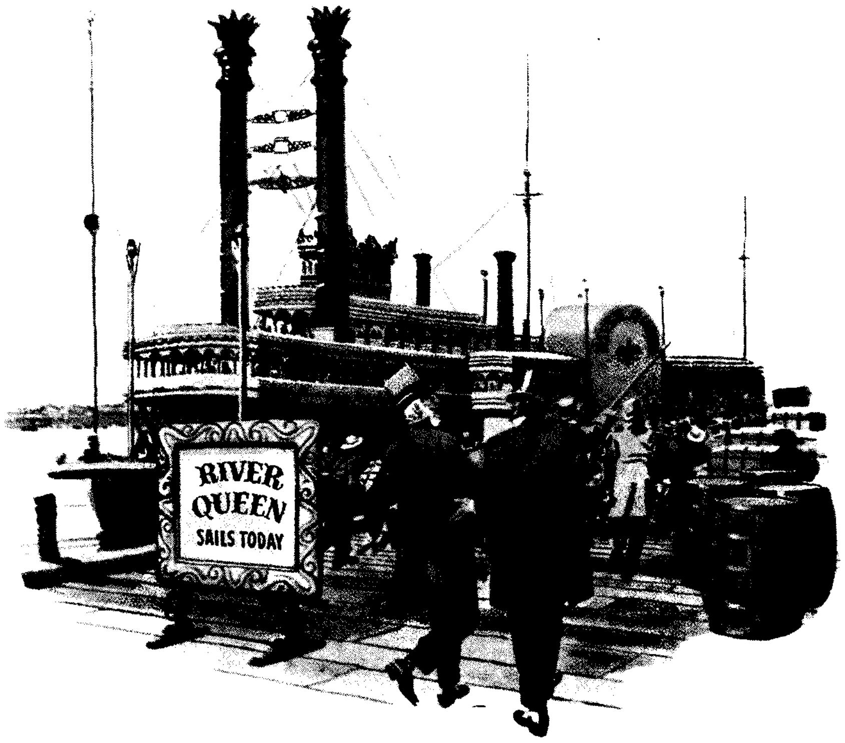
Nailing a Communist Lie

IN CASE YOU MISSED the news story, we would like to call attention to the fact that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, at its 42d annual convention, reaffirmed its opposition to Communism and strengthened the authority of its local branches to deal with Communist infiltration.

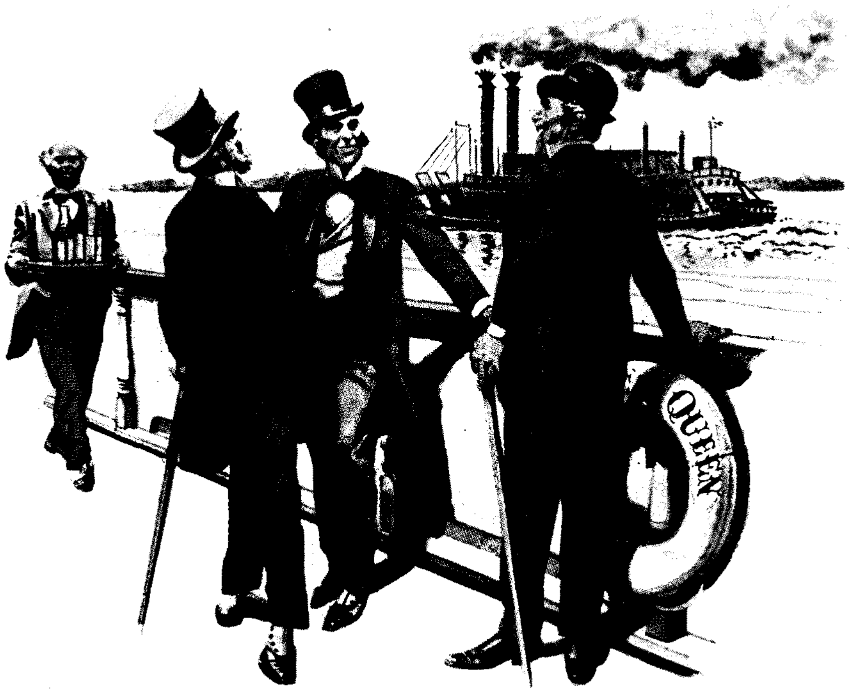
We mention this because the Communist party has worked persistently to exploit the position of the Negro in the United States to its own advantage, and because a vocal minority of Negroes, such as Paul Robeson and recently jailed Communist, Benjamin Davis, have tried to give a false impression of the loyalty of their race and to inspire a lot of irresponsible talk.

The recent action of the NAACP is just another proof that the Communists are not succeeding and the Robesons are not telling the truth. The great bulk of our Negro population is loyal, and its leaders are alert to the designs and dangers of subversive influence. We've made this point before, and we think it's worth making again.

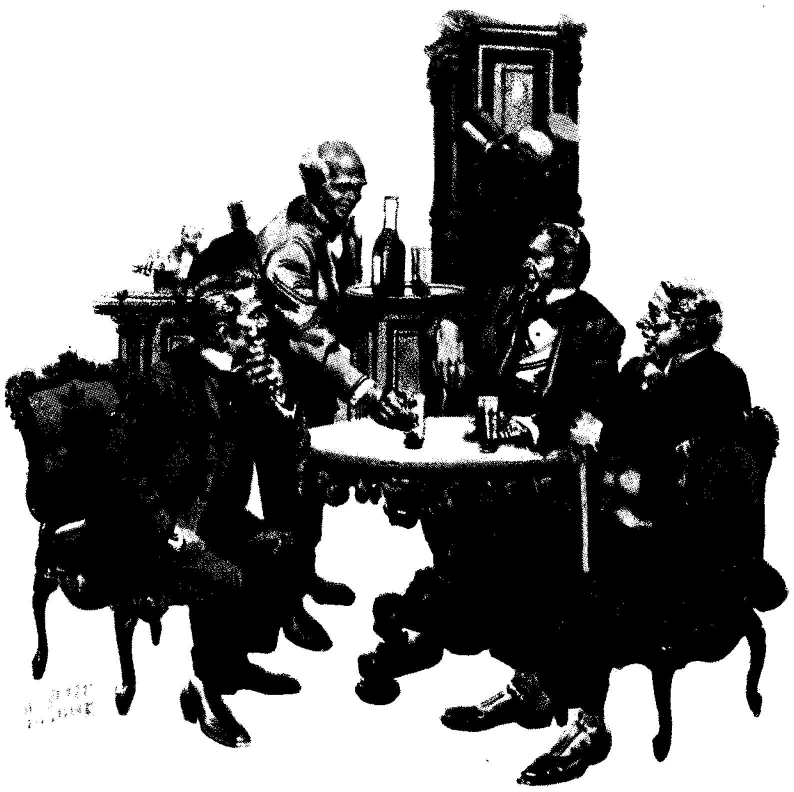
What luxury it used to be


RIVER
QUEEN
SAILS TODAY

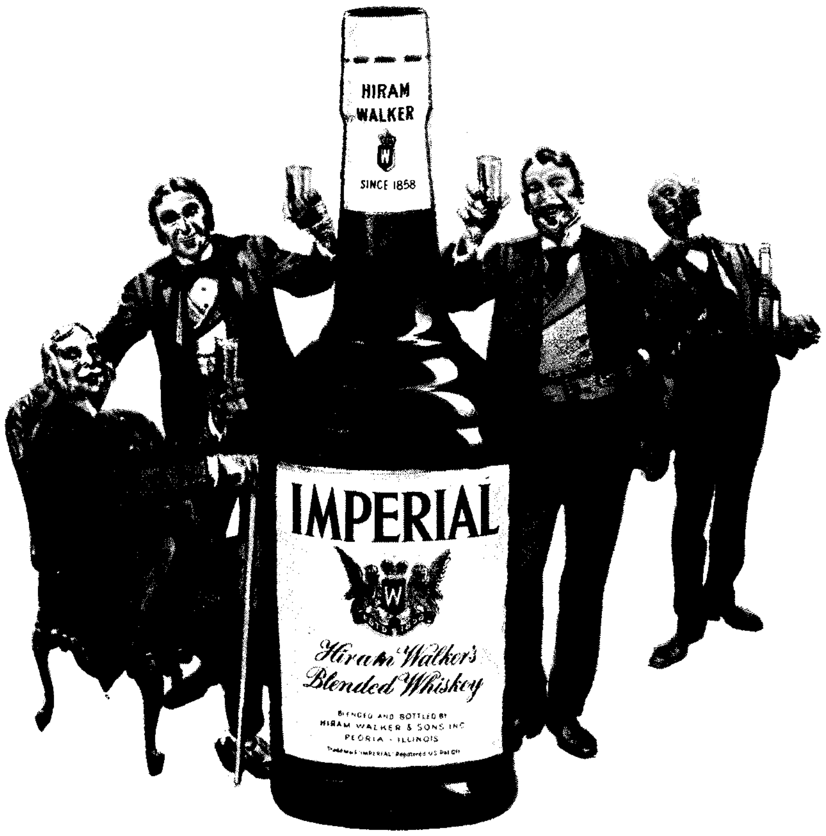
What luxury it used to be
To take a river trip!



What grand old whiskey folks enjoyed
Upon the Mississip'



To catch one flavor of those times,
You only need this tip—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